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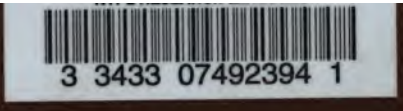
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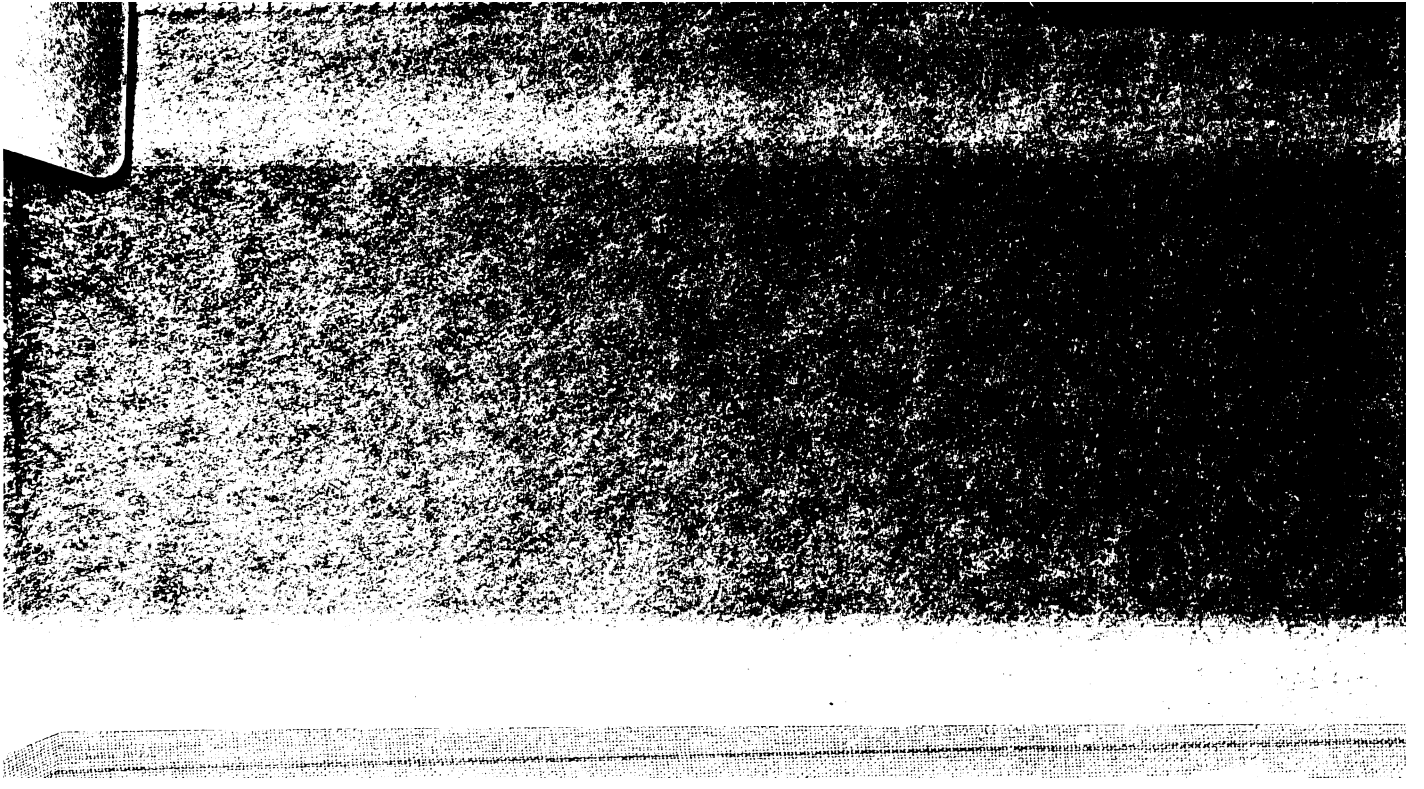

CHRONICLE

OF

SCOTTISH POETRY;

FROM

THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY,

TO

THE UNION OF THE CROWNS:

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A GLOSSARY,

BY J. SIBBALD.

Multa renaſcentur quæ jam cecidere.—HOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR J. SIBBALD, PARLIAMENT CLOSE,

By C. Stewart & Co. Printers to the Univerſity;

SOLD BY P. HILL, AND ROSS & BLACKWOOD:

AND BY G. & W. NICOL, AND LONGMAN & REES,

LONDON.

1802.

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* Ought rather perhaps to have been placed under the reign of Queen Mary, if not James VI.

CHRONICLE

ty of Fortune, &c."—printed by Wayland in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and, without doubt, well known to Sir David Lindſay, whoſe "Tragedy of Beatoun," is written exactly in the ſame manner, "every perſonage in *Boccace* being ſuppoſed to appear before the Poet, and to relate his reſpective ſufferings," hence called *tragedies* or tragical ſtories.

It has been remarked by Keith that Lindſay makes here no mention of the Cardinal glutting himſelf inhumanly with the ſpectacle of Mr Wiſhart's death, nor of any prophetical intimation made by Wiſhart concerning the fate of Beaton;—from which the hiſtorian infers that both of theſe reports are probably groundleſs.

After the tranſlation of Hector Boyce by Bellenden, and a few Acts of Parliament, ſome of the works of Sir David Lindſay were probably the firſt production of the Scottiſh preſs, ſince the publication of Millar and Chapman's Miſcellany in 1508. Many of his earlier performances are addreſſed to James the Fifth; after whoſe death in 1542, Lindſay's intercourſe with the royal family probably ceaſed. His ſentiments with reſpect to French connections may be gathered from the following lines in his Nuncupatory Epiſtle:

Quhen God ſal ſee our humbil repentence,
Till *ſtrange* people thoch he hes given licence
To be our ſcourge induring his deſire,
Will quhan he liſt *that ſcourge caſt in the fyre*. . . .
Then neid we not to charge the realm of *France*
With gunnis, galayes, nor uther ordinance. . . .

Very different from theſe are the ſentiments of the author of the tract called the *Complaint of Scotland*, written about the ſame period: In his dedication to Mary of Guiſe, "the margareit and perle of princeſſes," he ſays, "The immortal gloir that procedes by the richt line of vertu, fra your magnanyme avanſing of the public weil of the affligit realme of Scotland, is abundantly delated athort all cuntreis. Quhen an multitude of men of weir deſcendit fra the heicht of Germanie, of divers ſectis, haldant *ſtrange opinions* contrair the ſcriptour, (*that is, the Reformers,*) purpoſit to compel all Chriſtianitie til adhere to their perverſt opinion, their diſordinate intentione was haiſtelie repulſit and extinct by the martial ſciens of your noble and valiant fader, the Duc of Guiſe.—I being ſummond by inſtigation of *ane gude zeal*, has tane ane temerair conſait to preſent your nobil grace ane tracteit of *the fyrſt lauber of my pen*, &c." This dedication, in all probability, produced the above lines of Sir David Lindſay, who for many years had been the chief promoter of thoſe "perverſt opinions which Wedderburne held "to be *contrair the ſcriptour.*"

To the Quarto edition of Lindſay's Works, printed by Henry Charteris 1592, is prefixed a metrical *Adhortation of all Eſtaitis to the reiding of thir preſent Warkis*; probably by Charteris himſelf, or his brother

the

the Profeſſor: With the following extract from which, we ſhall here take leave of Sir David Lindeſay:

Thairfoir, gude Reidar, I haif travell tane
Intill ane volume, now breiflie for to bring
Of David Lyndeſay the haill warkis ilk ane,
Knicht of the Mount, Lyoun of Armis King,
Quha in our dayis now laithlie did ring;
Quhais pregnant practick, and quhais ornat ſtyle
To be commendit be me neidis na thing.
Lat warkis beir witnes, quhilkis he has done compyle.

Thocht Gawyne Dowglas, biſchop of Dunkell,
In ornat meter ſurmount did everilk man;
Thocht Kennedie and Dunbar bure the bell,
For the lang race of Rhethorik thay ran;
Yit never poet of our Scottiſch clan
Sa cleirlie ſchew that monſtour with his markis,
The Romiſch God, in quhom all gyle began,
As dois gude David Lyndeſay in his warkis.

Let Lyndeſay now, as he war yet on lyve,
Pas furth to licht, with all his ſentence hie,
Unto all men thair dewtie to diſcryve,
Quhairin thay may ane livelie image ſie,
Of his expreſſit mind in poetrie,
Prentit as he it publiſchit with his pen.
Lat himſelf ſpeik, I think it beſt for me,
Give gloir to God quhilk gave ſic giftes to men.

EARL

In Wedderburne's "Complaint of Scotland," 1549, *we find the following paſſage*, fol. 101. b. "*The Preiſt* "*of Peblis ſpeiris ane queſtione in ane beuk that he com-* "*pilit: Quhy that burges bairnis thryvis nocht to the* "*thrid ayr: Bot he micht have ſperit as weil quhy that* "*the ſucceſſours of the comont pepil baytht to burgh and* "*land* THRYVIS *nocht, &c.*" *The author ſeems here to conſider theſe tales as deſcriptive, not of any former, but of his own times; in ſhort, as a recent production not yet known among the common people, and of courſe not entitled to a place in his liſt of popular tales. It is, indeed, full of alluſions to the ſtate of the country during the laſt years of the reign of* JAMES V. *and exhibits a view of what muſt then have been common topics of converſation; ſuch as, the diſſolute levity of the King; the frequent change of his confidential ſervants, with their boundleſs avarice and rapacity; the ignominious ſtate into which the Nobility had lately fallen; and the reprehenſible manner in which eccleſiaſtical benefices were diſpoſed of. Laſtly, the poem contains ſome paſſages, or modes of expreſſion which we can hardly ſuppoſe the author would have hit upon before the publication of the Engliſh New Teſtament and Pſalms; ſuch as the* "*Prieſts coming in, not by the door, but at the window,*" *their reſemblance to* "*foxes in clothing of lamb-ſkin;*" *and a quotation from the Pſalms, introduced by the King's fool. Printed copies of the New Teſtament might find their way into Scotland about the year* 1533; *ſo that we may fix the date of the Tales between that year and* 1549; *but rather, I ſhould ſuppoſe, before the death of the King in* 1542.—*Mr* Pinkerton, *in his liſt of Scottiſh Poets, aſcribes them to* Dean David Steil, *but he has publiſhed them anonymouſly in his valuable collection of Reprinted Poems.*—

The

The author is not known. Neither does any probable conjecture ariſe from a reſemblance in the ſtile or manner to the works of any cotemporary poet, except perhaps to thoſe of JOHN ROLLAND *of* Dalkeith, *who tranſlated the* Seven Sages of Rome, *a collection of ſimilar tales into ſimilar verſe, about the beginning of the next reign. It is not unlikely that the* Preiſts of Peblis *was originally a compoſition in proſe, by ſome other hand. Some awkward paſſages are here omitted.*

IN Peblis toun ſum tyme, as I hard tell,
The foirmeſt day of Februare, befell
Thrie Preiſtis went unto collatioun,
Into ane privie place of the ſaid toun.
Quhair that thay ſat, richt ſoft and unfute fair;
Thay luifit nocht na rangald nor repair:
And, gif I ſall the ſuith reckin and ſay,
I traiſt it was apoun Sanct Brydis day.
Quhair that thay ſat, full eaſilie and ſoft;
With monie lowd lauchter apoun loſt.
And, wit ye weil, thir thrie thay maid gude cheir;
To thame thair was na dainteis than too deir:
With thrie caponis on a ſpeit with creis,
With monie uthir ſindrie dyvers meis.
And thame to ſerve thay had nocht bot ane boy;
Fra cumpanie thay keipit thame ſa coy,
Thay lufit nocht with ladry, nor with lown,
Nor with trumpouris to travel throw the toun;
Both with thame ſelf quhat thay wald tel or crak;
Umquhyle ſadlie; umquhyle jangle and jak.
Thus ſat thir thrie beſyde ane felloun fyre,
Quhil thair caponis war roiſtit, lim and lyre.
Beſoir thame was ſone ſet ane roundel bright,
And with ane clene claith, finelie dicht,
It was ouirfet; and on it breid was layd.
The eldeſt thus began the grace, and ſaid,

And

CHRONICLE

OF

SCOTTISH POETRY.

JAMES V. 1513—1542.

[*Several of the Poems of* WILLIAM DUNBAR *appear evidently to belong to the reign of* JAMES V. *and, of courſe, are here entitled to the earlieſt attention. The following piece* ON DEMING, *or Cenſoriouſneſs, is written after the manner of* LYDGATE'S Balade of gote counſaile, *having for burden* "A wicked tonge wol alway deme amis." *Some of the expreſſions manifeſtly allude to the author's own ſituation; particularly that of being* "ſene in Court ouer lang;" *ſignifying, in thoſe days, the being too long* IN EXPECTATION *of an office. This unfortunately happened to be the fate of poor* DUNBAR. *He was too much of a plain-dealer to ſucceed at Court; where probably, as a poet, he ſuffered a total eclipſe from the intervention of* GAVIN DOUGLAS, *apparently in great favour with* QUEEN MARGARET, *ſoon after the death of her huſband.*]

I.

MUSING allone this hinder nicht,
Of mirry day quhen gone was licht,
Within ane garth undir a tré,
I hard ane voce, that ſaid on hicht,
May na man now undemit be:

II.

For thocht I be ane crownit king,
Yit ſall I not eſchew deming;
Sum callis me guid, ſum ſayis, ye lie;
Sum cravis of God to end my ring;
So ſall I not undemit be.

III.

Be I ane Lord, and not lord-lyk,
Than every pelour and purs-pyk
Sayis, Land war bettir warit on me;
Thocht he dow not to leid a tyk,
Yit can he not lat deming be.

IV.

Be I ane lady freſche and fair,
With gentillmen makand repair,
Than will thay ſay, baith ſcho and he,
(I am diſhonorit) lait and air;
Thus ſall I not undemit be.

V.

Be I ane courtman, or ane knycht,
Honeſtly cled that cumis me richt,
Ane prydfull man than call thay me:
Bot God ſend thame a widdy wicht,
That cannot lat ſic deming be.

VI.

VI.

Be I bot littill of ſtature,
Thay call me catyve createure;
And be I grit of quantetie,
Thay call me monſtrowis of nature;
Thus can thay not lat deming be.

VII.

And be I ornat in my ſpeiche,
Than *Towſy* ſayis, I am ſa ſtreich,
I ſpeik not lyk thair hous menyié;
Suppois her mouth miſters a leiche,
Yit can ſcho not lat deming be.

VIII.

But wiſt thir folkis that uthir demis,
How that thair ſawis to uthir ſemis,
Thair vicious wordis and vanitie,
Thair tratling tungis that all furth temis,
Sum than wald lat thair deming be.

IX.

Gude *James the Ferd*, our nobill king,
Quhen that he was of yeiris ying,
In ſentens ſaid full ſubtillie,
Do weill, and ſett nocht by demying;
For no man ſall undemit be.

X.

And ſo I ſall with Goddis grace,
Keip his command into that cace.
Beſeiking ay the Trinitie,
In hevin that I may haif ane place,
For thair ſall no man demit be.

CONTINUATION,

I.

HOW ſowld I rewill me, or quhat wyis,
I wald ſum wyiſman wald devyis;
I cannot leif in no degre,
But ſum will my maneris diſpyis;
Lord God! how ſall I governe me?

II.

Gife I be galland, luſty, and blyth,
Than will thay ſay on me full ſwyth,
That out of mynd yone man is hie,
Or ſum hes done him comfort kyth;
Lord God! how ſall I governe me?

III.

Gife I be ſorrowfull and ſad,
Than will thay ſay that I am mad,
And do bot drowp as I wold die;
Thus will thay ſay, baith man and lad;
Lord God! how ſall I governe me?

IV.

Gife I be luſty in array,
Than luve I paramours thay ſay,
Or in my hairt am prowd and hie,
Or ellis I haif it ſum wrang way;
Lord God! how ſall I governe me?

V.

Gife I be nocht weill als beſeme,
Than twa and twa ſayis thame betwene,
That evill he gydis yone man trewlie;
Lo! be his claithis it may be ſene;
Lord God! how ſall I governe me?

VI.

VI.

Gife I be ſene in court ouir lang,
Than will thay murmour thaime amang,
My friendis ar not worth a flé,
That I ſa lang but reward gang;
Lord God! how ſall I governe me?

VII.

In court reward than purches I,
Than haif thay malyce and invy,
And ſecreitly thay on me lié,
And dois me hinder prevely;
Lord God! how ſall I governe me?

VIII.

I wald my gyding war devyſit;
Gif I ſpend littill I am diſpyſit,
Gif I be nobill, gentill, and fre,
A prodigall man I am ſo pryſit;
Lord God! how ſall I governe me?

IX.

Now juge thay me baith guid and ill,
And I may no mans tung hald ſtill;
To do the beſt my mynd ſall be,
Latt every man ſay quhat he will;
The gracious God mot governe me!

St. 3. l. 4. "Thocht he *dow not to leid a tyk*;" i. e. "Although he "has not the abilities, nor the ſpirit neceſſary for the meaneſt of all "employments, that of leading a dog in a ſtring." There is no ſingle word in modern Engliſh which correſponds with *dow*: that which approaches the neareſt to it is *liſt*, from which the adjective *liſtleſs*. The force of the word *dow* is well expreſſed in a modern Scottiſh ballad, which begins, "There wes ane May." The lines to which I allude are in the deſcription of one croſſed in love by an envious ſiſter's machination, and a peeviſh mother's frowardneſs.

"And now he gangs *dandering* about the dykes,
"And all he *dow* do is to *bund the tykes*."

The

Sum gevis ſo littill full wretchetly,
That his giftis are nocht ſet by,
And for a huide-pyk haldin is he,
That all the warld cryis on him, fy!
In Geving ſould Diſcretioun be.

Sum gevis to ſtrangeris with face new,
That yiſterday fra Flanderis flew;
And auld ſervantis liſt not ſé,
War thay nevir of ſa grit vertew;
In Geving ſould Diſcretioun be.

The third part upon, "DISCRETION IN TAKING," *being ſomewhat more worthy of republication, is here given, for the firſt time, at large, and correctly.*]

I.

EFTIR Geving I ſpeik of Taiking,
Bot littill of ony gud forſaiking;
Sum takkis our littill autoritie,
And ſum our mekle, and that is glaiking;
In Taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

II.

The clerkis takis beneficis with brawlis,
Sum of Sanct Peter, and ſum of Sanct Paulis;
Tak he the rentis, no cair hes he,
Suppois the divill tak all thair ſawlis;
In Taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

III.

Barronis takis fra the tennentis peure,
All fruitt that growis on the feure,
In mailis and gerſomes raiſit ouir hé,
And garris thame beg fra dure to dure;
In Taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

IV.

IV.

Sum takis uthir mennis takkis,
And on the peure oppreſſioun makkis,
And never remembris that he mon die,
Quhyl that the gallowis gar him rax;
In Taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

V.

Sum merchands takkis vnleſum win,
Quhilk maks thair paks oft-tymes full thin;
Be thair ſucceſſioun ye may ſé,
That ill won geir 'riches not kin;
In Taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

VI.

Sum takis be ſie and be land,
And nevir fra taking hald thair hand,
Quhill he be tyit up to ane tré;
And ſyn thay gar him underſtand,
In Taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

VII.

Sum wald tak all this warld's breid,
And yet not ſatisfeit of thair neid,
Throw hairt unſatiable and gredie;
Sum wald tak littill, and can not ſpeid;
In Taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

VIII.

Sum wald tak all his nychbouris geir;
Had he of man als littill feir
As he hes dreid that God him ſee,
To tak than ſuld he neuir forbeir;
In Taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

IX.

Stude I na mair aw of man nor God,
Than ſuld I tak bayth evin and od;
Ane end of all thyng that I ſé,
Sic juſtice is not wourth ane clod;
In Taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

X.

Grit men for taking and oppreſſioun
Ar ſet full famous at the ſeſſioun,
And peur takaris are hangit hie,
Schamit for evir, and thair ſucceſſioun;
In Taking ſould Diſcretioun be.

St. 1. l. 2. "Bot littill of ony gud forſaiking." "I may ſpeak of "taking, but I need not ſay much of people's *quitting* any thing of va- "lue; *that* is not common."

St. 2. l. 1. "The clerkis takis beneficis with *brawlis*." Eccleſiaſtical perſons poſſeſs themſelves of benefices by riot and outrage. Thus GAWIN DOUGLAS being recommended by the Queen to the Archbiſhopric of St. Andrews, JOHN HEPBURN, prior of the regular Canons, oppoſed the nomination, took the Cathedral by ſtorm, and yet was obliged to yield the See to ANDREW FOREMAN, Biſhop of Moray, inveſted by the Pope through the ſuperior influence of the Duke of Albany. With more proſperous fortune, DOUGLAS ſoon after beſieged the Cathedral of Dunkeld. He was there oppoſed by ANDREW STEWART, (brother of the Earl of Athole) and his partiſans, who vigorouſly defended the ſteeple and palace with cannon ſhot; but were forced at laſt to ſurrender to their adverſaries upon a fulminating threat of excommunication. It is probable that many atchievements of the like nature were performed during the unſettled reign of JAMES V.

St. 3. l. 3. "*Gerſomes* raiſit ovir hè." *Gerſome* and *graſſum* are the ſame. *Graſs* (from the *Belg.*) is called *gerſe* by the vulgar in many parts of Scotland. The word *graſſum* originally meant an allotment of graſs or paſture. Thus in a grant by WILLIAM the LION to the monaſtery of Coldinghame, it is ſaid, "Et omnia nemora et *greſſuma* ſua "ſint ſub defenſione Prioris et cuſtodia;" *Cb. Coldingham*, p. 29. It has long ſignified a ſum of money paid by a tenant for a renewal of his leaſe, probably from the Ang. Sax. *Gerſume*, ſumptus. In this paſſage, as well as in many others of this collection, the reader will remark the popular complaint of *racked rents* during the reign of JAMES V. The ſame complaint was made by the Engliſh in the reigns of HENRY VIII. and EDWARD VI. Honeſt LATIMER, the ſon of a yeoman, inveighs againſt racked rents in many paſſages of his ſermons.

St. 4. l. 1. "Sum takis uthir mennis tacks." Not the lands which they hold under leaſes, but ſimply their poſſeſſions. H.

MEDITATIOUN

MEDITATIOUN WRITTEN IN WYNTER.

[" *This ſingular poem,*" *ſays* MR PINKERTON, " *preſents a very intereſting picture of* DUNBAR'S *melancholy under the preſſure of age. The addreſſes of the ſeveral perſonifications to him are fine; that of Age pathetic; and that of Death even ſublime. Death's throwing up his gates wide, and telling the Poet he muſt enter, are moſt grand and ſtriking circumſtances.*"]

INTO thir dirk and drublie dayis,
Quhan ſabill all the hevin arrayis,
Quhan myſtie vapours cludds the ſkyis,
Nature all curage me denyis
Of ſangs, ballatis, and of playis.

Quhan that the nycht dois lenthin houris
With wind, with haill, and havy ſchouris,
My dulé ſpreit dois lurk for ſchoir.
My hairt for langour dois forloir,
For laik of Symmer with his flouris.

I wak; I turne; ſleip may I nocht;
I vexit am with havie thocht.
This warld all ouir I caſt about;
And ay the mair I am in dout,
The mair that I remeid have ſocht.

I am aſſayit on everie ſyde.
Diſpair ſayis ay, 'In tyme provyde;
'And get ſum thing quhairon to leif.
'Or with grit trouble and miſcheif
'Thow ſall into this court abyde.

Than

Than Patience eryis, 'Be na agaſt:
'Hald hoip and treuthe within thé faſt;
'And lat Fortoun wirk furthe hir rage,
'Quhan that no raſoun may aſſuage,
'Quhill that hir glas be run and paſt.

And Prudence in my eir ſays ay,
'Quhy wald you hald what will away?
'Or craif what yow may have no ſpace
'(To bruik, as) to an uther place
'A journay going every day?'

And than ſayis Age, 'My friend cum neir;
'And be not ſtrange, I thé requeir.
'Cum, brudir, by the hand me tak:
'Remember thow hes compt to mak
'Of all the tyme thow ſpendit heir.'

Syne Deid caſts up his yettis wyd;
Saying, 'Thir oppin ſall ye byd;
'Albeid that yow wer neuer ſo ſtout,
'Undir this lyntall ſall thow lout:
'Thair is nane uther way beſyd.'

For feir of this all day I drowp.
No gold in kiſt, nor wyne in cowp,
No ladeis bewtie, nor luiſis blis,
May lat me to remember this:
How glaid that ever I dyne or ſowp.

Yit quhan the nicht begynnis to ſchort;
It dois my ſpreit ſum pairt confort,
Of thocht oppreſſit with the ſchouris.
Cum, luſtie Symmer! with thi flouris,
That I may leif in ſum diſport.

QUOD DUNBAR.

ON

ON THE CHANGES OF LYFE.

[" *This,*" *ſays* MR PINKERTON, " *is a piece of elegant morality; and it alſo ſhews that the changeableneſs of our climate, or weather, was a common theme of complaint in the days of* DUNBAR, *as well as in our own.*" *To the* MAITLAND M. S. *we are indebted for the preſervation of this and the preceding poem.*]

I ſEIK aboute this warld unſtable,
To find a ſentence convenable;
Bot I can not, in all my witt,
Sa trew a ſentence find of it,
As to ſay, It is diſſavable.

For, yiſtirday, I did declair
How that the ſaſoun ſaft and fair
Come in als freſche as pacok feddir:
This day it ſtangis lyk ane eddir;
Concluding all in my contrair.

Yiſtirday fair ſprang the flouris;
This day thai ar all ſlane with ſhouris:
And fouls, in foreſt that ſang cleir,
Now walkis with ane drerie cheir;
Full cauld ar bayth their beds and bouris.

So next to ſymmer wynter bein:
Nixt eftir confort cairis kein.
Nixt eftir midnycht the mirthful morow:
Nixt joy ay cummis eftir ſorow.
So is this warld, and ay hes bein.

QUOD DUNBAR.

INTO

INTO THIS WARLD MAY NONE ASSURE; BY THE SAME.

I.

QUHOME to ſall I complene my wo,
And kyth my cairis, on or mo?
I knaw nocht amang riche nor pure,
Quha is my freind, quha is my fo;
For in this warld ma none aſſure.

II.

Lord, how ſall I my dayis diſpone?
For lang ſervice rewarde is none;
And ſchort my lyfe may heir indure;
And loſſit is my tyme bygone;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

III.

Oft Falſett rydis with ane rout,
Quhen Treuth gois on his fute about,
And lak of ſpending dois him ſpur,
Thus quhat to do I am in dout;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

IV.

Nane heir bot richemen hes renoun,
And bot puremen ar pluckit down;
And nane bot juſt men tholis injure,
Sa wit is blindit and reſſoun;
Into this warld may none aſſure.

V.

Vertew the court hes done diſpyis,
Ane rebald to renoun dois ryis,
And cairlis of nobills hes the cure,
And bumbards bruks the benefyis;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

VI.

VI.

All gentrice and nobilitie
Ar paſſit out of hé degré;
On fredome is laid forfaltour;
In princis is thair no pety;
For in this warld ma none aſſure.

VII.

Is none ſo armit into plait,
That can fra truble him debait;
May no man lang in welth indure,
For wo that evir lyis at the wait;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

VIII.

Flattery weiris ane furrit goun,
And Falſett with the lord dois roun;
And Treuth ſtands barrit at the dure,
Exylit is Honour of the toun;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

IX.

Fra everilk mouth fair wirds proceidis,
In every hairt diſceptioun breids;
Fra every é gois luke demure,
Bot fra the handis gois few gud deids;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

X.

Toungis now ar maid of quhyte quhaill bone,
And hairtis are maid of hard flynt ſtone;
And ene of amiable blyth aſure,
And hands of adamant laith to diſpone;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

XI.

Yit hairt, with hand and body, all
Mon anſwer deth quhen he dois call,
To compt befoir the juge future;
Sen all ar deid, or than dé fall,
Quha ſuld iato this warld aſſure?

XII.

XII.

Nothing bot Deth this ſchortly cravis,
Quhair fortoun evir us ſo diſſavis,
With freyndly ſmylinge lyk ane hure,
Quhais fals behechtis as wind hyne wavis;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

XIII.

O quha ſall weild the wrang poſſeſſioun,
Or the gold gatherit with oppreſſioun,
Quhen the angell blawis his bugill ſture,
Quilk unreſtorit helpis no confeſſioun!
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

XIV.

Quhat help is thair in lordſchippis ſevin,
Quhen na hous is bot hell and hevin,
Palice of licht, or pitt obſcure,
Quhair youlis are hard with horreble ſtevin!
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

XV.

Ubi ardentes animæ,
Semper dicentes, Ve! Ve! Ve!
Sall cry, Allace that women thame bure!
O quantæ ſunt iſtæ tenebræ!
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

XVI.

Than quho ſall wirk for warld's wrak,
Quhen flude and fyre ſall our it frak,
And frely fruſtir feild and fure,
With tempeſt kene and thunder crak?
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

XVII.

Lord, ſen in tyme ſo ſone to cum,
De terra ſurrecturus ſum,
Reward me with none erdly cure,
Bot me reſave in *regnum tuum*;
Into this warld ma none aſſure.

OF

OF COVETICE.

In the MAIT. MS. *ſubſcribed,* WILLIAM DUNBAR.

I.

FREDOME, honour, and nobilnes,
And manheid, mirth, and gentilnes,
Ar now in court all reput vyce,
And alk for caus of covetice.

II.

All weilfair, welth, and wantones,
Ar chengit into wretchitnes,
And play is ſett at littill price;
And all for caus of covetyce.

III.

Halking, hunting, and ſwift horſe rynning,
Ar chengit all in wrangus wynning;
Thair is no play bot cartis and dyce;
And all for caus of covetyce.

IV.

Honorable houſe-haldis ar laid doun;
Ane laird hes with him but a loun,
That leids him eftir his devyce;
And all for caus of covetyce.

V.

In tounes to landwart and to ſie,
Quhair wes pleſour and grit plentie,
Veneſoun, wyld-fowl, wyne, and ſpice,
Is now bot cair and covatyce.

VI.

Huſbandis that grangis had full grete,
Cattell and corne to ſell and ete,
Hes now no beiſt bot cattis and myce;
And all thruch caus of covetyce.

VII.

The younkars blyth in every toun,
War wont to weir baith reid and broun,
Ar now arrayit in raggis with lyce;
And all throw caus of covetyce.

VIII.

Lords in ſilk harlis to the heill,
For quhilk tennentis ſauld thair ſommer meill,
And leivis on rutis undir the ryce;
And all for caus of covetyce.

IX.

Quha that dois deidis of petie,
And leivis in pece and cheretie,
Is haldin a fule, and that full nyce;
And all for caus of covetyce.

X.

And quha can reive uthir menis rowmis,
And upoun peur men gadderis ſowmis,
Is now ane active man and wyce;
And all for caus of covetyce.

XI.

Man, pleis thy Makar, and be mirry,
And ſett not by this warld a chirry;
Wirk for the place of paradyce,
For thairin ringis na covetyce.

St. 1. l. 1. "*Fredome*, honour, and nobilnes." By *fredome* is here meant generoſity and hoſpitality.

St. 2. l. 3. "And *play* is ſett at littill price." Mirth; all joyous amuſements, are deſpiſed; men are become avaritious and gameſters.

St. 3. l. 1. 2. "Halking, hunting, and ſwift horſe rynning,
"Ar chengit all in wrangus wynning."

Hence it appears, that our forefathers did not conſider horſe-racing as a ſpecies of gaming. Alſo, that the "General Satire" aſcribed to Sir

JAMES

JAMES INGLIS in Vol. I. as it mentions "courſing even and morn," probably was written about the period where it is placed.

St. 3. l. 3. "*Cartis* and *dyce*." The very firſt time that Card-playing is mentioned in our language is either in this inſtance, or in the General Satire vol. 1. p. 376. But although it does not occur in any earlier Engliſh author, the general opinion is, that the game was introduced into Scotland by Queen MARGARET, and, of courſe, that it had been a common paſtime in the court of her father HENRY VII. Europe received it from Aſia at the time of the Cruſades. Dice, the *ludus teſſerarum* of the Romans, has always been a favourite amuſement among the northern nations of Europe. By the Anglo-Saxons a Die was called *tebl-ſtan*, ſignifying alſo a thief; by the Teutſche or Dutch, *dobbel-ſteen*.

St. 6. l. 1. *Grangis*, *Fr.* farms, barns.

St. 9. l. 3. "Is haldin a ſule, and that full nyce." *Nice* is from the French *niais*, ſimple. Thus CHAUCER ſays, Cuckowe and Nightingale, p. 543. l. 13.

"For he can makin of wiſe folke *full nice*."

Thus alſo DUNBAR, p. 314. of vol. 1.

"Quhen I awoik my dreme it was *ſo nice*."

NOW

NOW CUMMIS AIGE QUHAIR YOUTH HAS BENE.
BY THE SAME.

[*When allowance is made for the uncouth manner of this compariſon between Love ſenſual and divine, it will be found, ſays* LORD HAILES, *to contain more good ſenſe, and more poetry, than are in ſome modern compoſitions of a-like argument. The Poet too, although a Roman Catholic, generally expreſſes himſelf in language which might be adopted by a Proteſtant.*]

I.

NOW culit is Dame Venus brand
Trew luvis fyre is ay kindilland,
And I begyn to underſtand,
In feynit luve quhat foly bene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

II.

Quhill Venus fyre be deid and cauld,
Trew luvis fyre nevir burnis bauld;
Sa as the ta lufe vaxis auld,
The tothir dois incres moir kene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

III.

No man hes curege for to wryte,
Quhat pleſans is in lufe perfyte,
That hes in fenyeit lufe delyt,
Thair kyndnes is ſo contrair clene;

Now

Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

IV.

Full weill is him that may imprent,
Or onywayis his hairt conſent,
To turne to trew luve his intent,
And ſtill the quarrell to ſuſteine;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

V.

I haif experience by my ſell;
In luvis court anis did I dwell,
Bot quhair I of a joy cowth tell,
I culd of truble tell fyftene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

VI.

Befoir quhair that I wes in dreid,
Now haif I confort for to ſpeid,
Quhair I had maugré to my meid,
I treſt rewaird and thanks betwene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

VII.

Quhair lufe wes wont me to diſpleis,
Now find I in to lufe grit eis;
Quhair I had denger and diſeis,
My breiſt all confort dois contene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene.
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

VIII.

Quhair I wes hurt with jeloſy,
And wald no luver wer bot I;
Now quhair I lufe I wald all wy,
Als weill as I luvit I wene;

Now

Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

IX.

Befoir quhair I durſt nocht for ſchame
My lufe deſcrive, nor tell hir name;
Now think I wirſchep wer and fame,
To all the warld that it war ſene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

X.

Befoir no wicht I did complene,
So did her denger me derene;
And now I ſett nocht by a bene,
Hir bewty nor hir twa fair ene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

XI.

I haif a luve farar of face,
Quhome in no denger may haif place,
Quhilk will me guerdoun gif and grace,
And mercy ay quhen I me mene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

XII.

Unquyt I do no thing nor ſane,
Nor wairis a luvis thocht in vane;
I ſal be als weill luvit agane,
Thair may no jangler me prevene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

XIII.

So riche, ſo rewthfull, and diſcreit,
Ane lufe ſo fare, ſo gud, ſo ſueit,
And for the kynd of man ſo meit,
Neuir moir ſal be, nor yit hes bene;

Now

Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

XIV.

Is none ſa trew a luve as he,
That for trew lufe of us did dé;
He ſuld be luffit agane, think me,
That wald ſa fane our luve obtene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

XV.

Is none but grace of God I wis,
That can in yowth conſiddir this,
This fals diſſavand warlds blis,
So gydis man in flouris grene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew luve ryſis fro the ſplene.

St. 3. l. 1. "No man hes *courage*." No man has heart or abilities.
—— l. 4. "Thair *kyndaes* is ſo contrair clene." *Kindnes* implies, kind or particular nature; and the ſenſe is, the two ſorts of love, ſenſual and divine, have no relation to each other.

St. 4. l. 4. "And ſtill the *quarrell* to ſuſteine." Alluding to the ſtyle uſed in ſingular combats. The French phraſe, *ſoutenir la gageure*, is derived from the ſame ſource.

St. 5. l. 1. 2. "I have experience by my ſell,
"In Luvis court anis did I dwell."

The following amatory Sonnet by DUNBAR (MAIT. M. S.) ought to have been placed among his earlieſt compoſitions.

TO A LADYE.

SWEIT rois of vertew and of gentilnes;
Delytſum lyllie of everie luſtynes.
Richeſt in bontie, and in bewtie cleir,
And every vertew that to hevin is deir,
Except onlie that ye ar mercyles.

Into

Into your garthe this day I did perſew,
Thair ſaw I flouris that freſche wer of hew;
Baythe quhyte and rid moſt luſtye wer to ſeyne;
And halſum herbis upone ſtalkis grene.
Yet leif nor flour fynd could I nane of Rew.

I doute that Merche, with his cauld blaſtis keyne,
Hes ſlane this gentill herbe, that I of mene;
Quhois petewus deithe dois to my hart ſic pane,
That I wald vrak to plant his rute agane.
So confortand his leves unto me bene.

St. 6. l. 3. "Quhair I had *maugre* to my *meid*." Where, inſtead of being rewarded, I met with diſcountenance.

St. 8. l. 3. "All *wy*." Every perſon. *Wy*, from A. S. *wiga*, *heros*, *ſemideus*, *miles*; but poetically uſed for *cujuſcunque conditionis vir*. See Hickes *Gram. Ang. Sax.* p. 105. 106.; G. Douglas, Æneid. p. 236. l. 54. ſays,

"Hys lyffe he led unknawin of any *wy*."

St. 12. l. 1. "*Unquyt* I do nothing nor *fane*." I do not any thing, I ſay not any thing that is unacquitted; i. e. my whole conduct is approved and rewarded by my love.

QUHEN

QUHEN THE GOVERNOUR PAST INTO FRANCE.

[JOHN *Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland, went thrice over to France during the period of his Regency; firſt in* 1517, *and returned in* 1521; *then in* 1522, *and returned in* 1523; *laſtly in* 1524. *It would ſeem that the firſt journey, or that of* 1517, *was the occaſion of this poem; for, had it been either of the laſt, the poet might naturally have been led to take ſome notice of the war in which Scotland was then engaged againſt England; or, to expreſs his apprehenſions that the Regent's viſit might be equally tedious with the former; or, the title might have ſaid for the "ſecond" or "third time." This alſo ſeems the very laſt of* DUNBAR'S *Poems, whoſe period can be conjectured with reaſonable probability; or whoſe contents could ſerve to throw any additional light on the taſte, or manners of the age.*]

THOW that in hevin, for our ſalvatioun,
Maid juſtice, mercie, and pitie, to aggré;
And Gabriell ſent with the ſalutatioun
Onto the maid of maiſt humilité,
And maid thy ſone to tak humanité,
For our demerits to be of Maris bornè;
Have of us pitie, and our protectoun be.
For, but thy help, this kynrik is forlorne.

O hie ſupernale father of ſapience,
Quhilk of thy vertew dois every folie chais;
Ane ſpark of thy hie excellent prudence
Giff us, that nowther wit nor reſſoun hes.

In quhais harts no prudence can tak place,
Exemple nor experience of beforne:
To us ſynnaris ane drop ſend of thy grace.
For, but thy help, this kynrik is forlorne.

We ar ſo beſtlie, dull, and ignorant,
Our rudenes may nocht lichtlie be correctit.
Bot thow, that art of mercy militant,
Thy vengeance ſteie on us to ſyn ſubjectit,
And gar thy juſtice be with rewth correctit,
For quyt away wyſdom fra us is worne;
And in folie we ar ſo far infectit—
For, but thy help, this kynrik is forlorne.

Thow, that on rude us ranſomt and redemit,
Rew on our ſyn, befoir your ſicht decyd it.
Spair our treſpas, quhilk may nocht be eſtemit,
For breif of juſtice, for wi may nocht abyd it.
Help this puir realme, in parties all devydit:
Us ſuccour ſend, that war the croun of thorne,
That with the gyft of grace it may be gydit.
For but thy help this kynrik is forlorne.

Lord hald thy hand that ſtrickin hes ſo ſoir:
Have of us pitie, aftir our punytioun.
And us the grace gif thé to gref no more;
And gar us mend with penance and contritioun.
And to thy vengeance mak non additioun,
As thow that may of mercie mak no ſcorne.
Fra cair to comfort thow mak reſtitution.
For but thy help this kynrik is forlorne.

W. DUNBAR.

SONS

SONS EXYLIT THROW PRYD.

[*In this curious poem there is no circumſtance which preciſely aſcertains its author or date. To paſs over the firſt of theſe particulars, as of ſmall importance, the ſubject, and the manner in which it is treated, are ſo ſimilar to* DUNBAR'S *poem on Covetouſneſs, p.* 17, *that we may reaſonably conclude it to have been written nearly about the ſame time; at leaſt, during the minority of* JAMES V. *It is plain that in his Father's time the nobility began to frequent the Court; the conſequence of which was, expence flowed in a different channel; there was leſs hoſpitality, and more luxury. This was a happy ſubject for Satire; and it ſeems here to have fallen into very good hands.*]

I.

SONS hes bene ay exilit out of ſicht,
Sen every knaif wes cled in ſilkin weid;
Welfair and welth ar went without gud nicht,
And in thair rowmis remanis derth and neid:
Pryd is amangis us enterit, bot God ſpeid,
And lerd our lordis to go leſs and mair
With ſilkin gownis, and ſellaris tume and bair.

II.

Now ane ſmall barronis riche abelyement,
In ſilk, in furreingis, chenyeis, and uthir geir,
Micht furneis fourty into jak and ſplent,
Weill bodin at his bak with bow and ſpeir;
It war full meit, gif it happinis be weir,

That

That all this pryd of ſilk war quyt laid doun,
And chengit in jak, knapſcha, and abirgeoun.

III.

Wald all the lordis lay up thair riche arrayis,
And gar unſulyeit keip thame clene and fair,
And weir thame bot on hie triumphand dayis,
And quhen ſtrangeris dois in this realme repair;
They neidit not for to buy ſilkis mair
Thir twenty yeir, for thame and thair ſucceſſioun,
Gif unfull pryd nocht blindit thair diſcretioun.

IV.

Thair men alſo mon be bot ſmyt or ſmoit.
Fra his caprouſy be with ribbanis left,
(With welwet bordour about his threid-bair coit,)
Or woman-wayis, weill tyit about his weſt,
His hat on ſyd ſet up for ony heſt;
For hichtines the culroin dois miſken
His awin maiſter, als weill as uthir men.

V.

Quha ſynnis in pryd, dois firſt to God grevance,
Quhilk out of hevin to hell gaif it ane fall;
Syne of himſelf he weſtis his ſubſtance
Sa lerge, that it ourpaſſis his rentall;
His peur tennentis he dois oppreſs with all:
His coiſtly gown, with taill ſo wyd outſpred,
His naikit fermouris garris hungry go to bed.

The vulgar think, that it is a fine thing to wear fine cloaths; and therefore, with their idea of Scottiſh nobles in every age, they connect ſilk, and lace, and embroidery. If there is faith in poets, ſilk, lace, and embroidery were phænomena in the reign of JAMES V. H.

This poem ſeems rather to prove the contrary. And the Statute Book ſhews that ſilks and other ſuch finery had not been phenomena in the four preceding reigns. Act 119. of JAMES I. *anno* 1429, ordains that "na man ſall weare claithes of ſilk, broderie, &c. bot allenarlie Lord "of twa hundreth merkis of yeirlie rent." Act 70. of JAMES II. *anno* 1457

1457, repreſents the Realme as being "greatumlie pured throwe ſumptuous claithing of ſilk and ſcarletts, in ſpecial within burrowes and commouns of Landwart;" and therefore confines the uſe of them to "great Lords, and to Baillies of burghs, or uther gude worthy men of the Counceil, and thair wives." Act 46. of JAMES III. *anno* 1471, conſidering the great expences and coaſt maid upon the in-bringing of ſilk into the Realme, enacts that na man fall weare ſilkes in time cumming, in doublet, gowne, or cloakes, except knichtes, *minſtrellis*, and heraulds; without that the wearer of the ſamin may ſpend annually ane hundreth pundes of land rent, *except the claithes that ar maid befoir this Parliament.*"

From the frequent repetition of theſe ſumptuary laws, we muſt conclude, that the evil continued through the whole of theſe reigns, to exiſt in ſome conſiderable degree.

St. 2. l. 7. "*Jak, knapſcha*, and *abirgeoun*." Act 81. of JAMES III. ordains that "thay that wantis legge harnes ſaull garre maik thair *jakkis* (jackets of mail) ſide to the knee." *Abirgeoun*, or haubergeoun, *Fr.* ſignifies, ſleeves with a gorget of mail. *Knapſcha*, a bag for holding victuals; from the Teutſch *knappen*, to eat; and *ſak*, bag. *Splent*, is armour for the legs.

St. 3. l. 4. "And quhen ſtrangeris dois in this realme repair;" i. e. keep your rich cloaths till foreigners viſit you, and they may laſt you for twenty years and more. The entailing "riche arrayis unfulyeit, clene, and fair, to thair ſucceſſioun," is a ſumptuary law, ſingular in its nature.

St. 4. l. 2. *Caprouſy*, from the *Fr. cappe-roſin*, a red-coloured ſhort cloak, with a cowl or hood, occaſionally to cover the head.

—— l. 3. "With welwet bordour about his threid-bair coit." This portrait of *ambitioſa paupertas* has been drawn from the life. The whole ſtanza is highly finiſhed. The picture of a ſerving-man with a threadbare coat and new velvet lace, not diſtinguiſhing his own maſter, is happily imagined.

In the time of HENRY IV. THOMAS OCCLIVE wrote a ſimilar poem on "Waſt Clothing:"

But this me thynketh an abuſion
To ſene one walke in a robe of ſcarlet
Twelve yerdis wide, with pendaunt ſlevis downe
On the ground, and the furrur therein ſet,
Amounting unto twenty pund, or bett'.
And, gif he for it payd, hath he no good
Lefte him wherwith to by himſelf an hood.
Now have thes Lordis but litill nede of bromes
To ſwepe away the ſylth owt of the ſtrete;
Sithyn ſide ſlevys of penyles gromes
Will it up-lyk, be yt dry or wete.

Not

"Not many years after, fooliſh pride ſo deſcended to the foot, that it was proclaimed that no man ſhould have his ſhoes broader at the toes than ſix inches; and women," ſays CAMDEN, "bummed themſelves with foxes tails under their garments, as they do now with French farthingales. Nor do I think that our vanity could be ſtayed even by the laws of ZALEUCUS the Locrian, who ordained that no woman ſhould wear gold or embroidered apparel, but when ſhe purpoſed to commit adultery; nor be attended with more than one maid in the ſtreet, but when ſhe was drunk." *Remains.*

JOHNE

JOHNE UP-ON-LAND'S COMPLAINT.

[*The character of* "Jacke Upland" *is a ſort of* "Ruſticus abnormis ſapiens, craſſaque Minerva." *And in* CHAUCER'S *Tales is thus introduced, complaining of the ignorance of churchmen.*

To ſwette and ſwinke I mak a vow
My wife and babes therewith to finde,
And ſervin God, and I wiſt how,
Bot we lande men yben full blinde:

For clerkes ſaie we ſhullin be fain
For ther livelod to ſwette and ſwinke;
And thei right nought us give again
Neither to ete nor yet to drinke;

Thei mowe be lawe as that thei ſain,
Us curſe and dampne to hell is brinke;
And thus thei puttin us to pain
With candles quient, and bellis clinke.

Thei make us thrallis at their luſt,
And ſain we mowe not els be ſaved;
Thei have the corn, and we the duſt;
Who gainſayes them, thay ſaye he raved, &c.

From this John Up-on-land *ſeems to be deſcended* Sir DAVID LINDSAY'S "John *the* Commonweal;" *and the* "John Bull" *of modern times.*]

I.

NOW is our king in tendir aige,
Chryſt conſerf him in his eild,
To do juſtice bath to man and pege,
That garris our land ly lang unteild;

Thocht

Thocht we do dowble pay thair wege,
Pur commonis prefently now ar peild,
Thay ryd about in fik a rege
Be frith, forreſt, and feild,
With bow, bucklar, and brand:
Lo, quhair thay ryd intill the ry!
The divill mot fane your company,
I pray fro my heart trewly:
Thus ſaid *Johne Up-on-land.*

II.

He that wes wont to beir the barrowis,
Betwixt the baik-hous and the brew-hous,
On twenty ſhilling now he tarrowis,
To ryd the hé gait by the plewis:
But wer I a king, and haif gud fallowis,
In Norroway thay ſuld beir of newis;
I ſuld him tak, and all his marrowis,
And hing thame hich upon yone hewis,
And thairto plichtis my hand:
Thir lordis and barronis grit,
Upown ane gallows ſuld I knit,
That thus doun treddit has our quhit:
Thus ſaid *Johne Up-on-land.*

III.

Wald the lordis the lawis that leidis,
To huſbands do gud reſſone and ſkill,
To chaſtanis thir chiftanis be the heidis,
And hing thame heich upoun ane hill;
Than mycht huſbands labour thair ſteids,
And preiſtis mycht pattir and pray thair fill;
For huſbands ſuld nocht haif ſic pleids,
Baith ſcheip and nolt mycht ly full ſtill,
And ſtakis ſtill mycht ſtand:
But ſen thay red amang our durris,
With ſplent on ſpald, and rouſty ſpurris,

T

Thair grew no frutt intill our furris:
Thus ſaid *Johne Up-on-land.*

IV.

Tak a pur man a ſcheip or two,
For hungir, or for ſalt of fude,
To five or ſex wie bairnis, or mo,
They will him hing with raipis rud;
Bot and he tak a flok or two,
A bow of ky, and lat thame blud,
Full ſaifly may he ryd or go:
I wait nocht gif thir lawis be gud;
I ſchrew thame firſt thame fand.
Jeſu, for thy holy paſſioun,
Thou grant him grace that weiris the crown,
To ding thir mony kingis doun:
Thus ſaid *Johne Up-on-land.*

St. 1. l. 1. "Now is our King in tender age." BUCHANAN has well deſcribed the ſtate of Scotland at this period. "Abſente prorege, "cum omnes omnia non modo impune dicerent, ſed facerent, agerent, "ferrent, raperent;" l. 14. c. 24.

St. 2. l. 3. and 4. ſeems to mean, that "common labourers, now a days, turn up their noſe at a wage of twenty ſhillings, their great ambition being to be ſeen, by their companions at the plow, riding along the road in military array." In *Norroway* means, "in every diſtant country."

St. 3. l. 6. "And preiſtis mycht pattir and pray thair fill." John Up-on-land, ever ſince the days of CHAUCER, had a licence to revile the clergy. This line ſhews how deſpicable the eſtabliſhed clergy had become before the dawn of reformation; even when engaged in their proper office, they were not treated with decency.

——— l. 9. "And *ſtakis* ſtill mycht ſtand." Dead fences; for when leaſes were of ſhort endurance, they could be no other. There is a ſtatute to the contrary, act 83. Parliament 14. JAMES II. But ſtatutes when they move more rapidly in improvement than the nation does, always prove ineffectual.

——— l. 10. "For ſen thay red amang our duris." The grievance here complained of became ſo intolerable, that a law was enacted, c. 86. Parliament 6. JAMES V. for unhorſing or diſmounting the Scottiſh ar-

my, on account of "the great hurte, ſkaith, and dammage, done in "cumming of multitude of horſemen, throw deſtruction of cornes, "meadowes, and herrying of pure folkes; and gif ony man brings ane "horſe, except for his bagage, that incontinent, he ſall ſend the horſe "hame agane with ane rinnand boy, and with na ſenſible man, undir "the pain of death." There was, however, an exception in favour of Earls, Lords, and great landed men.

St. 4. l. 6. A *bow* of ky. Probably a fald, (fold,) or byre of cows, from the Teutſch *bouw*, a building or edifice.

—— l. 12. "To ding thir mony kingis doun." At Flouden moſt of the Nobility fell with their Sovereign. They who ſurvived were popularly decried as traitors or cowards, becauſe they ſurvived. Theſe circumſtances neceſſarily weakened the influence of the ariſtocracy. The Commons began to feel grievances, and to murmur. They had not yet acquired that refined ſenſibility of liberty which ſhrinks at the mere apprehenſion of grievances. This fever on the ſpirits was unknown to our forefathers.

TO

[SIR DAVID LINDSAY, *in his prologue to the Complaint of the Papingo, mentions two poets of the name of* STEWART, *both of them his contemporaries;*

—— STEWART who deſyris a ſtaitlie ſtyle,
Full ornat works daily doth compyle.

And,

STEWART of Lorn can carp right curiouſlie.

In the one or other of the ancient Manuſcripts, this and the three ſucceeding poems bear the name of STEWART; *but to which of the two poets they belong, it is now impoſſible to determine. They appear evidently to have been written between* 1520 *and* 1530. *This poem, and the following one, repreſent* JAMES V. *as inclined to avarice, even at the age of profuſion.* BUCHANAN *apologizes for him. "He was the more avaricious of money, as when he was under age, he had been educated with the greateſt parſimony; and, when he became his own maſter, he entered into an empty houſe, for the whole furniture having been carried off, he had every part of his palace to furniſh anew: the regal patrimony was ſpent by his curators for purpoſes of which he exceedingly diſapproved." Without inquiring into the truth or force of thoſe apologies, I obſerve, ſays* LORD HAILES, *that* STEWART, *a court-poet, early diſcerned the ſeeds of avarice in the mind of the young king.*]

I.

SIR, ſen of men ar divers ſortis,
And divers paſtymes and diſportis,
According ar for ilk degré;

All

All thy trew lieges thé exortis,
To knaw thy Ryall Majeſtie.

II.

And mark in thy memoriall
Thy predeceſſours parentall;
Quhais fructuous featis, and deidis hé,
Maks thair fame perpetuall,
Thrtow potent, Princely Majeſtie.

III.

Sen throw the erd, in lenth and breid,
Thow art the moſt illuſtir leid,
And moſt preclair of progenie;
Think thairupoun, and caus thy deid
Appreif thy Princely Majeſtie.

IV.

For nobil cuming of nobil kyn,
And he fra nobilnes declyn,
In that cace may comparit be
To braſs fund in goldin myn;
Heirfoir think on thy Majeſtie.

V.

And play nocht bot at honeſt playis,
As princis uſit afoir thy dayis;
Halking, hunting, and archery,
Juſting, and cheiſs, that none gane ſayis
Unto thy Princely Majeſtie.

VI.

To play with dyce nor cairts accords
To thé, bot with thy noble lords,
Or with the Quene thy moder fré;
To play with pure men difaccords,
And mars thy Ryall Majeſtie.

VII.

But gif thow think quhen thow begynnis,
To gif agane all that thow wynnis,
To thame about that ſerwis thé;

To hald ſic wynning ſchame and ſyn is,
And far fra Princely Majeſtie.

VIII.

Ane prudent prince eik ſuld be war,
And for no play the tyme diffar,
Quhen he ſuld Godis ſervice ſé;
And gif he dois, weill ſay I dar,
He hurtis his Ryall Majeſtie.

IX.

To princis eik it is ane vice,
Till uſe playing for cuvatyce;
To ryd or rin our rekleſlie,
Or ſlyd with lads upoun the yce,
Accordis not for thair Majeſtie.

X.

Sen that the help is in thy handis,
And on thy fyt thi weilfair ſtandis;
And on thy heid the liberté
Of all true lieges in thy landis;
Think on thy ryal Majeſtie.

XI.

Think that thair is ane King of kingis,
Our heving, erd, and hell, that ringis;
Quilk, with the twynkling of ane é,
Ma do and undo all kyn thingis;
So mervellus in his Majeſtie.

XII.

Sé thow pray to that ſamyne King,
Going to bed and upryſing,
Thy gyd and governour ay to be;
Quha grant thé grace to ryſs and ſing
With mycht and Ryall Majeſtie.

STEWART.

TO

I.

PRECELLAND Prince! havand prerogatyve
As royall roy in this regioun to ring,
I thé beſeik aganis thy luſt to ſtryve,
And loufe thy God aboif all erdlie thing;
And him imploir, now in thy yeiris ying,
To grant thé grace thy folk to defend
Quhilk he hes gevin thé, in governing
In peax and honour to thy lyvis end.

II.

And ſen thow ſtandis in ſo tendir aige,
That natur to thé yit woſdome denyis;
Thairfoir ſubmit thé to thy Counſale ſeige,
And in all wayis wirk as thay devyis:
Bot ovir all thing keip thé fra cuvatyis;
To princely honour gife thow wald pretend,
Be liberall; than ſall thy fame upryis,
And wyn thé honour to thy lyvis end.

III.

It that thow gevis, deliver quhen thow hechtis,
And ſuffir nocht thy hand thy hecht delay;
For than thy hecht and thy deliverance fechtis;
Far bettir war thy hecht had bene away.
He aw me nocht that ſayis me ſchortly, nay;
Bot he that hechtis, and cauſis me attend,
Syne gevis me nocht, I may him repute ay
Ane untrew dettour to my lyvis end.

IV.

Bettir is gut in feit, nor cramp in handis:
The falt of feit with hors thow may ſupport;

Bot quhen thyn handis ar bundin in with bandis,
Na furrigiane may cure thame, nor confort:
Bot thow thame oppin patent as a port,
And frely gife ſic guds as God thé ſend;
Than may thay mend within ane ſeſſone ſchort,
And win thé honour to thy lyvis end.

V.

Gife every man eftir his faculty,
And with diſcretioun thow diſpone thy geir;
Gife nocht to fulis, and cunning men ourſé,
Thocht fulis roun and flatter in thyne eir;
Gife nocht to theme that dois thy ſawis ſueir;
Gife to thame that ar trew and conſtant kend;
Than our all quhair thay ſall thy fame furth beir,
And win thé honour to thy lyvis end.

VI.

Sen thow art heid, thy leges memberis all
Gevin be God to thé in thy governance,
Luke that thou rewll the rute originall;
That in thy falt no membir get grevance:
For quha himſelf can nocht gyd nor awance,
Quhy ſuld ane provynce do on him depend,
To gyd himſelf that hes na purveance
With peax and honour to his lyvis end?

VII.

Dreid God; do counſale; of thy leigis leill
Reward gud deid; puneis all wrang and vice;
Sé that thy ſaw be ſicker as thy ſeill;
Fleme frawd, and be defender of juſtyce;
Honour all tyme thy noble genettyce;
Obey the kirk; gif thow dois miſs, amend;
Sa ſall thow win ane place in paradyce,
And mak in erd ane honourable end.

STEWART.

LERGES,

LERGES, LERGES, LERGES HAY, LERGES OF THIS NEW-YEIR DAY. M,D,XXVII.

I.

First lerges (of) the king my cheif,
Quhilk come als quiet as a theif,
And in my hand fled ſchillings tway,
To put his lergnes to the preif,
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

II.

Syne lerges of my Lord Chancellar,
Quhen I to him ane ballat bare,
He ſonyeit not, nor ſaid me nay,
Bot gaif me quhill I—wad had mair,
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

III.

Of Galloway the biſchop new,
Furth of my hand ane ballat drew,
And me deliverit with delay
Ane fair hacknay, but hyd or hew,
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

IV.

(Of Halie-rud) the abbot ying,
I did to him ane ballat bring;
Bot or I paſſit far him frae,
I gat na les nor—deill a thing,
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

V.

The ſecretar, baith war and wyſe,
Hecht me ane kaſt of his office;
And for to reid my bill alsway,
He ſaid for him that micht ſuffyce,
For lerges of this new-yeir day.

VI.

VI.

urar and comptrollar,
me cume, I wait nocht quhair,
ſuld gar, I wait not quha,
wait nocht quhat, full fair,
of this new-yeir day.

VII.

es of my lordis all,
porall ſtaît, and ſpirituall,
l nevir ſing nor ſay,
v fund ſo liberall
on this new-yeir day.

VIII.

this froſt that is ſo fell,
wyt, the trewth to tell,
ds and purs it bindis ſway,
y gife naithing bye thame ſell,
s of this new-yeir day.

IX.

es of my Lord Bothwell,
s in fredome dois excell;
o me a curſour gray,
l this ſort that I with mell,
s of this new-yeir day.

X.

releif Margaret our Quene;
cho war as ſcho hes bene,
l be lerger of lufray,
the laif that I of mene,
s of this new-yeir day.

STEWART.

This poem displays a singular talent for *carping* or satire, and therefore we may attribute it to STEWART of Lorne.

St. 1. l. 1. "The king my *cheif*." The very first stanza is highly satirical when the full import of the expressions is known. The king, head of our clan (STEWART), put his liberality to the test, and secretly conveyed into my hand——a couple of shillings.

St. 2. l. 1. "Syne lerges of my Lord Chancellar." In order to discover what great men distinguished themselves by their liberality to STEWART of Lorne, it will be necessary to ascertain the æra of this bitter New-year's-day gift. This may be easily done, so that here there is no *fultus labor ineptiarum*.

In St. 3. l. 1. we find "the *new* Bishop of Galloway." This poem therefore, was composed when some Bishop was newly promoted to the see of Galloway. The succession of bishops to that see stands thus in KEITH's Catalogue, p. 164.

1508. James Bethune elect Bishop of Galloway.
1509. David Arnot Bishop of Galloway till 1526.
1526. Henry Wemyss Bishop of Galloway till about 1541.

This poem could not have been composed at New-year's day 1508; for James Bishop of Galloway was also treasurer at that time: now the poem distinguishes the Bishop of Galloway from the Treasurer,

Besides, it mentions Queen Margaret as being absent from court, or in some sort of disfavour. This was not the case during the reign of JAMES IV.

For the same reason it could not have been composed at New-year's day 1509.

Neither could it have been composed at New-year's day 1541; for the widow of JAMES IV. removed from court, and eclipsed by Mary of Guise, her daughter-in-law, would not have been termed, "Margaret our Quene."

It follows, that it must have been composed at New-year's day 1527.

I ask pardon of the Manes of honest Keith for having used his industry to settle the chronology of a ballad against JAMES V. and his ministers. The Catalogue of Scottish Bishops was not, *hoc quæsitum munus in usus*.

At New-year day 1527, the Chancellor was Archibald Earl of Angus, husband of the Queen-dowager; the Secretary, Sir Thomas Ereskine of Brechin; the Treasurer, Sir Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie; the Comptroller, Sir James Colvill of Ochiltree.

St. 4. l. 1. "Of *Halie-rud* the abbot ying." The MS. has, "Of *Grece* the abbot ying." This is a lame verse, plainly from the inadvertency

tency of the tranſcriber, who has given the ſenſe of the poet without obſerving his metre. The young abbot of *Halie-rud*, or *Croce*, is William Douglas, brother of Archibald Earl of Angus.

St. 9. l. 1. "My Lord Bothwell." The perſon here meant, is Patrick Hepburn, third Earl of Bothwell. His mother was a Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Buchan. This may account for his favour to a Stewart, and the conſequent eulogy.

St. 10. l. 1. "Margaret our Quene." The Queen-Dowager, wife of Archibald Earl of Angus. Her averſion at the huſband of her precipitate choice, was the chief cauſe of the numerous diſorders during the minority of JAMES V. As her huſband was in power at New-year day 1527, ſhe, of courſe, was abſent from court.

or

I.

ROLLING in my rememberance,
Of court the daylie variance,
Me think he ſuld be callit wiſe
That firſt maid this allegiance,
Bettir hap at court nor gud ſervyſs.

II.

For ſum man to the court pretendis,
And that, his freindis wan, he ſpendis,
Howping in honour to upriſs;
Syne wrechitly but guerdoun wendis:
Bettir hap at court nor gud ſervyſs.

III.

And ſum dois to the court repair
With empty purſs, and clethis full bair;
Yet he in riches multeplyſs,
That he levis thowſandis to his air:
Bettir hap at court nor gud ſervyſs.

IV.

Sum ſervis weill, and haldis him ſtill,
Putting all in his maiſteris will;
Bot ſic unſervit ar oft ſyis,
Quhen grokaris gettis thoch thay ſerve ill,
Throw hap, and for no gud ſervyſs.

V.

Sum takis reward at thair awin handis,
Of king and quenis proper landis;
Bot faſt for thame the gallous cryiſs,
That our lang ſoliter it ſtandis
But thame that dois ſic ſervyſs.

VI.

Sum gettis giftis and guerdoun greit,
That neuir did for gud ſervice ſueit;
Sum gettis buddis, ſum benifyiſs;
And ſum dois foly counterfeit,
And wynnis mare nor gud ſervyſs.

VII.

Sum gettis at Yule, ſum gettis at Peſs,
Sum tynis ſyiſs, and wynnis bot eſs,
Sum to the divill givis the dyiſs,
That he can nevir win na grace,
Nowdir throw hap nor gud ſervyſs.

VIII.

Rewaird in court is delt ſo evin,
Sum gettis that micht ſuffeis ſevin;
And uthir ſum in langour lyiſs,
Makand ane murmour to the hevin,
That thay get nocht for gud ſervyſs.

IX.

The nycht the court ſum gydis clene,
Thairin the morne dar nocht be ſene,
Mair than the devill in paradyiſs,
Nor ſpeik ane word with king nor quene,
Thocht he maid nevir ſo gud ſervyſs.

X.

Chryſt bring our king to perfyt ege,
With wit, fra yowthis fellon rege,
To help thame that in him affyiſs,
And pay ilk man thair conding wege,
According to thair gud ſervyſs.

STEWART.

FEW

I.

Mr mynd quhen I compas and caſt,
Me think this warld chengis faſt:
Quhen God thinkis tyme he may it mend,
Lawty will leif us at the laſt;
Ar few for falſett now may fend.

II.

Thift and treſſoun now is chereiſt,
Law and lawtie is diſherreiſt,
And quyt owt of this regioun ſend;
Thift and treſſoun now is cherreiſt,
Ar few for falſett now may fend.

III.

War all this realme in two devyddit,
Lat lawty ſyne and falſett gyd it,
Quhome on will monieſt depend?
Quha wyſeſt is can not diſſyd it;
Ar few for falſett now may fend.

IV.

No man is countit worth a peir,
Bot he that hes gud hors and geir,
And gold in to his purs to ſpend;
The peur for this is ſpulyeit neir;
Ar few for falſett now may fend.

V.

Haif ane peur woman ane cow or twa,
Glaidly ſcho wald gif ane of tha
To haif the tother at the yeiris end;
Scho may thank God and ſcho chaip ſa:
Ar few for falſett now may fend.

VI.

VI.

Peur huſband-men leivis on thair plewch,
Thay think that thay ar riche annewch;
Away with it the theivis dois wend,
And leivis thame bair as ony bewch:
Ar few for falſett now may fend.

VII.

The rankeſt theif of this regioun
Dar pertly compeir in ſeſſioun,
And to the tolbuth ſone aſcend,
Syne with the lordis to raik and roun;
Ar few for falſett now may fend.

VIII.

The regentis that this realme fowld gyd,
For ſchame ye may your facis hyd:
To quhat effect fowld ye pretend
So ſlewthfully to lat ovirſlyd
Sic falſett now as us offend?

St. 7. l. 4. "Syne with the lordis to *raik* and *roun*." Rake with the judges, may ſeem an uncouth phraſe to modern ears; but the meaning is, *Walk at large, ſpatiari*; ſo vol. I. p. 116. "Lo quhair thay *raik on raw*," is uſed of the manner in which ſheep paſture. *Roun*, *round*, is to whiſper with; to talk like familiar acquaintance.

This poem is anonymous in the BANN. MS. but may probably belong to one of the STEWARTS, or DUNBAR.

ALLEGORIE

[*The firſt edition of* HECT. BOYCE's Hiſtoriæ Scotorum, *conſiſting of ſeventeen books, and ending with the death of* JAMES the Firſt, *was printed at* Paris *in* 1527. *At the command of* JAMES the Fifth, *it was tranſlated into the Scottiſh language by* JOHN BELLENDEN, *deſigned in the title page, Arch-dean of Murray, and Chanon of Roſs; and was* "imprinted in Edinburgh, by THOMAS DAVIDSON in 1536;" *having this poem of* Virtue and Vice *prefixed as a* Proheme *to the coſmographical part of the Hiſtory. Of the author,* SIR DAVID LINDSAY *thus ſpeaks in the* "Complaint of the Papingo," (*written in* 1530.)

But now of lait is ſtart up haſtelie,
Ane cunning clerk, quhich writeth craftilie;
A planet of poets, called BALLENTINE,
Quhoſe ornat writs my wits can nocht define.

The poem is here given correctly from one of the very few printed copies of BELLENDEN's Tranſlation, *of which he himſelf ſays elſewhere;*

"Thou art ſo full of nobylneſs *per tout*,
I wald *nane* red thé bot ane nobyll man."

The work ſeems to have been finiſhed, probably, ſome years before the publication, as it is ſaid to have been tranſlatit laitly. *We may ſuppoſe this poem, therefore, to have been written between* 1527 *and* 1530, *when the King was approaching to his twentieth year.* BELLENDEN *is ſaid to have died at Paris in* 1550.

I.

QUHEN ſilvir DIANE, full of bemis brycht,
Fra dirk eclips wes paſt this othir nycht,
And in the Crab hir propir manſion gane;
ARTOPHILAX contending at his mycht
In the grit eiſt to ſet his viſage rycht;
I mene the ledar of the Charle-wane:
Abone our heid then was the ORSIS twane,
Quhen ſterris ſmall obſcuris in our ſycht,
And LUCIFER left twinkland him alane.

II.

The froſty nycht with hir prolixit houris,
Hir mantle quhyt ſpred on the tender flouris;
When ardent Laboure hes addreſſit me:
Tranſlait the ſtory of our progenitours,
Thair gret manheide, hie wiſdom and honouris;
Quhair we may cleir, as in ane mirroure, ſe
The furius end ſum tyme of tyranie;
Sum tyme the glore of prudent governouris,
Ilk ſtate appryſit in thair facultie.

III.

My wery ſpreit deſyring to repreſs
My emptive pen of fruteleſs beſines,
Awalkit furth to tak the recent ayre;
Quhen PRIAPUS with ſtormy weid oppreſs,
Requeiſtit me, in his maiſt tenderneſs,
To reſt ane quhile amid his gardinyis bare.
But I no maner couth my mynd prepare
To ſett aſyde unpleſand hevyneſs
On this and that contemplyng ſolitare.

IV.

And firſt occurrit to my remembring,
How that I wes in ſervice with the Kyng,
Put to his Grace in yeris tendereſt,
Clerk of his comptis, thoucht I wes inding,
With heart and hand, and evry other thing,
That mycht him pleis in ony manner beſt,
Quhil hie envy me from his ſervice keſt,
By thaym that had the court in governing,
As bird bot plumes is herryit of her neſt.

V.

Our lyfe, our gyding, and our aventuris,
Dependis from thir hevenlie creaturis,
Apperandly by ſome neceſſitie;
For thocht ane man wald ſet his beſy curis,
Sa far as laboure and his wiſdome furis,
To flie hard chance of infortunitie,
Thocht he eſchew it with difficultie,
The curſit weird yit ithandlie enduris,
Gevin to hym firſt in his nativitie.

VI.

Of erdlie ſtait bewailyng thus the chance,
Of fortoun gud I had na eſperance,
So lang I ſwommit in hir ſeis deip,
That ſad Avyſing with her thochtfull lance
Coud find na port to ankir hir firmance,
Till MORPHEUS the dreiry God of ſleip,
For very rewth did on my cures weip,
And ſet his ſlewth and deidly contenance,
With ſnorand vanis to throw my body cr

VII.

Methocht I wes into ane pleſand meid,
Quhair FLORA maid the tender blewmis ſ
Throw kyndly dew, and humouris nutr
Quhen golden TITAN with his flammis re
Abone the ſeis raſit up his heid,

Diffounding down his heit reſtorative
To evry frute that nature maid on lyve,
Quhilk wes afore into the winter deid,
With ſtormis cald, and froſtis penetrive.

VIII.

Ane ſilver fountane ſprang of watir cleir
Into that place, quhare I approchit neir;
Quhare I did ſone eſpy a fellown reird
Of courtly gallandis in thair beſt maneir,
Rejoycing thaym in ſeaſon of the yeir,
As it had bene of Mayis ſweit day the feird,
Their gudelie havings made me nocht affeird;
With them I ſaw ane crownit kyng appeir,
With tender downis riſing on his beird.

IX.

Thir courtly gallandis ſettand thair intentis
To ſing and play on divers inſtrumentis;
According to this Princis appetyt,
Two pleſand ladyis come pranſand our the bentis,
Thair coſtly clething ſchew thair mychty rentis;
Quhat hart mycht wis, thay wantit nocht ane myt,
The rubeis ſchone apon thair fingaris quhyt:
And finaly I knew by thair conſentis
This ane VIRTEW, that other hecht DELYTE.

X.

Thir goddeſſis arrayit in this wyſe,
As reverence and honoure liſt to devyſe,
Afore this Prince fell down apon thair kneis,
Syne dreſſit thaym into thair beſt avyſe,
So far as wiſdome in thair powir lyis,
To do the thing that mycht hym beſt appleis,
(Quhair he rejoſit in his hevynly gleis,)
And him deſyrit for his hie empryis,
Ane of thaym two unto his lady cheis.

XI.

XI.

And firſt Delyte unto this Prince ſaid thus,
Maiſt vailyeant Knycht, in dedis amourus,
And luſtyeſt that evir nature wrocht,
Quhilk in the floure of youth mellyfluus,
With notis ſweit, and ſang melodius,
Awalkis heir amang the flouris ſoft,
Thow hes na game, bot in thy mirry thocht,
My hevynly blis is ſo delicius,
All welth in erd bot it avalis nocht.

XII.

Thoucht thow had France, and Italy alſo,
Spain, Ingland, Pole, with uther realmis mo;
Thoucht thow mycht regne in ſtait maiſt glorius,
Thy puiſſant kyngdome is nocht worth ane ſtro,
Gif it unto thy pleſeir be ane foe,
Or trubyll thy mynd with curis dolourus;
Thair is na thing may be ſa odius
To man, as leif in miſerie and wo,
Defraudand God, of nature genius.

XIII.

Dreſs thee thairfore with all thy beſy cure,
That thow in joy and pleiſeir may indure;
Be ſycht of thir four bodyis elementar,
Two heavy and groſs, and two ar lycht and pure,
Thir elementis be werking of nature,
Doith change in othir; and thoucht thay be rycht far
Fra othir ſeverit, with qualities contrar,
Of thaym are maid all levand creature,
And finaly in thaym reſolvit ar.

XIV.

The fyre in air, the air in watter cleir,
In erd the watter turnis withouten weir,
The erd in watter turnis ouir agane;
So furth in ordour na thyng conſumis here.
Ane man new borne beginnis to appeir

In

In othir figure than afore wes tane,
Quhen he is deid, the matter does remane,
Thoucht it reſolve into ſum new maneir,
No thyng is new, nocht but the forme is gane.

XV.

Thus is no thyng in erd bot fugitive,
Paſſand and cumand be ſpreidyng ſucceſſive;
And as ane beiſt, ſo is ane man conſave
Of ſeid infuſe in membris genitive,
And furth his tyme in pleſeir dois ouir dryve
As chance him leidis, quhil he be laid in grave:
Thairfor thy hevyn and pleſeir now reſſave,
Quhile thow art here into this preſent lyve,
For eftir deith thow ſall na pleſeir have.

XVI.

The roſe, the lyllyis, and the violet,
Unpullit, ſone are with the wynd ouirſet,
And fallis down bot ony fruit, I wis.
Thairfore I ſay, ſen that na thing may let,
Bot thy brycht hew maun be with yeiris fret,
(For every thing bot for ane ſeaſon is)
Thow may nocht have ane mair excellent blis
Than ly all nicht into myn armis plet,
To hals and brais with mony luſty kis.

XVII.

And haif my tender body by thy ſyde,
So propir fet, quhilk nature has provyde
With every pleſeir, that thou may devyne,
Ay quhill my tender yeris be over ſlyde;
Then gif it pleis that I thy brydle gyde,
Thou mon alway fra agit men declyne,
Syne dreſs thy hart, thy curage and ingyne,
To ſuffir nane into thy hous abyde,
But gif thay will unto thy luſt inclyne.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Gif thou deſyris in the ſeis to ſleit
Of hevynly blis, than me thy lady treit;
For it is ſaid by clerkis of renown,
Thair is na pleſeir in this erd ſa gret,
As quhen ane luffer dois his lady mett,
To quickin his lyf of mony deidlie ſwoun,
As hieſt pleſeir but compariſoun.
I ſall the geif into thy yeris ſwete,
Ane luſty halk with mony plumis brown.

XIX.

Quhilk ſalbé found ſo joyous and pleſant,
Gyf thou into her mirry flichtis hant,
Of every blys that may in erd appeir,
As hart will think thou ſall no plenty wante,
Quhill yeris ſwift with quhelis properant,
Conſume thy ſtrenth, and all thy bewtie cleir.
And quhen Delyt had ſaid on this maneir,
As rage of yowtheid thocht maiſt relevant;
Then Virtew ſaid, as ye ſall after heir.

XX.

My landis braid with mony plentuus ſchyre,
Sall gif thy hieneſs, (gif thou liſt deſyre)
Triumphant glore, hie honour, fame devyne,
With ſic puiſſance, that thaym na furius yre,
Nor werand age, nor flame of byrnand fyre,
Nor bitter deith may bring unto rewyne,
But thou mon firſt inſuffer meikyll pyne,
Abone thy ſelf, that thow may haif empyre,
Than ſall thy fame and honour haif na tyne.

XXI.

My realme is ſet amang my fois all,
Quhilk hes with me ane weir continiwal,
And evir ſtyll dois on my bordour ly:
And thoucht thay may na wayis me ouerthrall,
Thay ly in wait, gif ony chance may fall,

Of

Of me ſumtyme to get the victory.
Thus is my lyfe an ithand chevalry,
Laubourt me haldis ſtrong as ony wall,
And no thyng brekis me bot ſlogardy.

XXII.

Na fortoun may aganis me availl,
Thoucht ſcho with cludy ſtormis me aſſail.
I brek the ſtreme of ſharp adverſitie,
In weddir louin, and maiſt tempeſtius haill,
Bot ony dreid I beir an equall ſaill:
My ſchip ſa ſtrang, that I may nevir die,
Wit, reaſon, manheid governis me ſa hie,
Nae influence nor ſterris may prevaill
To regne owre me with infortunitie.

XXIII.

The rage of youtheid may nocht dantit be,
Bot grit diſtreſs and ſharp adverſitie,
As be this reaſon is experience;
The fyneſt gold or ſilver that we ſe,
May nocht be wrocht to our utilitie,
Bot flammis kein and bitter violence;
The more diſtreſs, the more intelligence.
Quhay failis lang in hie proſperitie,
Ar ſone owreſet be ſtormis without defence.

XXIV.

This fragill lyfe, as moment induring,
Bot dout ſall thee and everie pepyll bring
To ſicker blis, or than eternal wo.
Gif thou by honeſt labour dois ane thyng,
Thy panefull labour ſall vanies but tarrying;
Howbeit thy honeſt werkis do nocht ſo.
Gif thou be luſt dois ony thyng alſo,
The ſhamefull deid, without diſſevering,
Remaynis ay when pleſeir is ago.

XXV.

XXV.

As carvell ticht, faſt tending throw the ſee,
Levis na prent amang the wallis hie.
As birdis ſwift with mony beſy plume
Perſis the air, and wate nocht quhair thay flie,
Sicklyk our lyfe without activitie;
Giffis na frut, howbeit ane ſhado blume.
Quhay dois thair lyfe into this erd conſume,
Without vertew, thair fame and memorie
Sall vanis ſoner than the reiky fume.

XXVI.

As watter purgis and makis bodyis fair,
As fyre be nature aſcendis in the aire,
And purifyis with heitis vehement:
As flour dois ſmell, as fruit is nuriſare:
As precious balme revertis thyngis ſare,
And makis thaym of rot impacient.
As ſpyce maiſt ſwete, and ros maiſt redolent;
As ſtern of day by moving circulare,
Chaſis the nycht with bemis reſplendent.

XXVII.

Sicklyk my werk perfytis every wycht,
In fervent luf of maiſt excellent lycht,
And makis man into this erd bot peir,
And does the ſaul fra all corruption dycht,
With odoure dulce, and makis it mair brycht
Than Diane full, or yit Apollo cleir,
Syn raiſes it unto the hieſt ſpeir,
Immortally to ſchyne in Goddis ſycht,
As choſen ſpous, and creature maiſt deir.

XXVIII.

This uther wenche that clepit is Delyte,
Involvis man be ſenſual appetyte,
In every kind of vyce and miſerie,
Becauſe na wit nor reaſon is perfyte
Quhair ſcho is gyde; bot ſkaith is infinyte;

With

With dolour, ſchame, and urgent povertie;
For ſcho wes get of frothis of the ſee.
Quhilk ſignifies hir pleſeir vennomit,
Is mydlit ay with ſcharp adverſitie.

XXIX.

Duke Hannibal, as mony authors wrait,
Throw Spanyie come be mony paſſage ſtrait;
To Italy in furour bellical,
Brak down the wallis, and the mountainis ſlait,
And to his army made an oppin gait,
And victoryis had on the Romanis all.
At Capua by pleſeir ſenſual,
The Duk was made ſa ſaft and deligait,
That by his fois he wes ſone ovirthrawll.

XXX.

Of feirs Achill the weirly dedis ſprang,
In Troy and Greece, quhyll he in Virtew rang,
How luſt hym ſlew it is bot rewth to heir:
Siclyk the Trojanis with thair Knychtis ſtrang,
The vailyeant Greekis fra thair roumis dang,
Victorioullie exercit mony yeir;
That nycht thay went to thair luſt and pleſeir,
The fatal hors did throw thair wallis fang,
Quhais prignant ſydes wer full of men of weir.

XXXI.

SARDANAPALL, that Prince effeminat,
Fra knychtlie deidis wes degenerate,
Twynand the threidis of the purpur lynt,
With fingaris ſoft amang the ladyis ſat,
And with his luſt couth not be ſatiate,
Quhill of his fois come laſt the bitter dynt.
Quhat nobil men and ladyis haif bene tynt,
Quhen thay with luſtis wer intoxicat,
To ſchaw at lenth my tung ſuld nevir ſtynt.

XXXII.

Thairfore Camil the valyeant Chevalier,
(Quhen he the Gallis had dantit be his weir)
Of heritabil landis wald haif na recompence;
For gif his bairnis, and his freindis deir
Were vertewis, thay couth not fail ilk yeir
To haif yneuch, be Roman providence.
Gif thay wer given to vyce and inſolence,
It was nocht neidfull for to conqueiſs geir,
To be occaſioun of thair incontinence.

XXXIII.

Sum nobyl men, as poetis liſt declair,
Wer deifeit, ſum goddis of the air,
Sum of the Heaven, as EOLUS, VULCAN,
SATURN, MERCURY, APPOLLO, JUPITARE,
MARS, HERCULES, and uther men preclair,
That glore immortall in thair lyvis wan:
Quhy wer thir pepill callit Goddis than?
Becaus thay had ane Virtew ſingulair,
Excellent hie abone ingyne of man.

XXXIV.

And others are in reik ſulphurius,
As IXION, and wery SYSYPHUS,
EUMENIDES, the furyis rycht odibill,
The proud gyandis, and thriſty TANTALUS,
With hugly drink, and fude maiſt vennomus,
Quhair flammis bald, and mirkneſs ar ſenſibil:
Quhy ar thir folk in panis ſa terribyll?
Becauſe thay wer bot ſchrewis vicius
Into thair lyfe, with deidis horribil.

XXXV.

And thouch na frut wer eftir conſequent
Of mortall lyfe; but for this warld preſent
Ilk man to haif allenerlie reſpect;
Yet Virtew ſuld fra vice be different,
As quick frae deid, as rich fra indigent;

That

That ane to glore and honour ay direct,
This othir ſaul and body to neglect:
That ane of reaſon maiſt intelligent,
This othir of beiſtis following the effect.

XXXVI.

For he that nold aganis his luſtis ſtryve,
But leiffis as beiſt of knawlege ſenſityve,
Glidis rycht faſt, and deith him ſone ouirhails:
Thairfor the mule is of ane langer lyfe
Than ſtonit horſe; alſo the barrant wyfe
Appeiris yung, quhen that the brudie failis:
We ſe alſo quhen nature nocht prevalis,
The pain and dolour ar ſa pungityve,
Nae medycyne the patient avalis.

XXXVII.

Sen thow hes hard baith our intentis thus,
Cheis of us two the maiſt delicius;
Or to ſuſtene ane ſcharp adverſitie,
Danting the rage of youtheid furious,
And ſyn poſſeid triumphe innumerus,
With lang empyre, and hie felicitie;
Or haif ane moment ſenſualitie
Of ſuliche youth, in lyf voluptous,
And all thy days full of miſerie.

XXXVIII.

Be than PHEBUS his fyrie cart did wry,
Frae ſouth to weſt declynand beſyly
To dip his ſteidis in the oceane;
Quhen he began ouirſile his viſage dry
With vapouris thick, and cloudis fill the ſky,
And Notus brym, the wynd meridiane,
With wyngis donk, and pennis full of rane,
Awalkenit me, that I mycht nocht eſpy
Quhilk of thaym two wes for his lady tane.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

But ſone I knew thay wer the Goddeſſes
That came in ſleip to vailyeant HERCULES,
  Quhen he was yung, and free of every lore,
To luſt or honour, poverte or riches,
Quhen he contempnit luſt and ydilnes,
  That he in Virtew mycht his lyfe decore;
  Then werkis did of maiſt excellent glore;
The more increſſit his panefull beſineſs,
  His hie triumphs and loving wes the more.

PROHEME TO HECTOR BOECE HYS CRONIKLIS OF SCOTLAND, MAID BE THE TRANSLATOURE, JOHNE BELLENDEN.

[*Of the Court of* JAMES V. SIR RALPH SADLER, *the Engliſh Embaſſador, writes thus:* "*The noblemen be* "*young; and, to be plain with you, though they be* "*well minded, I ſee none amongſt them that hath a-*"*ny agility of wit or* learning *to take in hand the* "*direction of things. The Biſhops and Clergy be* "*the only men of wit and policy that I ſee here.*" SIR DAVID LINDSAY *alſo introduces the young noblemen about the King's perſon addreſſing him thus:*

"We think thame verie naturall foolis
"That learnis ouer meikil at the ſcoolis.
"Sir, yow muſt learne to run a ſpeare,
"And gyde yow lyke ane man of weare."
Sum cauſit hym revel at the rackit;
Sum harlit hym to the hurlie-backit;
And ſum, to ſhew thair courtlie corſſes,
Wald ryde to Leyth and run thair horſes;
And mychtlie gallop ouer the ſandis,
Thay nowthir ſparit ſpur nor wandis,
Caſting gamondis with bends and becks,
For wantonneſs ſum brak thair necks:
There wes few of that garniſoun
That learnyt hym ane gude leſſoun.

It appears from ſeveral paſſages in this prologue, and from the ſmallneſs of the impreſſion, that BELLENDEN's *tranſlation was made and publiſhed, not with a view*

view to general circulation, but for the uſe of a few of the young nobility, whoſe education had not been ſtrictly conformable to the ſtatute.

" Tharefore thow ganis for na catyve wichtis ;
" Allanerly bot unto nobyll men."

I.

Thow marcyall Buke ! pas to the nobyll prynce
Kyng James the Fyft, my ſoverane maiſt preclare,
And gif ſum tyme thow gettis audience,
In humyl wyſe unto his grace declare
My walkrife nychtis, and my laboure ſare,
Quhilk ithandly hes for his pleſeir tak,
Quhill goldin TYTAN with his birnand chare
Has paſt all ſignis in the zodiak ;

II.

Quhill beſy CERES with hir pleuch and harrois
Hes fild hir graingis full of every corne ;
And ſtormy CHIRON with his bow and arrois
Hes all the cloudis of the hevynnis ſchorne ;
And ſchyll TRITON with his wyndy horne
Ouirquhelmit all the flowand ocean ;
And PHEBUS turnit under capricorne,
The ſamin greis quhare I firſt began.

III.

Sen thow art drawin ſa compendius
Fra flowand Latyne in to vulgar proſe,
Schaw now, quhat princis bene maiſt vicius,
And quhay hes bene of chevelry the roſe.
Quhay did thair kingrik in maiſt honour jois,
And with thair blude our liberteis hes coft ;
Regardyng nocht to dé amang thair fois,
Sa that thay mycht in memory be brocht.

IV.

IV.

Schaw be quhat dangeir and difficill wayis
Our anteceſſours, at thair uter mychtis,
Hes brocht this realme with honour to our dayis,
Ay fechtand for thair liberteis and richtis
With Romanis, Danis, Ingliſmen, and Pichtis,
As curtas reders may throw thy proces ken.
Tharefore, thow ganis for na catyve wichtis;
Allanerly bot unto nobyll men.

V.

And to ſic perſonis as covettis for to heir
The vailyeand dedis of our progenitouris,
And how this cuntré, baith in peace and weir,
Bene governit unto this preſent houris.
How forcy cheiftanis, in mony bludy ſtouris,
(As now is blawin be my vulgar pen,)
Maiſt vailyeandly wan landis and honouris,
And for thair virtew callit nobyll men.

VI.

For nobylnés ſum tyme the lovyng is
That cumis be meritis of our eldaris gone.
As Ariſtotyll writis in his rethorikis,
Amang nobyllis quhay caſtin thaym repone
Mon dres thair lyfe and dedis one be one,
To mak thaym worthy to have memoré
For honour to thair prince or nation,
To be in glore to thair poſterité.

VII.

Ane othir kynd thair is of nobylnes,
That cumis be infuſion naturall;
And makis ane man ſa full of gentylnes,
Sa curtes, pleſand, and ſa lyberal,
That every man dois hym ane nobyll call.
The lyon is ſa nobyll, (as men tellis,)
He can not rage aganis the beſtis ſmall,
Bot on thaym quhilkis his majeſté rebellis.

VIII.

VIII.

The awfull churle is of ane other ſtrynd,
Throuch he be borne to vileſt ſervitude;
Thair may na gentrice ſink in to his mynd,
To help his freind or nychtbour with his gud.
The bludy wolf is of the ſamyn ſtude;
He feris gret beiſtis, and ragis on the ſmall,
And leiffis in ſlauchter, tyranny and blud,
But ony mercy, quhare he may ouirthrall.

IX.

This man is born ane nobyl, Thow wyll ſay,
And gevyn to ſleuth and luſt immoderat,
All that his eldaris wan he puttis away,
And fra thair virtew is degenerat.
The more his eldaris faine is elevat,
The more thair lyfe to honour do approche,
Thair fame and lovyng ay interminat,
The more is ay unto his vice reproche.

X.

Among the oiſt of Grekis, as we hard,
Two knichtis war, Achylles and Terſete;
That ane maiſt vailyeand, this othir maiſt coward.
Better is to be, (ſays Juvinall the poete,)
Terſetis ſon, havand Achylles ſprete,
With manly force, his purpos to fulfyll,
Than to be lord of every land and ſtrete,
And ſyne maiſt cowart cumyn of Achyll.

XI.

Man callit ay maiſt nobyll creature,
Becaus his lyfe maiſt reaſon dois aſſay;
Ay ſekand honour with his beſy cure,
And is na nobyll quhen honour is away.
Tharefore he is maiſt nobyl man, Thow ſay,
Of all eſtatis under reverence,
That valyeantly doith cloſe the latter day
Of natyve cuntré déand in defence.

XII.

XII.

The glore of armis, and of forcy dedis,
(Quhen thay ar worthy to be memoryall,)
Na les be wyt than manheid ay procedis,
As Plinius wrait in ſtory naturall.
Ane herd of hertis is mair ſtrong at all,
Havand ane lyon aganis the houndis to ſoure,
Than herd of lyonis arrayit in battall,
Havand ane hert to be thair governoure.

XIII.

Quhen fers Achylles was be Paris ſlane,
Amang the Grekis began ane ſubtell plede,
Quhay was maiſt nobyll and prudent capitane
Into his place and armoure to ſuccede.
Quhay couth thaym beſt in every dangeir lede,
And ſaif thair honour as he did afore.
The vailyeant Ajax wan not for his manhede,
Quhen wiſe Ulyſſes bure away the glore.

XIV.

Manhede but prudence is ane fury blynd,
And bringis ane man to ſchame and indegence.
Prudence but manhede cumis oft behind;
Howbeit it haif na les intelligence
Of thingis to cum than gone be ſapience.
Thairfore, quhen wit and manhede doith concurre,
The honour riſis with magnificence,
For glore to noblis is ane groundin ſpurre.

XV.

Sen thow contanis mo vailyeand men and wyſe
Than euir was red in ony buke, but dout;
Gif ony churle or velane thé diſpyſe,
Byd, Hence hym harlot! he is not of this rout;
For heir ar kingis, and mony nobyllis ſtout,
And nane of thaym pertenand to his clan.
Thow art ſo full of nobylnes *per tout*,
I wald nane red thé, bot ane nobyll man.

XVI.

Thus to all nobyllis ſen thow art dedicat,
Schaw breifly how be my gret deligence;
Ilk ſtory be the ſelf is ſeperat,
To mak thaym bowſome to thyne audience.
Schrink nocht, thairfore, bot byde at thy ſentence.
Sen thow art armit with invincible trewth,
Of gentyll reders, tak benivolence,
And cure of otheris na invy nor rewth.

XVII.

Pas now to lycht with all thy ſentence hie
Groundit, but feid or aſſentation,
In naturall and morall philoſophé,
With mony grave and prignant oriſoun;
Maid to the reder's erudition,
Be the renowmit Hector Boetius.
Supportit oft with Scotichronicon,
To maik thy mater mair ſententius.

XVIII.

Bring nobyll dedis of mony yeris gone,
Als freſche and recent to our memorie,
As thay war bot into our dayis done;
That nobyll men may haif baith laude and glorie
For thair excellent brut of victorie.
And yit, becaus my tyme hes bene ſo ſchort,
I thynk, quhen I haif opportunité,
To ring thair bell in to ane othir ſort.

XIX.

Leir Kingis to hait all peple vitius,
And na ſic perſonis in thair hous reſſaiſe;
And ſuffir na ſervandis avaritius,
Ouir ſcharp exactionis on thair ſubditis craif;
That not be done without thair honour ſaif,
Sekand na conques be unleful wanis.
Schaw mony reaſonis how na king mycht haif
His baronis hartis, and thair geir atanis.

XX.

XX.

Schaw how the Kingis lyfe and governance
The murrour of levyng to his peple bene.
For as he luſſis, be his ordinance
The ſame maneris ar with his peple ſene;
And thairfore, Kingis hes na oppin rene
To uſe all pleſeiris as thaym lykis beſt;
The hiear honour and office thay ſuſtene,
Thair vice is ay the hiear manifeſt.

XXI.

Schaw now, quhat kynd of ſoundis muſicall
Is maiſt ſemand to vailyeand cheveleris;
As thondran blaſt of trumpat bellicall
The ſpretis of men to hardy curage ſteris,
So ſyngyng, fydlyng, and pyping nocht effeiris
For men of honour nor of hye eſtate;
Becaus it ſpoutis ſwete venome in thair eris,
And makis thair myndis al effeminate.

XXII.

Be mony reaſonis of gret experience,
Schaw how na thing into this erd may be
So gud, ſo precius, as ane virtuus prince;
Quhilk is ſo nedefull to this realme, that we
But hym hes nocht bot deith and poverté.
Schaw how na gard, nor armour may defend
Unhappy lyfe, and curſit tyranné,
(Gyf thay continew,) but miſchevus end.

XXIII.

Perſuade all kingis, (gif thay haif ony ſycht
To lang empire, or honour ſingulare,)
To conques favour, and luf of every wicht,
And every wrangis in thair realme repare.
For, quhen thair ſubdittis ar oppreſſit ſare,
And ſyndis na juſtice in thair actionis,
Than riſis nois, and rumour populare,
And drawis the noblis in ſindry factionis.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Schaw quhat punition, be reaſon of juſtice,
Efferis to thay unhappy creaturis
That nuriſis kingis in corrupit vice.
And ſchaw quhat truble, quhat vengeance, and injurie
Contynewaly in to this realme enduris,
Quhen men obſcure, and avaritius,
Hes of the King the gyding in thair curis,
And makis the nobyllis to hym odius.

XXV.

Schaw how gret Baronis, for thair evyll obeyſance,
Aganis thair prince makand rebellyon,
Detectkit bene fra thair hie governance,
And brocht to finall extermynion.
Schaw how na hous of gret dominion,
Na men of riches, nor excellent mycht,
May lang continew in this region,
Becaus the pepyll may not ſuffer hycht.

XXVI.

Schaw how kirkis the ſuperflew rent
Is ennymé to gud religion,
And makis preiſtis more ſleuthful than fervent,
In pietuus werkis and devotion.
And nocht allanerly perdition
Of commoun weill be bullis ſumptuus,
Bot to evill prelatis gret occaſion
To rage in luſt and vice maiſt vicius.

XXVII.

Schaw how young knychtis ſuld be men of weir,
With hardy ſprete at every jeoperdie;
Lyke as thair eldaris bene ſa mony yeir,
Ay to defend thair realme and libertie.
That thay nocht, be thair ſleuth and cowartré,
The fame and honour of thair eldaris tyne;
Appryſe ilk ſtait in to thair awin degré,
Ay as thay lyf in morall diſcipline.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Schaw furth ilk Kyng, quhill thow cum to the Prince
That regnis now in greit felicité;
Quhais anciant blude, be hie pre-eminence,
Decorit is in maiſt excellent degré,
(Without compare) of hie nobilitie.
With giftis mo of nature to hym gevin,
(Gif nane abuſit in his youtheid be,)
Than evir was gevin to nobyll under hevyn.

XXIX.

Thoucht thow pas furth, (as bird implume to lycht,)
His gratius eris to my werke implore,
Quhare he may ſe, as in ane murrour brycht,
So notabill ſtoryis, baith of vice and glore,
Quhilk nevir was ſene in to his toung afore.
Quhair throw he may, be prudent governing,
Als weill his honour as his realme decore,
And be ane virtuus, and ane noble King!

Bellenden's Tranſlation being a very uncommon book, no apology can be neceſſary for annexing here a few of Hector's *wonders*, in the genuine Scottiſh proſe of this period: beginning with his account of the nature of Claik geis.

"Sum men belevis that thir Claikis growis on treis be the nebbis. Bot thair opinioun is vane. And, becaus the nature and procreatioun of thir clakis is ſtrange, we have maid na lytill lauboure and diligence to ſerch the treuth and verité thairof. We have ſalit throw the ſeis quhare thay ar bred, and fund, be greit experience, that the nature of the ſeis is mair relevant caus of thair procreatioun than ony uther thyng: for all treis that ar caſſin in the ſeis, be proces of tyme, apperis firſt worme etin, and in the ſmall hollis and boris thairof, growis ſmall wormis. Firſt thay ſchaw thair heid and feit, and laſt of all thay ſchaw thair plumis and wyngis. Finally, quhen thay are cumin to the juſt meſure and quantité of geis, thay flé in the aire, as othir fowlis. Thairfore, becaus the rude and ignorant pepyll ſaw oftymis the frutis that fell of the treis, (quhilkis ſtude neir the ſee,) convertit within ſchort tyme in geis, thai belevit that thir geis grew upoun the treis, hingand be thair nebbis,

nebbis, ſiclik as appillis and uthir frutis; but thair opinioun is nocht to be ſuſtenit."—This ſtory is believed by ſome of the vulgar in Orkney to this day. The barnacle ſhell (*Lepas anatifera* Lin.) has ſomewhat the appearance of a bird in miniature encloſed in a ſhell, and this is ſuppoſed to be the young of the claik gooſe, (*Anas bernicla* Lin.)

"The wolffis ar rycht noyſum to the tame beſtiall in all partis of Scotland, except ane pairt thairof, namit Glenmores; in quilk the tame beſtiall gettis litill dammage of wyld beſtiall, ſpecially of toddis. For ilk hous nuriſis ane yung todd certane dayis, and mengis the fleſche thairof after it be ſlane, with ſik meit as thay gif to thair fowlis or uther ſmall beiſtis. And ſa mony as etis of this meit ar preſervit twa monethis eftir fra ony dammage be the toddis; for toddis will guſt na fleſche that guſtis of thair awin kynd: and be thair bot ane beiſt or fowll that has nocht guſtit of this meit, the tod wyll cheis it out amang ane thouſand".

"In all the deſertis and muris of this realme growis ane herbe namit *badder*, but ony ſeid, richt nutritive beith to beiſtis and fowlis, ſpecialle to beis. This herbe, in the moneth of Julii, hes ane floure of purpure hew, als ſweit as huny. The Pychtis maid of this herbe ſum tyme ane rycht delicius and hailſum drynk; nochtheles the maneir of the making of it is periſt be the exterminioun of the ſaid Pichtis; for thay ſchew nevir the craft of the making of this drink bot to thayr awin blud".

"Amang the craggis of the Ilis growis ane maner of goum, hewit like gold, and ſa attractive of nature, that it drawis ſtra, flox, or hemmis of claithis to it. This goum is generat of ſee froith, quhilk is caſſin up be the continewal repercuſſion of craggis aganis the ſee wallis, (waves;) and throw ithand motioun of the ſee it growis als teuch as glew, ay mair and mair, quhill at laſt it fallis doun in the ſee. Twa yeir afore the cumin of this buke to lycht, arrivit ane gret lump of this goum in Buchquhane, als mekle as ane hors; and wes brocht hame be the hirdis (quhilkis wer kepand thair beiſtis) to thair houſis, and caſſin in the fyre: and becaus thay ſand ane ſmelland odour thairwith, thay ſchew to thayr maiſter that it wes ganane for the ſens (ſcent) that is maid in the kirkis. Thar maiſter wes ane rud man, and tuke bot ane litill part thairof. The maiſt part wes deſtroyit afore it come to ony wyſe mannis eris, and ſa the proverb wes verifyit, "The ſow cutis na balme."—(The gum mentioned here was probably Ambergreaſe, which is ſometimes found in the iſlands.)

"In Orknay is ane gret fiſche, mair than ony hors, of mervellus and incredible ſleip. This fiſche, quhen ſcho beginnis to ſleip, feſnis hir teith faſt on ane crag abone the watter. Als ſone as the marineris fyndis hir on ſleip, thay cum with ane ſtark cabill in ane boit: and eftir that thay have

have borit ane hole throw hir tale, thay feſne hir be the ſamyn. Als ſone as this fiſche is awalknit, ſcho makis hir to leip with gret force in the ſee: and fra ſcho fynd hir ſelf faſt, ſcho wrythis hir out of hir awin ſkin and deis. Of the fatnes that ſcho hes, is maid oulie in gret quantité; and of hir ſkyn is maid ſtrang cabellis".

"In Murray land is the Kirk of Pette-quhair the banes of Litil Jhon remains in great admiration of the pepill. He hes bein fourtein foot of hight, with ſquare memberis effeiring thairto. Six years afore the comeing of this werk to lycht, we ſawe hys hanſh bane (*os coxendicis*) als meikle as the haill bane (*cruris*) of ane man, for we ſhot our arme in the mouth thairof (*in concavitate*;) be quhilk apparis how ſtrang and ſquare pepill grew in our regioun afore thay war effeminat with luſt and intemperance of mouth".

"I belief nane has now ſic eloquence, nor ſouth of langage that can ſufficientlie declare how far we in thir preſent dayis are different fra the virtew and temperance of our eldaris. For quhare our eldaris had ſobrieté, we have ebrieté and dronkynneſs. Quhare thay had plenté with ſufficence, we have immoderat curſis (courſes) with ſuperfluité; as (*if*) he war maiſt nobyl and honeſt that culd devore and ſwelly maiſt; throw quhilk we ingorge and fyllis our ſelf day and nycht ſa full of meatis and drynkis, that we can nocht abſtene quhyll our wambe be ſa ſwon, that it is unabyll to any vertewis occupation; and nocht allanerly may ſurfet denners and ſowpar ſuffice, bot alſo we muſt continew our ſchameful voracité with duble dennaris and ſowparis; throw whilk mony of us ganis to na uthir beſines bot to fil and teme our wembe. Na fiſche in the ſee, nor foule in the aire, nor beiſt in the wod may haif reſt, but ar ſocht heir and thair to ſatisfy the hungry appetit of glutonis. Nocht allanerlie ar wynis ſocht in France, bot in Spainye, Italy, and Greece; and ſum tyme baith Aphrik and Aſya ar ſocht for new delicious metis and wynis to the ſamyn effect. The yung pepyll and barnis follow thir unhappy cuſtomis of thair faderis, and gevis thame ſelf to luſt and inſolenſe, havand all virtuus craftis in contemptioun. And ſa, quhen tyme of weir occurris, thay ar ſa effeminat and ſoft, that thay pas on hors as hevy martis; and ar ſa fat and growin, that thay ma do na thyng in compare of the ſoverane manheid of thair anteceſſouris. Als ſone as thay ar returnit hame, (becaus thair guddis ar not ſufficient to nuris thame in voluptuus lyfe and pleſeir of thair wambe,) thay ar gevin to all maner of avarice; and outhir caſtis thame to be ſtrang and maiſtrifull thevis, or ellis ſawaris of diſſention amang the nobyllis".

"Thus it wer neidfull to put ane end to our Coſmographie, wer nocht an uncouth hiſtorie taryis a litill our pen. Maiſter James Ogilby, with uthir noble men, wes ſend as ambaſſatouris fra the maiſt noble prince Kyng James the Feird to the Kyng of France: and, be tempeſt of ſee, thay wer conſtranit to land in Noroway, quhare thay ſaw, nocht far

far fra thaim, mony wyld men, nakit and roch on the ſame maner as thay ar payintit. At laſt thay gat advertiſing be landwart peple, that thay wer doum beiſtis, under the figur of men, quha in tyme of nycht uſit to cum in gret cumpanyis to landwart villagis; and quhair thay fand na doggis, thay brek up durris, and ſlayis al the peple that thay fynd thair intyll. Thay ar of ſa huge ſtrenth, that thay pull up treis be the rutis, and fechtis thairwith amang thaym ſelf. The ambaſſatouris wer aſtoniſt at thir monſtouris, and maid ſtark waches with gret fyris birnand all nycht; and on the morow thay pullit up ſalis and depairtit. Forther, the Norroway men ſchew that thair wes alſo nocht far fra thaym, ane peple that ſwomit all the ſymer lyke fiſche in the ſee, leiff-and ay on fiſche: bot, in the wynter (becaus the wattir is cald) thay leif apon wyld beiſtis that diſcendis fra the montanis: and ſa endis heir the coſmographie of Scotland".

BELLENDEN is ſaid by MACKENZIE to have been Clerk-Regiſter, and one of the Lords of Seſſion in the beginning of the reign of Queen MARY. "Beſides the ſimilitude of names, the only reaſon that I know (ſays LORD HAILES) for this aſſertion, is in the Proheme to BOYCE's Coſmographé, where the tranſlater ſays,

—— I wes in ſervice with the King,
Clerk of his comptis".

DR M. *gravely* ſays that "Clerk of his Comptis" is Clerk Regiſter. The Lord of Seſſion (*anno* 1554) alluded to by MACKENZIE, was Sir JOHN BELLENDEN of Auchinoul, who was alſo Clerk-Regiſter. H.

It appears, however, from the Catalogue publiſhed by LORD HAILES, that in 1587 *a Dean of Moray*, Lord of Seſſion *r.* (reſigned) and was ſucceeded by Mr WILLIAM MELVILL, Commendatair of Tungland.—Alſo, from the Notes and Appendix to SCOTSTARVET's Hiſtory, that Sir JOHN BELLNDEN of Auchinoul, *Arch-Dean of Moray*, was (*not* Clerk-Regiſter, but) Juſtice Clerk from 1547 to 1578. They ſeem all, therefore, to be one and the ſame perſon: and, inſtead of his having died in 1550, as is ſaid in page 48, upon the authority of MACKENZIE and DEMPSTER, he appears to have been alive in 1587.

SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

Our next Poet in this Series is SIR DAVID LINDSAY, *who, with juſtice, has been ſaid "to bear the palm in the latter part of the Reign of* JAMES V." *According to* DR MACKENYIE, *he was born about* 1490. *In his writings he carefully deſigns himſelf 'of the Mount;' a circumſtance from which we may preſume that he was a near kinſman, if not couſin-german to* JOHN the ſixth Lord LINDSAY: *For* PATRICK the fifth Lord, *having got from* King JAMES IV. *a charter of confirmation of the lands of* Mount, &c. *in* Fife; *and happening to ſurvive his eldeſt ſon, it ſeems probable that he might leave the eſtate of* MOUNT *to one of his younger ſons,* PATRICK *or* WILLIAM; *we may conjecture to the former, as* LINDSAY *of* PITSCOTTIE *was deſcended from* WILLIAM. *After having finiſhed his ſtudies at St. Andrews, our poet was ſent abroad; and having travelled through France, Italy, and Germany, he returned to Scotland about the year* 1514. *Soon after his return, from his knowledge of languages, and of mankind, he was appointed to ſuperintend the education of the young Prince* JAMES V. *in whoſe ſervice, as himſelf tells us, he performed occaſionally the various parts of*

——— ſtewart, coppar, and carvour,
His purs-maiſter, and ſecreit theſaurar;
And in his chalmer cheif cubicular, &c.

ſignifying merely, that the young Prince had greater delight in being ſerved by SIR DAVID LINDSAY *than by any other of his attendants; for, we have no reaſon*

to believe that LINDSAY *ever held any office, ſave that of* Lyon King at Arms. *His attachment to the Reformation may have prevented him from attaining to any conſiderable preferment; but, from an autograph letter in the Cotton Library, it appears that he had been ſent on an Embaſſy to the Emperor* CHARLES V. *in the year* 1531; *and that he ſucceeded in* "gettin the auld alianſis and confederationis confermit for the ſpace of ane hundret yeiris." *In this letter, dated* Handwarp, *he ſays,* "it war to lang to me to writ the triumphis that I haiff ſein ſen my cumin to the court imperall; that is to ſay, the juſtynis, the terribill turnements, and the feychten on fut in barras; quhais circumſtans I haif writtin at lenth, to ſchaw the Kyng's grace at my haym cuming."

In 1536, *according to* PITSCOTTIE, LINDSAY *was ſent to France upon ſome buſineſs relative to the King's marriage. In* 1537 *he contrived triumphal arches, &c. for the Queen's entry, and in* 1542 *we find him preſent at the King's death. From* KNOX'S *Hiſtory, we learn that he was a favourite of the Regent* ARRAN; *but by means of the Earl's brother,* HAMILTON *Abbot of Paiſley, (afterwards Archbiſhop of St Andrews,) and* DAVID PANTER, *afterwards Biſhop of Roſs, he was* "*craftily removed from the Governour's Councils.*" *In* 1547 *we find him taking an active part in bringing about the Reformation.* JOHN KNOX *not having been regularly trained to the Kirk, a ſham Vocation and Charge was ſuddenly adminiſtered to him from the pulpit, through the mouth of a popular preacher, by the contrivance of* SIR DAVID LINDSAY *and* HENRY BALNAVES, *(at that time either Lord Advocate or Juſtice Clerk,) quhairat the ſaid* JOHN, *according to his own account in the genuine* 8vo. *edition, bruſt furthe in maiſt aboundant tearis, from the greit greif and trobill of his hairt.*

And,

" And, as SIR DAVID was ſcharp and vigilant in " marking the enormities of the Spirituality, ſua neither " was he negligent nor ſleuthful in rebuking the faltis " of the Temporality. Quhat labouris tuik he (ſays his " Editor HENRIE CHARTERIS, 1592) that the landis " of this cuntré micht be ſet out in fewis, efter the " faſſoun of ſindrie uther realmis, for the incres of " policie and riches? Bot, quhat hes he profitit? For, " (even yet,) quhen ane pure man, with his haill " race, hes labourit thair lyfis on ane litil peice of " grounde, and brocht it to ſum point and perfectioun, " then muſt the Lairdis brother, or his kinſman, or " ſurname, have it, and the puire man, with his wyf " and bairnis, muſt be ſchot out to beg thair meit! " Quhat hes he written alſwa aganis this *Heriald Hors*, " (or BEST PROPERTY of a deceaſed vaſſal,) devyſit for " monie puir mannis hurt? But, quha hes demittit it? " Finallie, quhat oppreſſioun, or vyce, hes he not " reprevit? Bot thir ſall ſuffice for exampill." *He is ſuppoſed to have died in the end of the year* 1553.

HIS WORKS ARE,

The Complaint and Teſtament of the Papingo.
The Dreme, addreſſed to JAMES V.
Juſting between WATSON and BARBOUR.
Anſwer to the King's Flyting.
KITTIE's Confeſſion.
On the Death of Queen MAGDALEN.
In contempt of Side Tails, and Muſſalit Faces.
Complaint of BASH, the King's Old Hound.
Complaint to the King.
An Interlude, repreſenting the miſerable ſtate of the Kingdom.
Tragedy of CARDINAL BEATON.

The

The Four Monarchies.
Hiſtory of SQUIRE MELDRUM.
A Satire on the Three Eſtaits, (in which is interwoven the before mentioned Interlude.)

The editions of LINDSAY'S *Poems, in the old orthography, being very ſcarce, (not one having been printed for the laſt* 200 *years,) it is propoſed here to republiſh the whole works, from the laſt genuine edition,* 1592, *in* 4*to. omitting only the tireſome hiſtorical part of the* Four Ancient Monarchies. *The* Satire on the Three Eſtates *is, of itſelf, ſufficient for a volume.*

To underſtand the quotation in the preceding page, relative to the *Heriald horſe*, it is neceſſary to obſerve that, by the ancient Baron Laws (*Quoniam Attachamenta*, Chap. 23.) "Gif ane dwelles upon land per-"teining to ane frie man, and as ane huſband-man, haldes lands of him; "and, gif he happin to deceis, his Maiſter ſall have the beſt eaver, "(i. e. horſe,) or beaſt of his eattell, (the beſt *aucht* or property;) pro-"vyding that the huſband-man did have of him the aucht (eight) part "of an plough-gait of land:" that is, if he was one of eight who kept for their common benefit a Plough drawn by eight oxen.

THE

— *from an edition printed at London in* 1538, *appears to have been finiſhed in December* 1530. *Like ſeveral other of* LINDSAY'S *works, it has been intended, partly as a Satire on the manners of the Court and Clergy; and partly for the purpoſe of conveying ſome uſeful counſel to the ear of his royal pupil. Probably ſome of his ſmaller pieces may have been compoſed before this; but, as it always appears the firſt of that deſcription in the old editions; and is, beſides, furniſhed with a ſort of general prologue, the ſame place ſeems to be due to it in this Chronicle. It bears this motto,*

LIVOR POST FATA QUIESCIT.

PROLOG.

SUPPOIS I had ingyne angelicall,
With ſapience mair than Salomonicall,
I not quhat mater put in memorie;
The poetis auld in ſtyle heroycall,
In breve ſubtell termis rethoricall,
Of everie mater, tragedie and ſtorie,
Sa ornatlie to thair heich laude and glorie,
Hes done indyte; quhais ſupreme ſapience
Tranſcendis far the dul intelligence
Of poetis now intil our vulgar toung.
For quhy? The bel of rethorick ben roung
Be Chawcer, Gower, and Lydgate lawreait.
Quha dar preſume thir poetis to impung,

Quhais

Quhais ſweit ſentence throw Albion bin ſung?
Or quha can now the warkis counterfait,
Of Kennedie with termis aureait?
Or of Dunbar, quha language had at large,
As may be ſene into his Goldin Targe?

Quintyn, Merſar, Rowl, Henryſon, Hay, Holland,
Thoch thay be deid, thair lybellis bin levand:
Quhilkis to reheirs makis reidaris to rejoſe.
Allace! for ane quhilk lamp was in this land,
Of eloquence the flowand balmie ſtrand;
And in our Inglis rethorick the roſe,
Als of rubeis the carbunckle bin choſe;
And as Phœbus dois Cynthia precell,
Sa Gawin Dowglas, Biſchop of Dunkell,

Had, quhen he was into this land on lyve,
Abufe vulgar poetis prerogatyve,
Baith in practick and ſpeculatioun.
I ſay na mair, gude reidaris may diſcrive
His worthy warkis, in nomber ma than five:
And ſpeciallie the trew tranſlatioun,
Of Virgil, quhilk bin conſolatioun
To cunning men, to knaw his gret ingyne
Als weil in natural ſcience, as divyne.

And in the court bin preſent in thir dayis,
That ballatis brevis luſtely, and layis,
Quhilkis to our prince dailie thay do preſent.
Quha can ſay mair than Schir James Inglis ſayis,
In ballatis, farſis, and in pleſand playis?
But Culros hes his pen maid impotent.
Kid in cunning and practick richt prudent;
And Stewart quha deſiris ane ſtatelie ſtyle,
Full ornate warkis daylie dois compyle.

Stewart of Lorne will carp richt curiouſly,
Galbraith, Kinloch, quhen thay liſt thame apply,
Into that airt ar craftie of ingyne.
But now of lait is ſtart up haiſtily,

Ane

Ane cunning clark quhilk writis craftely,
Ane plan't of poetis callit Ballendyne,
Quhais ornat warkis my wit can nocht defyne;
Get he into the court authoritie,
He will precel Quintyne and Kennedie.

Sa thocht I had ingyne, as I have none,
I wait nocht quhat to wryte, be sweit St Johne:
For quhy? in all the eirth of eloquence
Is nathing left, bot barrane stock and stone;
The polite termis are pullit everilk one,
Be thir foirnamit poetis of prudence:
Bot sen I find nane uther new sentence,
I sall declair or I depairt yow fro,
The Complaint of ane woundit Papingo.

Quhairfoir becaus mine mateir bin sa rude,
Of sentence and of rethorick denude,
To rural folk my wryting bin directit,
Far flemit fra the sicht of men of gude;
For cunning men I knaw will sone conclude,
It dow nathing, bot for to be dejectit;
And quhen I heir my mateir bin detrectit,
Than sall I sweir, I maid it bot in mowis,
To landwart lassis that milkis the kie and yowis.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE PAPINGO.

QUHA climmis to hie, perforce his feit mon sail.
Expreme I sall that be experience,
Gif that thow pleis to heir ane piteous taill,
How ane fair bird be fatal violence,
Devouit wes, and micht mak na defence
Contrair the deith, so failyeit natural strenth,
As eftir I sall schaw yow at mair lenth.

Ane Papingo, richt plesand and perfyte,
Presentit was til our maist nobil king,
Of quhome his grace a lang time had delyte,

Mair fair in forme, I wat, flew neuer on wing,
This proper bird he gaif in governing
To me, quhilk was his ſimpel ſerviture,
On quhome I did my diligence and cure
To leirne hir language artificiall;
To play *Platfute*, and quhiſſil *Fute-beſoir*:
Bot of hir inclinatioun naturall,
Scho counterfeitit al fowlis les and moir:
Of hir courage ſcho wald without my loir,
Sing like the merle, and craw like the cok,
Pew like ane gled, and chant like the laverok.
Bark like ane dog, and kekil like ane ka,
Blait like ane hog, and buller like ane bull,
Gail like ane goik, and greit quhen ſcho was wa:
Clym on ane cord, ſyne lauch and play the fule,
Scho micht have bin ane menſtral aganis yule.
This bleſſit bird was to me ſa pleſand,
Quhaireuer I fure, I buir hir on my hand.
And ſa befell intil ane mirthful morrow,
Into my garth I paſt me to repois.
This bird and I, as we war wont a forrow,
Amang the flouris freſch, fragrant and formois:
My vital ſpreitis dewly did rejois,
Quhen Phœbus rais, and rave the cloudis ſabill,
Throw brichtneſs of his bemis amiabill.
Without vapour as weil purificate,
The temperait air, ſoft, ſobir and ſerene;
The eirth be nature ſa edificate,
With halſum herbis, blew, quhite, reid and grene,
Quhilk elevat my ſpreitis fra the ſplene,
That day Saturn nor Mars durſt nocht appeir,
Nor Eole fra his cave he durſt nocht ſteir.
That day perforce behovit to be fair,
Be influence and courſe celeſtial,
Na planet preſſit for to perturb the air:
For Mercury, be moving natural,

Exal

Exaltit was intil the throne tryumphall
Of his manſioun unto the fifteen gree
In his awin ſoverane ſigne of Virginie.

That day did Phœbus pleſandly depart
From Gemini, and enterit in Cancer:
That day Cupido did extend his dart;
Venus that day conjunit with Juppiter.
That day Neptunus hid him like ane ſker:
That day dame Nature with greit beſines,
Furtherit Flora to kith hir craftines.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorne,
And Cynthia in Sagittar aſſeiſet:
That day dame Ceres, goddes of the corne
Full joyfully Johne-Upon-land appleiſit;
The bad aſpect of Saturne was appeiſit
That day be Juno, of Juppiter the joy,
Perturband ſpreitis cauſing to hald coy:

The ſound of birdis ſurmontit al the ſkyis,
With melodie of notis muſicall;
The balmie droppis of dew Titan updryis,
Hingand upon the tender twiſtis ſmall;
The hevinly hew and ſound angelicall,
Sic perfyte pleſure prentit in my hairt,
That with greit pane from thyne I micht depairt.

Sa ſtill amang thir herbis amiabill,
I did remane ane ſpace for my paſtance.
Bot warldlie pleſeir bin ſa variabill,
Mixit with ſorrow, dreid, and inconſtance,
That thair intil is na continuance.
Sa micht I ſay, my ſchort ſolace, allace!
Was driven in dolour in ane lytil ſpace.

For in that garth amang thoſe fragrant flouris,
Walking alane, nane bot my bird and I:
Unto the time that I had ſaid mine Houris,
This bird I ſet upon ane branch me by,
But ſcho began to ſpeill richt ſpedely,

And in that tre ſcho did ſa heich aſcend,
That by na way I micht hir apprehend.

Sweit bird, ſaid I, bewar, mont nocht ouir hie,
Returne in time, perchance thy feit may failye,
Thow art richt fat, and not weil uſit to flie:
The gredy gled, I dreid ſcho the aſſailyie.
I will, ſaid ſcho, vailye quod vailye,
It is my kinde to clym ay to the hicht,
Of fether and bone, I wat weil I am wicht.

Sa on the hieſt lytil tender twiſt,
With wingis diſplayit, ſcho ſat ful wantounly:
Bot Boreas blew ane blaſt or euer ſcho wiſt,
Quhilk brak the branche, and blew hir ſuddanly
Doun to the grund with mony cairfull cry,
Upon a ſtob ſcho lichtit on hir breiſt,
The blude ruſchit out, and ſcho cryit for ane preiſt.

God wait, gif than my hart was wo begone,
To ſe that foull flichter amang the flouris,
Quhilk with greit murning 'gan to mak hir mone
Now cummin ar, ſaid ſcho, the fatal houris;
Of bitter deith now muſt I thole the ſchouris.
O Dame Nature! I pray the of thy grace,
Len me leſeir to ſpeik ane lytill ſpace,

For to complene my fate unfortunate,
And to diſpone my gudis or I depairt,
Since of all comfort I am deſolate,
Allane, except the deith heir with his dart,
With awful cheir, reddy to peirs mine hart:
And with that word ſcho tuke ane paſſioun,
Syne flatlingis fell, and ſwappit intò ſwoun.

With ſory hairt peirſit with compaſſioun,
And ſalt teiris diſtilling from mine ene,
To heir that birdis lamentatioun,
I did approche under ane hau-thorne grene,
Quhair I micht heir and ſe, and be unſene.

And

And quhen this bird had ſwounit twiſe or thriſe,
Scho gan to ſpeik, ſayand on this wiſe:
O! fals fortoun, quhy hes thow me begylit:
This day at morne, quha knew this cairful cace.
Vane hope, in the my reſſoun hes exylit,
Having ſic traiſt into thy fenyeit face:
That euer I was brocht in the court, allace!
Had I in foreſt flown amang my feiris,
I micht full weill have levit mony yeiris.
Prudent counſell, allace! I did refuſe,
Agane reſſoun uſing mine appetite:
Ambitioun did ſa mine hart abuſe,
That Eolus had me in greit diſpyte,
Poetis of me hes mater to indyte;
Quhilk clam ſa heich, and wo is me thairfoir,
Not douting that the deith durſt me devoir.
This day at morne, my forme and feddren fair,
Abuſe the proude pacok war precelland;
And now ane cative carioun full of cair,
Bathand in blude, doun from my hart diſtelland,
And in mine eir the bell of deith bin knelland.
O fals warld, fy on thy felicity,
Thy pride, avarice, and immundicity.
In the I ſee na thing bin permanent,
Of thy ſchort ſolace, ſorrow is the end:
Thy fals infortunat giftis bin bot lent,
This day full proude, the morne na thing to ſpend.
O ye that dois pretend ay till aſcend!
My fatal end have in remembrance,
And yow defend from this unhappy chance.
Quhidder that I was ſtrikkin in extaſie,
Or throw ane ſtark imaginatioun;
Bot it appeirit in my fantaſie,
I hard this dolent lamentatioun;
Thus dullit into deſolatioun,

Methoucht

Me thoeht this bird did breve in hir maneir
Hir counſell to the king, as ye ſal heir.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE PAPINGO, DIRECT TO KING JAMES THE FYFT.

PREPOTENT Prince, peirles of pulchritude
Gloir, honour, laude, tryumphe, and victorie,
Be to thy heich excellent celſitude,
With martial deidis digne of memorie.
Sen Atropus conſumit hes my glorie,
And dolent deith, allace! mon us depart,
I leve to thee my trew unfenyeſt hart.

Togidder with this cedull ſubſequent,
With maiſt reverend recommendatioun:
I grant thy grace gettis mony ane document,
Be famous fathers predicatioun:
With mony notabill narratioun,
Be pleſand poetis in ſtyle heroicall,
How thow ſould gyde thy ſeit imperiall.

Sum do deploir the greit calamiteis,
Of divers realmes the tranſmutatioun,
Sum piteouſly dois treit of tragedies,
All for thy Graces informatioun:
Sa I intend, but adulatioun,
Into my barbour ruſticall indyte,
Amang the reſt, Schir, ſumthing for to wryte.

Soverane, conſave this ſimpill ſimilitude,
Of officiaris ſerving thy Senyeory:
Quha gydis them weil, getis at thy grace greit gude;
Quha ar unjuſt, degradit ar of glory,
And cancellat out of thy memory:
Providing ſyne mair pleſand in thair place:
Belyve richt ſa ſall God do with thy grace.

Conſider

Conſider weil, thow bene but officiair,
And vaſſal of that King incomparabill.
Preis thow to pleis that puiſſant Prince preclair,
Thy riche rewaird ſall be ineſtimabill,
Exaltit heich in gloir interminabill.
Above archangellis verteous poteſtatis,
Pleſandly placit amang the principatis.

Of thy vertew poetis perpetuallie
Sall mak mentioun unto the warld be endit;
Sa thow exerce thine office prudentlie,
In hevin and eirth thy grace ſall be commendit:
Quhairfoir effeir that he be not offendit,
Quhilk hes exaltit thee to ſic honour,
Of his pepill to be ane governour;

And in the eirth hes maid ſic ordinance,
Under thy feit al thing terreſtrial,
Ar ſubject to thy pleſure and paſtance;
Both fowl and fiſche, and beiſtis paſtorall:
Men to thy ſervice, and wemen thay bin thrall;
Halking, hunting, armes, and leſum amour,
Preordinate be God for thy pleſour.

Maiſteris of muſic to recreat thy ſpreit,
With dauntit voice, and pleſand inſtrument:
Thus may thow be of all pleſures repleit,
Sa in thine office thow be diligent:
But be thow fund ſlewthfull and negligent;
Or injuſt in thine executioun,
Thow ſall nocht fail divine punitioun.

Quhairfoir ſen thow haſt ſic capacitie
To leirn to play ſa pleſandlie and ſing,
Ryde hors, ryn ſpeiris, with greit audacitie,
Schut with hand-bow, cros-bow, and culvering,
Amang the reſt, Schir, leirn to be ane king;
Kith on that craft that pregnant freſche ingyne,
Grantit to thee by influence divyne.

And

And ſen the definitioun of ane king,
Is for to have of pepill governaunce,
Addreſs the firſt abuſe al uther thing,
To put thy body to ſic ordinance,
That thy vertew thine honour may avance:
For how ſuld princes govern greit regiounis
That cannot dewly gyde thair awin perſounis?

And gif thy grace wald leive richt pleſandly,
Call thy Counſall, and caſt on them the cure:
Thair juſt decreitis defend and fortifie;
Without gude counſall may na prince lang indure:
Wirk with counſall, then ſall thy work be ſure.
Cheis thy Counſall of the maiſt ſapient,
Without regard to blude, riches, or rent.

Amang all uther paſtime and pleſour,
Now in thine adoleſcent yeiris ying,
Wald thow ilk day ſtudy bot half ane hour,
The *Regiment of Princelie governing*,
To thy pepill it war ane pleſand thing,
Thair micht thow find thy awin vocatioun;
How thow ſould uſe thy ſceptour, ſword and croun.

The Chronickillis to knaw, I thé exort,
Quhilk may be mirrour to thy majeſtie:
Thair ſall thow find baith gude and euill report,
Of every prince eftir his qualitie:
Thoch thay bin deid, thair deidis ſall not die,
Traiſt weil thow ſall be ſtylit in that ſtory,
As thow deſervis to be put in memory.

Requeiſt that Roy quhilk rent was on the rude,
The to defend from deidis of defame,
That na poet report of thé bot gude,
For princes dayis induris bot ane drame:
Sen firſt king Fergus buir ane dyadame,
Thow art the laſt king of fyve ſcoir and fyve,
And all are deid, and none bot thow on lyve.

Of

Of quhais nomber fiftie and fyve bin ſlane,
And maiſt part in thair awin miſgovernance:
Quhairfoir I thee beſeik, my Soverane!
Conſider of thair lyvis the circumſtance;
And quhen thow knawis the caus of thair miſchance,
Of vertew than exalt thy faillis on hie,
Traiſting to chaipe that fatall deſtanie.

Treit ilk trew Barroun as he war thy brother,
Quhilk mon at neid thé and the realme defend;
Quhen ſuddenly ane dois oppres ane uther,
Lat juſtice mixit with mercie thame amend,
Have thow thair hartis, thow hes aneuch to ſpend:
And be the contrair, thow art bot king of bone.
From time thy heiris hartis bin from thé gone.

I haif na laiſer for to wryte at lenth,
Mine hail intent unto thy excellence:
Decreſſit ſa I am in wit and ſtrenth,
My mortall wound dois me ſic violence:
Pepil of me may have experience,
Becaus, allace! I was incounſolabil:
Now mon I die ane cative miſerabil.

THE SECOUND EPISTIL OF THE PAPINGO, DIRECT TO HIR BRETHER OF COURT.

Brether of Court! with mynd precordiall,
To the greit God hartly I commend yow:
Imprent my fall in your memoriall,
Togidder with this cedule that I ſend yow:
To preis ouir heich, I pray yow not pretend yow:
The vane aſcenſe of court quha will conſider,
Quha ſittis maiſt hie, ſall find that ſait maiſt ſlider.

Sa ye that now bin lanſing up the ledder,
Tak tent in time, feſtning your fingaris faſt;
Quha clymis maiſt hie, maiſt dint hes of the wedder,

And

Ahd leiſt defence aganis the bitter blaſt
Of fals fortoun, quhilk takis never reſt:
Bot maiſt redoutit dayly ſcho doun thringis,
Not ſparing Papis, Conquerouris, nor Kingis.

Thocht ye be montit up abufe the ſkyis,
And hes baith king and court in governance:
Sum wes als heich, quhilk now richt lawly lyis,
Complening ſair the courtis variance:
Thair preterit time may be experience
Quhilk throw vane hope of court did clym ſa hie,
Sine wantit wingis, quhen thai weind beſt to flie,

Sen ilk Court is untraiſt and tranſitorie,
Changing als oft as widdir-cok in wind,
Sum makand glaid, and uther ſum richt ſorie;
Formeſt this day, the morn may ga behind;
Let not vaine hope of Court your reſſoun blind;
Traiſt weil ſum men will give yow land as Lordis,
That wald be glaid to ſé yow hang in cordis.

I durſt declair the miſerabilitie,
Of divers Courts, war not my time bin ſchort;
The dreidfull change, vain-glore, and utilitie,
The paneful pleſour, as poetis dois report:
Sum time in hope, ſum time in diſcomfort:
And how ſum men dois ſpend thair youthheid haill
In Court, ſyne endis in the hoſpitaill.

How ſum in Court bin quyet counſallouris,
Without regaird to common-weill or kingis,
Gaſting thair cure for to be conquerouris:
And quhen thay bin heich raiſit in thair ringis,
How change of court them dulefully down thringis.
And quhen thay bin from thair eſtait depoſit,
How many of thair fall bin richt rejoſit.

And how fond fenyeit fulis and flatteraris,
For ſmall ſervice obtenis greit rewardis:
Pandaris, pyk-thankis, cuſtronis, and clatteraris,
Lowpis up from laddis, ſyne lichtis amang lairdis,
Blaſphematouris,

Blaſphematouris, beggaris, and commoun bairdis,
Sum time in Court hes mair authoritie
Nor devote doctouris in divinitie.

How in ſum countrie bin barnis of Belial,
Full of diſimulit paintit flatterie,
Provokand be intoxicate counſall
Princes to huredome and to haſardrie:
Quha dois in princes put ſic harlatrie,
I ſay for me, ſic peirt provocatouris
Suld puniſchit be abuſe all ſtrang traitouris.

Quhat travellis, troubill, and calamitie
Hes bin in Court within thir hundreth yeiris!
Quhat mortall changes, and quhat miſerie!
Quhat nobill men bin brocht upon thair beiris!
Traiſt weil, my friendis, follow ye mon your feiris,
Sa ſen in Court bin no tranquillitie,
Set not on it your hail felicitie.

The Court changis ſum-time with ſic outrage,
That few nor nane may mak reſiſtence:
And ſpairis not the prince mair nor the page,
As weill appeiris be experience.
The Duke of Rothesay micht mak na defence,
Quhilk wes pertenand Roy of this regioun,
But dulefully devourit was in preſoun.

Quhat dreid, quhat dolour had that nobil king
Robert the Thrid, from time he knew the cace
Of his twa ſonnis dolent departing!
Prince David deit, and James captive; Allace!
To trew Scottiſmen, quhilk was a cairfull caſe.
Thus may ye knaw the Court bin variand,
Quhen blude royall the change may not ganſtand.

Quha rang in Court mair hie and triumphand
Nor Duke Murdok, quhill that his day indurit?
Was he not greit protectour of Scotland?
Yit of the Court he was not weill aſſurit;

It changit ſa, his lang ſervice was ſmurit:
He and his ſone, fair Walter bot remeid,
Forfaultit war, and put to duleful deid.

King James the Firſt, that patrone of prudence,
Gem of ingine, and perle of policie,
Well of juſtice, and flude of eloquence,
Quhais vertew dois tranſcend my fantaſie
For till diſcrive; yet quhen he ſtude maiſt hie,
By falſe exhorbitant conſpiratioun,
That prudent prince was piteouſly put doun.

Als James the Secund, Roy of greit renoun,
Beand in his ſuper-excellent gloir,
Throw rakles ſchuting of ane greit cannoun,
The dolent deith, allace! did him devoir.
Ane thing thair bin of quhilk I marvell moir,
That fortoun had at him ſic mortal feid,
Throw fyftie thouſand to wail him be the heid.

My hart is peirſt with panis for to pance,
Or write that Courtis variatioun.
Of James the Thrid, quhen he had governance,
The dolour, dreid, and deſolatioun,
The change of Court and conſpiratioun:
And how that Cochrane with his companie,
That time in Court clam ſa preſumpteouſlie.

It had bin gude thay barnis had bin unborne,
By quhome that nobil prince was ſa abuſit:
Thay grew as did the weid abuve the corn,
That prudent Lordis counſall was refuſit,
And held him quyet, as he had bin incluſit.
Allace! that prince, be thair abuſioun,
Was finally brocht to confuſioun.

Thay clam ſa heich, and gat ſic audience,
And with thair prince grew ſa familiar,
His german brother micht get na preſence;
The Duke of Albanie, nor the Erle of Mar,

Like baneiſt men war haldin at the bar;
Till in the king thair grew ſic mortall feid,
He flemit the Duke, and pat the Erle to deid.

Thus Cochrane with his catyve company,
Sortit them to flé, (bot yit thay wantit fedderis,)
Abuve the heich ceders of Libany:
Thay clam ſa hie till thay lap ouir thair ledderis,
On Lawder brig, fyne keppit wer in tedderis;
Stranglit to deith, thay gat nane uther grace:
Thair king captive, quhilk was a cairfull cace.

Til put in forme that fait infortunate,
And mortall change, perturbis mine ingine;
My wit bin waik, my fingeris fatigate,
To dite or write the rancour and rewine,
The civil weir, the battill inteſtine;
How that the ſone with baner braid diſplayit,
Aganis the father in battill come arrayit.

Wald God the prince had bin that day comfortit,
With ſapience of the prudent Salomon,
And with the ſtrenth of Samſon bin ſupportit,
With the bald oiſt of the greit Agamemnon.
Quhat ſuld I wis? remedy was thair non:
At morn ane king, with ſceptour, ſword, and croun,
At evin ane deid deformit carioun.

Allace! quhair bin that richt redoutit Roy;
That potent prince, gentil king James the Feird?
I pray to Chriſt his ſaull for to convoy,
Ane greiter nobill rang not into the eird.
O Atropus! warie wemay thy weird:
For he was mirrour of humility,
Loid-ſtern and lamp of liberality.

During his time ſa juſtice did prevaill,
The ſavage iles trymblit for terrour;
Eſkdale, Ewiſdale, Liddiſdale, and Annandaill,
Durſt not rebel, douting his dyntis dour;

And

And of his lordis had ſic perfite favour,
Sa for to ſchaw that he effeirit na fone,
Out throw his realme he wald ride him alone.

And of his court throw Europe ſprang the fame
Of luſtie lordis, and lufeſum ladyis ying:
Triumphand tornayis, juſting and knichtlie game,
With all paſtime, according for a king.
He was the gloir of princely governing;
Quhilk throw the ardent lufe he had to France,
Aganis Ingland did move his ordinance.

Of Flowdoun feild the rewyne to revolve,
Of that maiſt dolent day for til deploir
I nyll, for dreid that dolour yow diſſolve,
Schaw how that prince in his triumphand gloir
Deſtroyit was; quhat neidis proces moir?
Not be the vertew of the Inglis ordinance,
But be his awin wilfull miſgovernance.

Allace! that day had he bin counſellabill,
He had obtenit laud, gloir, and victory;
Quhais piteous proces bin ſa lamentabill,
I nyll at lenth it put in memory.
I never red in tragedy nor ſtory,
At ane jornay ſa mony nobillis ſlane,
For the defence and lufe of thair ſoverane.

Now, brether, mark in your remembrance,
Ane mirrour of thoſe mutabiliteis.
Sa may he knaw the Courtis inconſtance;
Quhen princes bin thus pullit from thair ſeis;
Efter quhais deith, quhat ſtrange adverſiteis!
Quhat greit miſreule into this regioun rang,
Quhen our young prince culd nother ſpeik nor gang!

During his tender youth and innocence,
Quhat ſtouth, quhat reif, quhat murder and miſchance?
Thair was nocht ellis bot wraking of vengeance,
Into that Court thair rang ſic variance;

Divers

Divers Rewlaris maid divers ordinance;
Sum time our Quene rang in authoritie,
Sum time the prudent duke of Albanie.

Sum time the realme was reulit be Regentis;
Sum time lufetenantis leidaris of the law;
Than rang ſa mony inobedientis,
That few or nane ſtude of ane uther aw;
Oppreſſioun did ſa lowd his bugil blaw,
That nane durſt ride bot into feir of weir,
Jok-upon-land that time did mis his meir.

Quha was mair heich in honour elevate
Nor was Margaret our heich and mightie princeſs?
Sic power was to hir appropriate,
Of king and realme ſcho was governeſs.
Yit come a change within ane ſchort proceſs;
That perle preclair, that luſtie pleſand Quene,
Lang time durſt not into the court be ſene.

The archebiſchop of St Andros, James Betoun,
Chancellar and primate in power paſtorall,
Clam nixt the king maiſt heich in this regioun:
The ledder ſchuik; he lap, and gat ane fall:
Authoritie, nor power ſpirituall,
Riches, freindſchip micht not that time prevaill,
Quhen dame Curia began to ſteir hir taill.

His heich prudence availit him not ane myte,
That time the Court bair him ſic mortal feid;
As preſoner thay keipit him in deſpyte,
And ſum time wiſt not quhair to hyde his heid:
Bot diſgayſit like Johne the Raiff, he yeid.
Had not bene hope bair him ſic company,
He had bin ſtranglit be melancholy.

Quhat cummer and cair was in the court of France,
Quhen king Francis was takin preſoneir,
The Duke of Burboun amid his ordinance,
Deid at ane ſtraik, richt bailfull brocht on beir:

The

The court of Rome that time ran all areir,
Quhen Pape Clement was put in ſtrang preſoun,
The nobil citie put to confuſioun.

In Ingland quha had greiter governance,
Nor thair triumphand courtly Cardinall?
The Commoun-weill, ſum ſayis, he did avance,
Be equall juſtice baith to greit and ſmall:
Thair was na prelate to him peregall:
Inglis men ſayis, had he rung langer ſpace,
He had depoſit St Peter of his place.

His princely pomp, nor papal gravity,
His palice royall, riche and radious;
Nor yit the flude of ſuperfluity
Of his riches, nor travel tedious,
From time dame Curia held him odious,
Availit him nocht, nor prudence maiſt profound;
The ledder brak, and he fell on the ground.

Quhair bin the douchtie Erles of Dowglas,
Quhilkis royally into this regioun rang?
Forfault and ſlane: Quhat needis mair proces?
The Erle of March was merſchallit them amang.
Dame Curia thame dulefully doun thrang.
And now of lait, quha clam mair heich amang us,
Than did Archebald, umquhile the Erle of Angus?

Quha with his prince was mair familiar,
Nor of his grace had mair authoritie?
Was he not greit Wardan and Chancellar?
Yit quhen he ſtude upon the heicheſt grie,
Traiſting na thing bot perpetuitie,
Was ſuddanly depoſit from his place,
Forfault and ſlemit, he gat nane uther grace.

Quhairfoir, traiſt not intil authority,
My deir brether, I pray yow hartfully:
Preſume not in your vaine proſperity;
Conform your traiſt in God alluterly,

Si

Sine ſerve your Prince with enteir hart trewlie:
And quhen ye ſee the Court bin at the beſt,
I counſall yow than draw yow to your reſt.

Quhair bin the hie triumphand Court of Troy?
Or Alexander, with his twelf prudent peiris?
Or Julius that richt redoutit Roy?
Agamemnon, maiſt worthy in his weiris?
To ſchaw thair fyne my frayit hart affeiris:
Sum murthereiſt war, ſum poyſonit piteouſly,
Thair cairfull Courtis diſperſit dulefully.

Traiſt weill thair is na conſtant Court bot ane,
Quhair Chriſt is king, quhais time interminabil,
And hich triumphand gloir beis never gane:
That quyet court mirthful and immutabil,
Bot variance, ſtandis ay firme and ſtabill;
Diſſimulance, flattery, and fals report,
Into that Court ſall never get reſort.

Traiſt weill, my freindis, this is na fenyeit fair,
For quha that bin in the extreme of deid,
The veritie bot dout thay ſuld declare,
Without regard to favour or to feid.
Quhil ye have time, deir brether, mak remeid.
Adew for ever, of me ye get no moir,
Beſeiking God to bring yow to his gloir.

Adew, Edinburgh, thow hich triumphand toun,
In quhais boundis richt blythfull have I bene:
Of trew merchandis the rute of this regioun,
Maiſt reddy to reſſave Court, king and quene:
Thy pollicie and juſtice may be ſene,
War devotion, wiſdome, and honeſtie,
And credence tynt, thay micht be found in thee.

Adew fair Snadoun, with thy towris hie;
Thy chapel-royall, park, and tabill round!
May, June, and July wald I dwell in thee,
(War I ane man) to heir the birdis ſound,

Quhilk

Quhilk dois aganis the rayal roche reſound.
Adew Lythgow, quhais palice of pleſance,
Micht be ane patren in Portugall or France.

Fareweill Falkland, the fortreſs of Fyfe,
Thy polite park under the Lowmound law;
Sumtime in thee I led ane luſtie lyfe:
Thy fallow-deir to ſee thame raik on raw,
Court-men to cum to thee thay ſtand greit aw.
Sayand, thy burgh bene of all burrowis baill,
Becaus in thee thay never gat gude aill.

THE COMMONING BETWIX THE PAPINGO, AND HIR HALIE EXECUTOURIS.

The Pye perſavit the Papingo in pane,
He lichtit doun, and fenyeit him to greit:
Siſter, ſaid he, allace! quha hes yow ſlane?
I pray yow mak proviſioun for your ſpreit;
Diſpone your geir, and yow confes compleit;
I have power be your contritioun,
Of all your mis to gif yow full remiſſioun.

I am, ſaid ſcho, a channon regulair,
And of my brether Priour principall:
My quhyte rokkit, my clene life dois declair,
The blak bin of the deith memoriall:
Quhairfoir I think your gudis naturall,
Suld be ſubmittit haill into my cure,
Ye knaw I am ane halie creature.

The ravin come rolpand quhen he hard the rair,
Sa did the gled with monie pietous pew,
And fenyeitlie thay counterfeit gret cair.
Siſter, ſaid thay, your rakleſnes we rew,
Now beſt it is our juſt counſaill enſew,
Sen we pretend to heich promotioun,
Religious men of greit devotioun.

I am

I am ane blak monk, ſaid the rutilland raven;
Sa ſaid the Glaid, I am ane halie freir,
And hes power to bring yow quick to hevin;
It is weill knawin my conſcience bene full cleir;
The blak Bybill prononnce I ſall perqueir,
Sa till our brethre ye will give ſume gude;
God wait, gif we have neid of lywes fude.

The Papingo ſaid, Father! be the rude,
Howbeit your raiment be religious like,
Your conſcience, I ſuſpect, be not gude;
I did perſave quhen privily ye did pyke
Ane chekin from ane hen under ane dyke.
I grant ſaid he, bot that hen was my freind,
And I that chekin tuke bot for my teind.

Ye knaw the faith be us mon be ſuſteind,
Sa be the Paipe it is preordinat,
That ſpirituall men ſuld leif upon thair teind;
Bot weill wot I ye bin predeſtinat,
In your extremis to be ſa fortunat:
To have ſic halie conſolatioun;
Quhairfoir we mak your exhortatioun,

Sen dame Nature hes grantit yow ſic grace,
Laiſer to mak confeſſioun general,
Schaw furth your ſin in haiſt quhil ye have ſpace,
Sine of your geir mak ane memorial.
We thré ſall mak your feiſtis funerall,
And with greit blis bury we ſall your banis;
Sine trentallis twenty trattil all at anis.

The Rukkis ſall rair, that men ſall on them rew,
And cry, *Commemoratio animarum*:
We ſall gar chekinnis cheip, and gaiſlingis pew,
Suppois the geis and hennis ſuld cry alarum;
And we ſall ſerve *ſecundum uſum Sarum*,
And mak yow ſaif, we find St. Blaſe to brouhe,
Cryand for yow the cairfull corrinoch.

And we ſall ſing about your ſepulture
Sanct Mungoes matynis and the mekil creid,
And ſine devotely ſay, I yow aſſure,
The auld *Placebo* backwart on the Beid;
And we ſall weir for yow the murning weid:
And thoch your ſpreit with Pluto war poſſeſt,
Devotely ſall your *Dirige* be dreſt.

Father, ſaid ſcho, your facund wordis fair,
Full ſair I dreid be contrair to your deidis;
The wyfis of the village cryis with cair,
Quhen thai perſave ye maw ouirthort thair meidis;
Your fals conſait baith duck and drake ſair dreidis;
I marvel ſuithly ye be not aſchamit,
For your defalt, being ſa ſair defamit.

It dois abhor my puir perturbit ſpreit,
Till mak to yow ony confeſſion;
I heir men ſay, ye bin ane hypocreit,
Exemptit from the ſenye and the Seſſion,
To put my geir in your poſſeſſion,
That will I nocht, ſa help me Dame Nature,
Nor of my corps I will yow give na cure.

But had I heir the nobill Nichtingal,
The gentill Ja, the Merle, and Turtil trew,
My obſequeis and feiſtis funerall,
Ordour thay wald with notis of the new;
The pleaſand Pown maiſt angelike of hew;
Wald God I war this day with him confeſt,
And my deviſe dewly be him addreſt.

The mirthful Maveis, with the gay Goldfpink,
And luſty Lark, wald God thay war preſent,
My infortoun forſuith thay wald for-think,
And comfort me that bene ſa impotent.
The ſwift Swallow in practik maiſt prudent,
I wait ſcho wald my bleiding ſtent belyve,
With hir maiſt verteous ſtane reſtringityve.

Compt

Compt me the cace under confeſſioun,
The Glaid ſaid proudly to the Papingo,
And we ſall ſweir be our profeſſioun,
Counſaill to keip, and ſchaw it to no mo,
We thee beſeik, or thow depart us fro;
Declair to us ſum cauſis reaſonabill,
Quhy we bin haldin ſa abhominabill?

Be thy travell thow hes experience,
Firſt beand bred into the Orient;
Syne be thy gude ſervice and diligence,
To princes maid heir in the Occident;
Thow knawes the vulgar pepillis judgement,
Quhair thou tranſcurrit the hote meridionall,
Syne nixt the Pole, the Plage Septentrional.

Sa be thy heich ingyne ſuperlative.
Of all countreis, thou knawis the qualiteis;
Quhairfoir I the conjure be God of life,
The verity declair withouttin leis,
Quhat thow hes hard be landis or by ſeis;
Of us kirk men, baith gude and euill report,
And how they judge, ſchaw us, we thé exhort?

Father, ſaid ſcho, I cative creature,
Dar not preſume with ſic mater to mell;
Of your caſes, ye knaw, I have na cure;
Demand them quhilk in prudence dois precell;
I may not pew, my panis bene ſa fell;
And als perchance ye will not ſtand content,
To knaw the vulgare pepillis judgement.

Yit will deith alyte withdraw his dart,
All that lyis in my memorial,
I ſall declair with trew unfeyneit hart,
And firſt, I ſay to yow in generall,
The commoun pepill ſayis, ye bin all
Degenerit from your haly primitives,
As teſtifeis the proceſs of your lives.

Of

Of your peirleſs prudent predeceſſouris,
The beginning, I grant, was very gude,
Apoſtillis, martyris, virginis, confeſſouris,
The ſound of thair excellent ſanctitude,
Was hard our all the warld, be land and flude;
Planting the faith by predicatioun,
As Chriſt had maid to thame narratioun.

To fortifie the faith thay tuke na feir,
Afoir princes, preiching right prudently;
Of dolorous deith thay doutit not the deir,
The veritie declaring fervently.
And martyrdome thay ſufferit paciently;
Thay tuke na cure of land, riches nor rent,
Doctrine and deith war baith equivalent.

To ſchaw at lenth thair warkis war greit wonde
Thair myraklis they war ſa manifeſt,
In name of Chriſt they hailit mony bonder,
Raiſing the deid, and purging the poſſeſt
With perverſt ſpreitis quhilkis had bene opreſt;
The cruikit ran, the blind men gat thair ene,
The deif men hard, the lipper war maide clene.

The prelatis ſpouſit war with Poverty,
Thoſe dayis quhen ſa thay flouriſchit in fame;
And with her generit Lady Chaſtity,
And dame Devotioun notabill of name;
Humbill thay war, ſimpill and full of ſchame.
Thus Chaſtitie and dame Devotioun
War principall caus of thair promotioun.

Thus thay continewit in this life devine,
Ay till thair rang in Romes greit citie
Ane potent prince was namit Conſtantine,
Perſavit the Kirk had ſpouſit Poverty.
With gude intent, and movit of pity,
Caus of divorſe he fand betwix thame two,
And partit them withouttin wordis mo.

Syne ſchortly with ane greit ſolemnitie,
Withoutten ony diſpenſatioun,
The Kirk he ſpouſit with dame Propertie,
Quhilk haſtilie be proclamatioun,
To Povertie gart mak narratioun,
Under the pain of peirſing of hir ene,
That with the Kirk ſcho ſuld na mair be ſene.

St. Sylveſter that time rang Pape in Rome,
Quhilk firſt conſentit to the mariage
Of Property, the quhilk began to blome,
Taking on hir the cure with heich curage;
Devotioun drew hir to an heremitage,
Quhen ſcho conſiderit lady Property
Sa heich exaltit into dignity.

O Sylveſter! quhair was thy diſcretioun,
Quhilk Peter did renounce, thow did reſſave;
Androw and Johne did leve thair poſſeſſioun,
Thair ſchippis, and nettis, thair lynes, and all the laif;
Of temporal ſubſtance nathing wald thay haif,
Contrarious to thair contemplatioun,
But ſoberly their ſuſtentatioun.

John the Bapteiſt went to the wildernes,
Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalene,
Left heritage and gudes, mair and les.
Prudent St. Paul thocht Propertie prophane,
From toun to toun he ran in wind and rane
Upon his feit, teiching the word of grace,
And never was ſubjectit to riches.

The Gled ſaid, Yit I heir nathing bot gude;
Proceid ſchortly, and thy mater avance.
The Papingo ſaid, Father, by the Rude,
It war to lang to heir the circumſtance
How Propertie with hir new alliance,
Grew greit with chyld, as trew men to me tald,
And bure twa dochters gudly to behald.

The

The eldeſt dochter namit was Riches,
The ſecund ſiſter Senſuality,
Quhilk did incres within ane ſchort proces
Per-pleſand to the Spirituality;
In greit ſubſtance and excellent beuty,
Thir ladyis twa grew ſa within few yeiris
That in the warld war nane micht be thair peiris.

Thus royal Riches and lady Senſuall
From that time furth tuke hail the governance
Of the maiſt part of the ſtait ſpirituall;
And they againe with humbill obſervance,
Amorouſly their wittis did avance,
As trew luffaris thair ladyis for to pleis;
God wait gif than thair hartis war at eis.

Sone thay foryet to ſtudie, pray and preiche,
Thay grew ſa ſubject to dame Senſuall;
And thocht bot pane pure pepill for to teiche;
Yit thay decretit into their greit counſall,
They wald na mair to mariage be thrall,
Traiſting ſurely to obſerve chaſtitie;
And all begyilit quod Senſuality.

Appeirandlie thay did expell thair wyfis,
That thay micht leif at large without thirlage
At liberty to leid thair luſtie lyffis,
Thinkand men thrall that bin in mariage;
For new faces provokis new courage,
Thus chaiſtitie thay turn into delyte;
Wanting of wyfis bin caus of apetyte.

Dame Chaiſtie did ſteil away for ſchame,
Fra time ſcho did perſave thair purvyance;
Dame Senſual a letter gart proclaim,
And hir exylit Italie and France.
In Ingland couth ſcho get none ordinance,
Than to the king, and court of Scotland
Scho markit hir withouttin mair demand.

Traiſtin

Traiſting into that court to get comfort,
Scho maid hir humbill ſupplicatioun;
Schortly, thay ſaid, ſcho ſuld get na ſupport,
Bot boiſtit hir with blaſphematioun;
To preiſtis ga mak your proteſtatioun;
It is, ſaid thay, mony ane hundrith yeir,
Sen Chaiſtity had ony entres heir.

Tyrit for travell, ſcho to the preiſtis paſt,
And to the rewlaris of religioun;
Of hir preſence ſchortly thay war agaſt,
Sayand thay thocht it bot abuſioun
Hir to reſſave; ſa with concluſioun,
With ane advice, decretit and gave dome,
Thay wald reſſet na rebell out of Rome.

Suld we reſſave that Romanis have refuſit,
And baneiſt England, Italie, and France?
For your flatterie, than war we weill abuſit.
Paſs hyne, ſaid thay, and faſt your way avance,
Amang the nunnis ga ſeik your ordinance,
For we have maid aith of fidelity,
To dame Riches, and Senſuality.

Than patiently ſcho maid progreſſioun
Towards the Nunnis with hart ſiching full ſoir;
Thay gave hir preſence with proceſſioun,
Reſſaving hir with honour, laud and gloir,
Purpoſing to preſerve hir evermoir.
Of that nouvellis come to dame Property,
To Riches and to Senſuality.

Quhilkis ſped them at the poiſt richt ſpedilie,
And ſet ane ſeige proudly about the place:
The ſillie nunnis did yeild thame haiſtilie;
And humbly of that gylt thay aſkit grace,
Syne gave thair bandis of perpetual pace;
Reſſavand thame, thay keſt up wikketis wide;
Than Chaiſtity thair na langer wald abide,

Sa

Sa for refuge faſt to the freiris ſcho fled,
Quhilkis ſaid, thay wald of ladyis tak na cure.
Quhair bin ſcho now? than ſaid the greidy Gled.
Nocht amang you, ſaid ſcho, I you aſſure,
I traiſt ſcho bin upon the Burrow mure,
Beſouth Edinburgh, and that richt mony menis,
Profeſt amang the ſiſters of the Senis.

Thair has ſcho found hir mother Povertie,
And Devotioun, hir awin ſiſter carnall:
Thair hes ſcho found faith, hope, and cheritie,
Togithir with the vertewis cardinall;
Thair hes ſcho found ane convent, yit unthrall
To dame Senſuall, nor with Riches abuſit,
So quyetlie thoſe ladyis bin incluſit.

The Pyot ſaid, I dreid be thay aſſailyeit,
Thay rander thame, as did the haly nunnis.
Dout nocht, ſaid ſcho, for thay bin ſa artailyeit,
Thay purpois to defend thame with thair gunnis:
Reddy to ſchute, thay have ſex greit cannounis,
Perſeverance, Conſtance, and Conſcience,
Auſteritie, Laubour, and Abſtinence.

To reſiſt ſubtell Senſualitie,
Stranglie thay bin enarmit feit and handis
Be Abſtinence, and keipit poverty,
Contrair riches, and all hir fals ſervandis,
Thay have ane bumbard braiſſit up in bandis,
To keip thair port in middis of thair clos,
Quhilk is callit, *Domine, cuſtodi nos.*

Within quhais ſchot thair dar na enemeis
Approch thair place, for dreid of dyntis dour:
Baith nicht and day thay wirk as beſie beis,
For thair defence, reddy to ſtand in ſtour:
And hes ſic watchis on thair utter tour,
That dame Senſual with ſiege dar nocht aſſailye,
Nor cum within the ſchot of thair artailye.

The Pyot ſaid, Quhairto ſuld thay preſume,
For to reſiſt ſweit Senſualitie,
Or dame Riches, quhilkis rewlairs bin in Rome?
Are thay mair conſtant in thair qualitie,
Nor the princes of ſpiritualitie,
Quhilkis pleſandly withoutten obſtakle,
Hes thame reſſavit in thair habitakle.

How long traiſt ye, thaſe ladyis ſall remane
Sa ſolitair in ſic perfectioun?
The Papingo ſaid: Brother, in certane
Sa lang as thay obey correctioun,
Cheiſing thair heidis by electioun,
Unthral to riches or to povertie,
Bat as requyris thair neceſſitie.

O prudent prelatis, quhair was your preſcience,
That tuke in hand till obſerve chaiſtitie,
But auſteir life, laubour, and abſtinence?
Perſayit ye not the greit proſperitie,
Appeirandly to cum of propertie?
Ye knaw greit cheir, greit eis and idilnes
To Licherie was mother and maiſtres.

Thow ravis unrockit, the Ravin ſaid, by the Rude,
Sa to reprove Riches and Property;
Abraham and Iſaac war rich, and verray gude;
Jacob and Joſeph had proſperity.
The Papingo ſaid, That is of verity:
Riches, I grant, is not to be refuſit,
Providing alwayis that thay be not abuſit.

Then laid the Ravin ane replicatioun,
And ſaid: Thy reſſoun is not worth ane myte,
As I ſall preve with proteſtatioun:
That na man tak my wordis in deſpyte:
I ſay, the temporall princes hes the wyte,
That in the Kirk ſic paſtouris dois provide,
To govern ſaulis, that not themſelves can gyde.

Lang time efter the Kirk tuke property,
The prelatis levit in greit perfectioun,
Unthral to riches or ſenſuality,
Under the halie Spreitis protectioun,
Ordourly chofin be electioun,
As Gregore, Jerome, Ambroſe and Auguſtyne,
Benedict, Bernard, Clement, Cleit and Lyne.

Sic pacient prelatis enterit be the port,
Pleſand the pepill by predicatioun:
Now dyke-lowparis dois in the Kirk reſort,
Be ſymonie and ſupplicatioun
Of princes, be thair preſentatioun;
Sa fillie ſaulis that bin the Chriſtis ſheip,
Ar gevin to hungrie gormand wolfis to keip.

Na marvel is thoch we religious men,
Degenrit be, and in our life confuſit,
Bot ſing and drink, nane uther craft we ken,
Our ſpiritual fatheris hes us ſa abuſit.
Aganis our will theſe trukouris bene intruſit.
Lawit men hes now religious men in curis,
Profeſt virginis in keiping of ſtrang huris.

Princes, princes, quhair bin your heich prudenc
In diſpoſitioun of your benefices?
The guerdouning of your courticiens,
Is ſum caus of thir greit enormiteis:
Thair is ane ſort waitand like hungry fleis,
For ſpiritual cure, thoch thay be nathing abill
Quhais gredie thirſtis bene inſatiabill.

Princes, I pray yow, be na mair abuſit,
To verteous men having ſa ſmall regaird;
Quhy ſuld vertew throw flattery be refuſit,
That men for cunning can get na rewaird?
Allace! that ane bragger or ane baird,
A hure-maiſter or common hazardure,
Suld in the Kirk get ony kinde of cure.

War I a man worthy to weir ane crown,
Ay quhen thair vaikit ony benefices,
I ſuld gar call ane congregatioun,
The principal of all the prelaceis,
Maik cunning clarkis of univerſiteis,
Maiſt famous fatheris of religioun,
With thair aviſe mak diſpoſitioun.

I ſuld diſpone all offices paſtorallis
To doctouris of divinity or jure:
And caus dame Vertew pull up all the ſaillis,
Quhen cunning men had in the Kirk maiſt cure.
Gar lords ſend their ſonnis, I yow aſſure,
To ſeik ſcience, and famous ſculis frequent,
Syne thame promove that war maiſt ſapient.

Gret pleſour war to heir ane biſchop preiche,
Ane dean or doctour of divinitie,
An abbot quhilk culd weil the convent teiche,
Ane parſone flowing in philoſophie.
I tyne my time to wis quhilk will not be.
War not the preiching of the begging freiris
Tynt war the faith amang the ſeculeiris.

As for thair preiching, quod the Papingo,
I them excuſe, for quhy, they bene ſa thrall
To Property, and hir ding douchtoris two,
Dame Riches, and fair lady Senſuall:
Thay may not uſe na paſtime ſpirituall;
And in thais habites thay tak ſic delite,
They have renouncit ruſſet and roploch quhite;

Cleikand to them ſcarlot and cramoſie,
Wit menever, martrick, gryce and rich armyne;
Thair law hartis exaltit ar ſa hie,
To ſee thair papal pompe it is ane pyne;
Mair riche array is now with freinyeis fyne,
Upon the bairding of ane biſchopis mule,
Nor ever had Paul or Peter aganis yule.

Syne

Syne fair ladeis thair chaine may not eſchape
Dame Senſual ſa ſic ſeid hes in them ſawin:
Les ſkaith it war with licence of the Pape,
That ilk prelate a wyfe had of his awin,
Nor ſee thair baſtardis ovir thort the cuntry blaw
For now, be they weil cummit from the ſculis,
Thay fall to wark as thay war common bullis.

Pew! quod the Gled, thow preichis all in vain
Ye ſecular folkis hes of our caſe na curis.
I grant, ſaid ſcho, yit men will ſpeik agane,
How ye have maide a hundreth thouſand huris,
Quhilk neuer had bin, war not your lecherus lui
And gif I lie, hartily I me repent:
Was neuer bird, I wait mair penitent.

Then ſcho hir ſchrave with devote countenanc
To that fals Gled, quhilk fenyeit him a freir;
And quhen ſcho had fulfillit hir pennance,
Full ſubtelly at her he gan inqueir:
Cheis yow, ſaid he, quhilk of us brother heir,
Sall have of all your natural geir the curis:
Ye knaw nane bene mair haly creaturis.

I am content, quod the puir Papingo,
That you freir Gled, and Corby monk your brot
Have cure of all my gudis, and no mo,
Sen at this time freindſchip I find nane uther.
We ſalbe to yow trew, as till our mother,
Quod thay, and ſwoir to fulfil hir intent.
Of that, ſaid ſcho, I tak ane inſtrument.

The Pyot ſaid, Quhat ſall mine office be?
Ouer-man, ſaid ſcho, unto the uther twa
The rowping Ravin ſaid, Sweit ſiſter, lat ſee
Your hail intent, for it is time to ga.
The gredy Glad ſaid, Brother, do not ſa,
We will remane; and haldin up hir heid,
And neuer depart from hir till ſcho be deid.

The Papingo them thankit tenderly,
And ſaid, Sen ye have tane on yow this cure,
Depart my natural gudis equally,
That euer I had, or hes of dame Nature.
Firſt to the Howlat, indigent and pure,
Quhilk on the day for ſchame dar not be ſene,
Til hir I leve my gay galbert of grene.

My bricht depurit ene as chryſtal cleir,
Unto the Bak ye ſall them baith preſent,
In Phœbus preſence quhilk dar not appeir,
Of natural ſicht ſcho bin ſa impotent.
My berneiſt beik I leve with good intent
Unto the gentill piteous Pellicane,
To help to peirs hir tender hart in twane.

I leve the Goik quhilk hes na ſang bot ane,
My muſicke with my voice angelicall:
And to the Guſe ye gif quhen I am gane,
Mine eloquence and tung rhetoricall;
Hnd tak and dry my banis greit and ſmall,
Syne clois thame in ane caſe of ebure fine,
And thame preſent unto the Phœnix ſyne.

To birne with hir, quhen ſcho hir lyfe renewis,
In Araby ye ſall hir find bot weir,
And ſall hir knaw be hir maiſt hevinly hewis,
Gold, azure, gowles, purpour and ſynopeir:
Hir dait is for to leif five hundreth yeir,
Mak to that bird my commendatioun,
And als I mak yow ſupplicatioun.

Sen of my corps I haif yow gevin the cure,
Ye ſpeid yow to the Court bot tarying,
And tak my hart of perfite portrature,
And it preſent unto my ſoverane king:
I wait he will it clois into ane ring.
Commend me to his Grace, I yow exhort,
And of my paſſioun mak him trew report.

Ye

Ye thré my trypis ſall have for your travell,
With liffer and lung to part equall amang you,
Prayand Pluto the potent prince of hell,
Gif ye failyie, that in his feit he fang you.
Be to me trew, thocht I nathing belang you,
Sair I ſuſpect your conſcience to be large
Dout not, ſaid thay, we tak it with the charge.

Adew brether, quod the puir Papingo,
To talkin mair, I haif na time to tary:
Bot ſen my ſpreit mon from my body go,
I recommend it to the quene of Farie;
Eternally into hir Court to tarie
In wildernes amang the holtis hair.
Then ſcho inclinit hir heid, and ſpak na mair.

Plungit into hir mortall paſſioun,
Full greivouſly ſcho grippit to the ground:
It war to lang to mak narratioun,
With ſichis ſoir, with mony ſtang and ſtound
Out of hir wound the blude did ſa abound,
Ane compas round was with hir blude maid reid:
Without remeid thair was nathing bot deid.

And be ſcho had in *Manus tuas* ſaid,
Extinctit war hir natural wittis five;
Hir heid full ſoftly on hir ſchoulder laid,
Sine yield the ſpreit with panis pungitive.
The Ravin began rudely to rug and ryve,
Full gurmound like, his empty throte to feid;
Eit ſoftly brother, (ſaid the gredy Gled.)

Quhill ſcho is hot, depart hir evin amang us,
Tak thow ane half, and reik to me the other;
Intill our richt, I wait na wicht dar wrang us.
The Pyat ſaid, The feind reſſave the fother,
Quhy mak ye me ſtep-bairn, and I your brother;
Ye do me wrang, ſchir Gled, I ſchrew your hart.
Tak thair, ſaid he, the puddingis for thy part.

The

Then wait ye weill mine hart was wonder ſair,
For to behald that dolent departing:
Hir angel fedderis fleying in the air,
Except the hart, was left of hir na thing:
The Pyot ſaid, That pertenis to the king,
Quhilk to his Grace I purpois to preſent,
Thow, quod the Gled, ſall fail of thy intent.

The Ravin ſaid, God nor I rax in ane rape,
If thow get this til outher king or duke.
The Pyot ſaid, Plene I nocht to the Paip,
Than in ane ſmiddy I be ſmorit with ſmuke.
With that the Gled the piece claucht in his cluke,
And fled his way, the laif with all thair micht,
To chais the Gled, flew all out of my ſicht.

Now have ye hard this lytil tragedie,
The ſair Complaint, the Teſtament and miſchance
Of this puir bird quhilk did aſcend ſa hie:
Beſeiking you excuſe my ignorance,
And rude indyte, quhilk is not til avance,
And to the quair I give commandement,
Mak na repair quhair poetis bin preſent;

Becaus thow bene but rethorike ſa rude,
Be never ſene beſide nane uther book;
With king nor queen, with lord nor men of gude.
With cote unclene clame kinrent to ſum cuke;
Steil in ane nuke, quhen thay liſt on the luke,
For ſmell of ſmuke men will abhor to beir the,
Heir I man ſweir thé, quhairfoir to lurk ga leir thé.

THE

THE DREME OF SCHIR DAVID LYNDESAY OF THE MONT, KNICHT, FAMILIAR SERVITOUR TO OUR SOVERANE LORD KING JAMES THE FYFT.

[*From ſome paſſages in this poem, eſpecially that which relates to "the want of a regular exercition of Juſtice in Scotland," there is room to ſuppoſe it to have been compoſed before the inſtitution of the Court of Seſſion in* 1532: *Or, perhaps, before the commencement of the actual reign of* JAMES V. *in* 1528, *from the particular manner in which the Poet addreſſes him in the Epiſtle Dedicatory; as having been amuſed but very lately, with ſuch tales as the* Reid Ettyn with the three heads; *but*

——*now* thow art, be influence naturall,
Hie of ingyne, and richt inquiſitive
Of anticke ſtoryis.——
I ſall thé ſchaw ane ſtorie of the new,
The quhilk befoir I *never* to thé ſchew.

In this ſurvey of the antient Syſtem of the Univerſe, written between thirty and forty years after the voyages of Columbus, *it is ſomewhat remarkable that* Sir David *divides the world into three parts, Europe, Aſia and Africa; without mentioning Mexico, Peru, or any other of the new diſcoveries; a circumſtance from which we muſt infer that* Lindſay *like many others at that time, was an unbeliever in the exiſtence of a New Weſtern World.*

The Epiſtill to the Kingis Grace.

RICHT potent Prince of hich imperiall blude,
Unto thy Grace I traiſt it be weill knawin,
My ſervice done unto thy Celſitude,
Quhilk neidis nocht at lenth for to be ſchawin;
And thoch my youth-heid now be neir ouerblawin,
Exercit in ſervice of thy excellence;
Hope hes me hecht ane gudely recompence.

Quhen thow wes young, I bure thé in myne arme,
Full tenderlie, till thow begouth to gang;
And in thy bed oft happit thé full warme;
With lute in hand, ſyne ſweitly to thé ſang;
Sum tyme in dancing feirely I flang,
And ſum time playand fairſis on the flure,
And ſum time of mine office takand cure.

And ſumtyme lyk ane feind transfigurate,
And ſumtime like the greiſly gaiſt of Gy,
In divers formis oft times disfigurate,
And ſumtime diſagyſit full pleſandly.
Sa ſen thy birth, I haif continuallie
Bene occupyit, and ay to thy pleſour;
And ſum time ſtewart, coppar, and carvour;

Thy purs-maiſter and ſecreit theſaurar,
Thy iſchar ay ſen thy nativitie;
And of thy chalmer cheif cubicular,
Quhilk to this hour hes keipit my lawtie;
Loving be to the bleſſit Trinitie,
That ſic ane wretchit worme hes maide ſa abill,
Till ſic ane prince to be ſa agreabill.

Bot now thow art be influence naturall,
Hie of ingyne, and richt inquiſitive,
Of antike ſtoryis, and deidis martiall;
Mair pleaſandly the time for till ouir-drive,
I have at lenth the ſtoryis done deſcrive
Of Hectur, Arthur, and gentill Julius,
Of Alexander and worthy Pompeius,
Of Jaſon and Medea, all at lenth
Of Hercules the actis honorabill,
And of Sampſon the ſupernatural ſtrenth,
And of leil luffaris ſtoreis amiabill.
And oft tymes have I fenyit mony fabill
Of Troylus the ſorrow and the joy,
And ſiegeis all of Tyre, Thebes and Troy;
The prophecies of Rymour, Beid, and Marling,
And of mony uther pleſand hiſtory,
Of the reid Ettin, and the Gyre Carling,
Comfortand thé quhan that I ſaw thé ſory:
Now with the ſupport of the King of Glorie,
I ſall thee ſchaw ane ſtorie of the new,
The quhilk afoir I never to thé ſchew.
Bot humblie I beſeik thine Excellence,
With ornate termis, thocht I can nocht expres
This ſempill mater for laik of eloquence;
Yit nochtwithſtanding all my beſynes,
With hart and hand my mind I ſall addres,
As I beſt can and moſt compendius.
Now I begin, the matter hapnit thus:

The Prolog.

Into the kalendis of Januarie,
Quhen freſche Phœbus be moving circulair.
From Capricorne was enterit in Aquarie,
With blaſtis that the branchis maid full bair:

Th·

The ſnaw and ſleit perturbit all the air,
And ſlemit Flora from everie bank and bus,
Throuch ſupport of the auſteir Eolus;

Eftir that I the lang wynteris nicht
Had lyne walking in my bed alone;
Throw hevy thocht that na way ſleip I micht,
Remembring of divers thingis gone.
So up I rois and cleithit me anone:
Be this fair Titan with his lemis licht,
Ouer all the land had ſpred his baner bricht.

With cloke and hude I dreſſit me belyve,
With dowbill ſchone and mittanis on my handis;
Howbeit the air was richt penetrative,
Yit fure I furth, lanſing ouir thort the landis
Towart the ſey, to ſport me on the ſandis;
Becauſe unblomit was baith bank and bray.
And ſa I was paſſing by the way,

I met dame Flora in dule weid diſagyſit,
Quhilk into May was dulce and delectabill,
With ſtalwart ſtormis hir ſweitneſs was ſupriſit:
Hir hevinly hewis war turnit into ſabill,
Quhilk umquhile war to luffaris amiabill;
Fled from the froiſt the tender flouris I ſaw,
Under dame Natures mantle lurking law.

The ſmall fowlis in flockis ſaw I flee,
To Nature makand lamentatioun:
Thay lichted doun beſide me on ane tree:
Of thair complaint I had compaſſioun.
And with ane piteous exclamation,
They ſaid, Bleſſit be Somer with his flouris,
And waryit be thou Winter with thy ſchouris.

Allace, Aurora, the fillie lark can cry,
Quhair hes thow left thy balmy liquour ſweit
That us rejoſit quhen mounting in the ſky?
Thy ſilver droppis are turnit into ſleit.

O fair Phœbus, quhair is thy holſum heit?
Quhy tholis thow thy hevinly pleſand face,
With myſtie vapouris to be obſcurit, allace?
Quhair art thou May with June thy ſiſter ſchene
Weill bordourit with daiſeis of delyte?
And gentill July with thy mantill grene,
Enamilit with roſis reid and quhite?
Now auld and cauld Januar in deſpite,
Reſſis from us all paſtime and pleſure;
Allace! quhat gentle hart may this indure?
Ouerſylit ar with cloudis odious,
The goldin ſkyis of the orient;
Changing in ſorrow our ſang melodious,
Quhilk we had wont to ſing with gude intent,
Reſoundand to the hevinnis firmament;
Bot now our day is changit into nicht.
With that they rais, and flew furth my ſicht.
Penſive in hart, paſſing full ſoberly,
Unto the ſey forwart I fure anone.
The ſey was furth, the ſand was ſmoith and dry,
Than up and doun I muſit mine alone,
Till that I ſpyit a little cave of ſtone,
Heich in ane craig, upwart I did approche
But tarying, and clamb up in the roch.
And purpoſit for paſſing of the time,
Me to defend from ocioſitie,
With pen and paper to regiſter in ryme,
Some mery mater of antiquitie;
Bot idlenes, ground of iniquitie,
Scho maid ſa dull my ſpreitis me within,
That I wiſt nocht at quhat end to begin.
Bot ſat ſtill in that cave, quhair I micht ſee
The weltering of the wallis up and down;
And this fals warldis inſtabilitie,
Unto that ſey makand compariſoun,

And of this warldis wretchit variatioun;
To thame that fixis all their haill intent,
Conſidering quha maiſt had, ſuld maiſt repent.

Sa with my hude my heid I happit warme;
And in my cloik I fauldit baith my feit;
I thocht my corps with cauld ſuld tak na harme,
My mittanis held my handis weill in heit,
The ſkowland craig me coverit from the ſleit;
Thair ſtill I ſat my banis for to reſt,
Till Morpheus with ſleip my ſpreit oppreſt.

Sa throw the bouſteous blaſtis of Eolus,
And throw my waiking on the nicht befoir,
And through the ſeyis moving marvellous
By Neptunus with monie rowt and roir,
Conſtrainit I was to ſleip withoutten moir,
And quhat I dreamit in concluſion,
I ſall yow tell ane marvellous viſioun.

THE DREME.

Me thocht ane lady of portrature perfite,
Did ſalute me with bening countenance:
And I quhilk of hir preſence had delite,
Till hir agane maid humbil reverence,
And hir demandit, ſaving hir pleſance,
Quhat was hir name? Scho anſwerit courteſly,
Dame Remembrance, ſcho ſaid, callit am I,

Quhilk cummin is for paſtime and pleſour,
Of thee, and for to beir thee companie,
Becaus I ſee thy ſpreit without meſour
Sa ſair perturbit by melancholie,
Cauſing thy corps to wax baith cauld and drie:
Thairfoir get up, and gang anone with me.
Sa war we baith, in twinkling of an ee,

Down

Down throw the eirth in middis of the center,
Or euer I wiſt, into the laweſt hell:
And in that cairful cove quhen we did enter,
Yowting and yowling we hard with monie yell,
In flamme of fyre richt furious and fell,
Was cryand mony cairful creture,
Blaſphemand God, and waryand Nature.

Thair ſaw we divers Papis and Empriouris,
Without recover mony cairful Kingis,
There ſaw we mony wrangous conquerouris,
Withoutten richt reiffaris of uthers rìngis:
The men of kirk lay boundin into bingis.
Thair ſaw we mony cairful Cardinal,
And Archbiſchoppis in thair pontifical.

Proud and perverſt prelatis out of number,
Priouris, abbotis, and falſe flatterand freiris;
To ſpecify thame all it war ane cumber,
Regular chanonis, churl monkis and Chartereiris,
Curious clerkis, and prieſtis ſeculeiris,
Thair was ſum ſort of ilk religioun,
In haly kirk quhilk did abuſioun.

Than I demandit dame Remembrance,
The caus of thir prelatis punitioun:
Scho ſaid, The caus of thair unhappy chance,
Was covetice, luſt and ambitioun,
The quhilk now garris thame lack fruitioun
Of God, and here eternally mon dwell,
Into this painful poiſonit pit of hell.

Als thay did nocht inſtruct the ignorent,
Provokand thame to penitence by preiching:
Bot ſervit warldly princes inſolent,
And war promovit be thair fenyit fleiching,
Nocht for thair ſcience, wiſdom, nor teiching.
By Simonie was thair promotioun,
Mair for deneiris, nor for devotioun.

Ane

Ane uther caus of the puntioun
Of thir unhappy prelatis impudent,
Thay maid not equall diſtributioun
Of haly kirkis patrimony, and rent;
Bot temporally thay have it all miſpent,
Quhilkis ſuld have bin tripartit into three:
Firſt, to uphald the kirk in honeſtie;
The ſecund part to ſuſtene thair eſtaitis.
The thrid part to be gevin to the puris.
Bot thay diſpone that geir all uther gaitis,
On cartis and dice, on harlatry and huris.
Thir caitives tuke na compt of thair awin curis,
Thair kirkis reuin, their ladyis clenely cled,
And richely rewlit baith at burd and bed.
Their baſtard bairnis proudly they providit,
The kirk geir largely thay did on them ſpend;
In their defaltis thair ſubditis wer miſguidit,
And countit not their God for to offend,
Quhilk cart them lack grace at their latter end,
Rewland that rout, I ſaw in caipis of braſs,
Simon Magus, and biſchop Caiphas.
Biſchop Annas, and the tratour Judas,
Machomeit that propheit poyſonabill:
Chore, Dathan and Abiron thair was,
Heretikes we ſaw innumerabill,
It was ane ſicht richt wondrous lamentabill,
How that thay lay into the flammis fleiting,
With cairful cryis, girning and greiting.
Religious men war puniſchit panefullie,
For vane glory als for inobedience,
Brekand thair Conſtitutiounis wilfullie:
Nocht having thair ouer-men in reverence,
To knaw thair rewl thay maid na diligence;
Unleſumly thay uſit property,
Paſſing the boundis of wilful poyerty.

Full

Full ſoir weiping, with voices lamentabill,
They cryit lowd, O Empriour Conſtantine,
We may wite thy profeſſion poiſonabill,
Of all our greit punitioun and pine;
Howbeit thy purpois was till ane gude fine,
Thow baneiſt from us trew devotioun,
Havand ſic ee to our promotioún.

Then we beheld ane den full dolorous,
Quhair that princes and lordis temporall
Wer cruciat with panis rigorous.
But to expreme thair panis in ſpeciall
It dois exceid all my memoriall;
Inportabill pane thay had but comforting;
Thair blude royal maid them na ſupporting.

Sum cative kingis for cruel oppreſſioun,
And uther ſum for thair wrangous conqueſt,
War condampnit thay and thair ſucceſſion;
Sum for public adultery and inceſt;
Sum lat thair pepil never leif in reſt,
Delyting ſa in pleſour ſenſual,
Quhairfoir thair pane was there perpetual.

Thair was the curſit Empriour Nero,
Of everilk vice the horribill veſchell.
Thair was Pharao, with divers princes mo,
Oppreſſouris of the bairnis of Iſrael;
Herod, with mony mo than I can tell,
Ponce Pylate was there hangit by the hals,
With unjuſt judges, for thair ſentence fals.

Dukis, Marqueſſis, Erlis, Barrounis, and Knicl
With thay princes war puniſt panefully,
Participant they war of their unrichtis.
Fordwart we went, and let thir lordis ly,
And ſaw quhair ladyis lamentabilly,
Like wod lyounis war cairfully cryand,
In flam of fyre richt furiouſly fiyand.

Empr

Emprices, Quenis, and ladyis of honouris,
Mony duches, and countes full of cair,
Thay peirſit mine heart, thay tender creatures,
Sa pynit in that pit full of diſpair,
Plungit in pane with mony rewful rair;
Sum for thair pride, ſum for adulterie,
Sum for their tiſling men to licherie;

Sum had bin cruell and malicious,
Sum for making of wrangous heritouris,
For to reheirs thair lyfis vicious,
It war bot tary to the auditouris:
Of licherie thay war the verray luris,
With thair provocative impudicitie,
Brocht mony ane man to infelicitie.

Sum wemen for thair puſilianimitie,
Ouer-ſet with ſchame thay did thame never ſchrive,
Of ſecreit ſinnis done in quietie,
And ſum repentit never in thair lyve,
Quhairfoir but reuth thay ruffeis did them ryve
Rigouroufly without compaſſioun,
Greit was thair dule and lamentatioun.

That we war maid they cryit oft, Allace!
Thus tormentyt with panis intollerabill;
We mendit nocht quhen we had time and ſpace,
But tuke in eirth our luſtis delectabill;
Quhairfoir with feindis uglie and horribill,
We ar condampnit for evermair, allace!
Eternallie withoutten hope of grace.

Quhair is the meit and drink delicious,
With quhilk we fed our cairful cariounis:
Gold, ſilver, ſilk, and peirlis precious,
Our riches, rentis, and our poſſeſſiounis?
Witthoutten hope of our remiſſiounis,
Allace! our panis ar inſufferabill,
And our tormentis to compt innumerabill.

Than we beheld quhere mony ane thouſand
Commoun pepill lay flichterand in the fyre:
Of everilk ſtate thair was ane bailful band:
Thair micht be ſene mony ſorrowful ſyre,
Sum for invy ſufferit, and ſum for ire;
And ſum for laik of reſtitutioun
Of wrangous geir without remiſſioun.

Manefworn merchandis for thair wrangous winning,
Hurdaris of gold, and commoun okkeraris:
Fals men of law in cautelis richt cunning;
Theiffis, revaris, and publict oppreſſaris;
Sum part thair was of unleil labouraris,
Craftiſmen there ſaw we out of number;
Of ilk ſtait to declair, it war ane cumber.

And als lang ſum for me is till indite,
Of this preſoun the panis in ſpecial:
The heit, the cauld, the dolour and deſpite,
Quhairfoir I ſpeik of thame in generall,
That dulie den, that furnes infernall
Quhais rewaird is rew without remeid,
Ever deand, and never to be deid.

Hounger and thriſt, inſteid of meit and drink;
And for thair claithing, taidis and ſcorpionis:
That dark manſioun is tapeſſit with ſtink,
Thay ſee nathing bot horribill viſiounis:
Thay heir bot ſcorne and deriſiounis,
Of foul feindis, and blaſphematiounis.
Thair feiling is importabil paſſiounis.

For melodie, miſerabill murning;
Thair was no ſolace, bot dolour infinite,
In bailful beddis bitterly burning,
With ſobbing, ſiching, ſorrow, and with ſite;
Thair conſcience thair hartis ſa did bite:
To heir thame flyte, it was ane caſe of cair,
Sa in deſpite plungit into deſpair.

A lytil

A lytil above that dolorous doungeoun,
We enterit in ane cuntry full of cair,
Quhair that we ſaw mony ane legioun,
Greitand and gowland with mony ruthfull rair:
Quhat place is that, quod I, of blis ſa bair?
cho anſwerit, and ſaid Purgatorie,
Quhilk purgis ſaulis or thay cum to glorie.

I ſee na pleſour here, bot mekill pane:
Quhairfoir, ſaid I, leif we this ſort in thrall,
I purpois never to cum heir agane.
Bot yit I do beleve, and ever ſall,
That the trew kirk can na way erre at all;
Sic thing to be, greit clerkis dois conclude,
Howbeit my hope ſtandis maiſt in Chriſtis blude.

Abuve that, in the thrid preſoun anone,
We enterit in ane place of perditioun,
Quhair mony babbis war makand drery mone,
Becaus thay wantit the fruitioun
Of God, quhilk was ane greit punitioun.
Of baptiſm, thay wantit the anſenye,
Upward we went, and left that mirthles menye.

Intill ane volt abuve that place of pane,
Unto the quhilk bot ſudgeorne we aſcendit,
That was the lymb in the quhilk did remane
Our foirfatheris, becaus Adam offendit,
Eitand the frute the quhilk was defendit;
Mony ane yeir thay dwelt in that doungeoun,
In mirkneſs and in deſolatioun.

Than throw the eirth of nature cauld and dry,
Glaid to eſchaip thoſe places perrillous:
We haiſtit us richt wonder ſpedily,
Yit we beheld the ſecretis marvellous,
The mynis of gold and ſtanis precious:
Of ſilver, and of everilk fyne metell,
Quhilk to declair, it war ouir lang to dwell.

Up

Up throw the water ſchortly we intendit,
Quhilk invirounis the Eirth withoutin dout;
Sine throw the air ſchortly we aſcendit,
His regiounis throuch behalding in and out,
Quhilk eirth and water cloſis round about,
Syne ſchortly upwart throw the fyre we went,
Quhilk was the hieſt and hoteſt element.

Quhen we had all thir elementis ouirpaſt,
That is to ſay, Earth, Water, Air, and Fyre,
Upwart we went withoutten ony reſt,
To ſee the hevinnis was our maiſt deſyre:
But or we micht win to the hevinnis empyre,
It behovit us to paſs the way full evin,
Up throw the ſpheiris of the planetis ſevin.

Firſt to the Mone, and veſeit all hir ſpheir,
Quene of the ſey, and bewty of the nicht,
Of nature wak and cauld, and nathing cleir,
For of hirſelf ſcho hes none uther licht,
Bot the reflex of Phœbus bemis bricht,
The twelf ſignes ſcho paſſis round about,
In aucht and twenty dayis withouttin dout.

Than we aſcendit to Mercurious,
Quhilk poetis callis god of eloquence;
Richt doctour-like with termis delicious,
In airt expert, and full of ſapience.
It was pleſour to paus on his prudence;
Payntouris, poetis are ſubject to his cure,
And hote and dry he is of his nature.

And als as cunning aſtrologis ſayis,
He dois compleit his cours naturally,
In three hundreth and aucht and threttie dayis.
Syne upwart we aſcendit haiſtely
To fair Venus, quhair ſcho richt luſtely
Was ſet into a ſait of ſilver ſchene,
That freſch Goddes, that luſty luffis quene.

It peircit mine hart her blenkis amorous,
Albeit that ſumtime ſcho is changeabill;
With countenance, and cheir full dolorous;
Quhylumis richt pleſand, glaid and delectabill;
Sum time conſtant, and ſum time variabill;
Yit hir bewty reſplendent as the fyre,
Swagis the wraith of Mars, that God of ire.

This pleſand planeit, gif I can richt deiſcrive,
Scho is baith hot and wak of hir nature:
That is the caus ſcho is provocative
Till al them that ar ſubject to hir cure.
Till Venus warkis that thay may indure,
As ſcho completis hir courſis naturall,
In twelf monethis withoutin ony fail.

Than paſt we to the ſpheir of Phœbus bricht,
That luſty lamp and lanterne of the hevin,
And glaider of the ſterris with his licht,
And principall of all the planeitis ſevin,
And ſet in middis of them all full evin,
As Roy royal rolling in his ſpheir,
Full pleſandly into his goldin cheir.

Quhoſe influence and vertew excellent,
Gevis the life to everilk eirthly thing;
That prince of everilk planeit precellent,
Dois foſter flouris, and garris herbis ſpring
Throw the cauld eirth, and cauſes birdis ſing:
And als his regular moving in the hevin,
Is juſt under the zodiack full evin.

For to diſcrive his diademe royall,
Bordourit about with ſtanis ſhining bricht;
His goldin cart or throne imperiall,
The four ſteidis that drawis it full richt,
I leif to poetis, becaus I have na ſlicht:
Bot of his nature he is hote and dry,
Compleatand in ane yeir his cours trewly.

Than

Than up to Mars in hy we haiſtit us,
Wounder hote, and dryer than the tounder,
His face flammand as fyre richt furious,
His boſt and brag mair auful than the thunder,
Maid all the hevin moſt like to ſchaik in ſunder:
Quha wald behald his countenance and feir,
Micht call him weill the God of men of weir.

With colour reid, and luke malicious,
Richt colerik of his complexioun,
Auſteir, angrie, ſweir and ſeditious,
Principall caus of the deſtructioun,
Of mony gude and nobill regioun,
War nocht Venus his ire dois mitigate,
This warld of peace wald be full deſolate.

This god of greif withoutten ſudgeorning,
In yeiris twa his cours he dois compleit.
Than paſt we up quhair Juppiter the king,
Sat in his ſpheir richt amiabill and ſweit,
Complexionat with wakneſs and with heit.
That pleſand prince, fair, dulce, and delicate,
Provokis peace, and baniſſis debate.

The auld poetis by ſuperſtitioun,
Held Juppiter the father principall
Of all thair Goddis, in concluſioun;
For his prerogativis in ſpeciall,
Als by his vertew into generall,
To auld Saturne he makis reſiſtance,
Quhen in his malice he wald wirk vengeance.

Thus Juppiter withoutin ſudgeorning,
Paſſis throw all the twelf ſignis full evin,
In yeiris twelf: and than bot tarying,
We paſt unto the hyeſt of the ſevin,
Till Saturnus, quhilk troublis all the hevin;
With hevy cheir, and colour pail as leid,
In him we ſaw bot dolour to the deid.

An

And cauld and dry he is of his nature,
Foule like ane oule, of evill conditioun,
Richt unpleſand he is of portratoure,
His intoxicate diſpoſitioun,
It puttis all thing to perditioun:
Ground of ſeiknes and melancholious,
Perverſt and puir, baith fals and invious.

His qualitie I cannot love bot lack,
As for this moving naturally bot weir,
About the ſignes of all the Zodiack,
He dois compleit his cours in thretie yeir:
And ſa we left him in his froſtie ſpheir.
Upwart we did aſcend incontinent,
But reſt, till we come to the firmament.

The quhilk was fixit full of ſterris bricht,
Of figour round, richt pleſand and perfite:
Quhais influence and richt excellent ſicht,
And quhais nomber may not be put in write;
Yit cunning clerkis dois naturally indite,
How that he dois compleit his cours but weir,
In the ſpace of ſeven and thretie thouſand yeir.

Than the nynt ſpheir and movar principall,
Of all the laif, we veſeit all that Hevin,
Quhais dayly motioun is continuall,
Baith firmament and all the planetis ſevin,
From eiſt to weſt, garring thame ga full evin,
Into the ſpace of four and twenty houris.
Yit by the mind of the aſtronomouris

The ſevin planetis into thair prōper ſpheiris,
From weſt to eiſt thay move naturally:
Sum ſwift, ſum ſlaw, as to thair kind effeiris,
As I have ſchawin afore ſpecially:
Quhoſe motioun cauſis continually,
Richt melodious harmonie and ſound,
And all throw moving of thir planetis round.

Than

Than mountit we with richt fervent deſyre,
Up throw the hevin callit the Cryſtalline:
And ſa we enterit into the Hevin Empyre,
Quhilk to deſcryve it paſſis mine ingine;
Quhair God into his haly throne devyne,
Regnis into his gloir ineſtimabill,
With angels cleir quhilkis ar innumerabill.

In ordouris nyne thir ſpreitis glorious
Are devydit, the quhilks excellently,
Makis loving with ſound melodious,
Singand *Sanctus*, richt wonder feverently.
Thir ordouris nyne thay ar full pleſandly
Devidit into hierarchies thre,
And thre ordouris in everilk hierarchie.

The laweſt ordour is the angellis bricht,
As meſſingers ſend to this law regioun;
The ſecund ordour archangellis full of micht,
Virteous poteſtatis, Principatis of renown;
The ſext is callit Dominatioun;
The ſevint Thronus, the aucht in Cherubin;
The nynt and hieſt callit Seraphin,

And nixt unto the bleſſit Trinitie,
In his triumphand throne imperial,
Thre intill Ane, and ane ſubſtance in Thre;
Quhais indiviſibil eſſence eternall,
The rude ingyne of mankind is too ſmall
Til comprehend; quhais power infinite,
And devyne nature, na creatur can write.

Sa my ingyne is not ſufficient,
For to treit of his heich divinity:
Al mortal men are inſufficient
Til conſider thay Thre in unitie.
Sic ſubtel mater I mon on neid lat be;
To ſtudy on my creid it war full fair,
And lat doctouris of ſic maters declair.

Than we beheld the blyffit Humanitie
Of Chriſt ſitting into his ſege royal,
At the richt hand of the Devinitie:
With ane excellent Court celeſtial,
Quhais exercitioun continual
Was in loving thair Prince with reverance;
And on this wiſe thay keipit ordinance.

Nixt to the throne we ſaw the Quene of Quenis,
Weill companyit with ladyis of delyte:
Sweit was the ſang of thaſe bleſſit virginis,
Na mortal man thair ſolace may indyte.
The angellis bricht in number infinyte,
Everilk ordour in their awin degree,
War officiaris unto the Deitie.

Patriarkis and propheitis honourabill,
Collateral counſallouris in his Conſiſtory:
Evangeliſtis, Apoſtillis venerabill,
War capitanis unto the King of glory.
Quhilk chiftane-like had won the victory,
Of that triumphand Court celeſtiall:
Sanct Peter was lieutenand generall.

The martyris war as nobill ſtalwart knichtis,
Diſcomfitouris of cruel batellis thré,
The fleſh, the warld, the feind and all his michts.
Confeſſouris, doctouris in devinity,
As chappell-clarkis unto the Deity;
And laſt we ſaw infinite multitude,
Makand ſervice unto his Celſitude.

Quhilkis by the hie divine permiſſioun,
Felicity they had invariabill;
And of his Godhead cleir cognitioun,
And compleit peace they had interminabill;
Their glore and honor was inſeparabill:
That pleaſand place repleit of pulchritude,
Unmeaſurabill it was of magnitude.

Suppone that thair war na impediment,
Bot that the Eirth but perrell war and plane,
Syne that ane perſone war richt diligent,
And yeid ilk day ten liggis in certane,
He micht pas round about, and cum agane
In four yeiris, ſextene oulkis, and dayis two.
Ga reid the author, and thow ſal find it ſo.

The Diviſioun of the Eirth.

THEN certainlie ſcho tuke me be the hand,
And ſaid, My ſone, cum on thy waies with me,
And ſa ſcho gart me cleirly underſtand,
How that the eirth trypartit was in three,
In Aphricke, Europe and Aſie,
Efter the mind of the coſmographouris;
That is to ſay, the warldis deſcriptouris.

Firſt, Aſie contenit is in the Orient,
And is weill mair than baith the uther twane,
Aphrike and Europe in the Occident,
And are devydit be ane ſey certane,
And that is callit the ſey Mediterrane,
Quhilk at the ſtrait of Marrok hes entrie,
That is betwix Spanye and Barbarie.

Towart the South-weſt lyis Aphrica;
And in the North-weſt Europa dois ſtand,
And all the Eiſt contenis Aſia,
On this wiſe is devydit the firme land.
It war mekill for me to tak on hand,
Theſe regiounis to declair in ſpecial,
Yit ſall I ſchaw thair names in general.

In mony divers famous regiounis,
Is devidit this part of Aſia,
Weill pleniſchit with cities, towris and townis,
The greit Inde and Meſopotamia,

Penthapolis

Penthapolis, Perſia, and Syria,
Cappadocia, Seres, and Armenie,
Babylon, Chaldea, Parth and Arabie;
Sydon, Judea, and Paleſtina,
Upper Scythia, Tire and Galilee,
Hiberia, Baſtria and Phileſtina,
Hircania, Campagina and Samarie.
In litill Aſia ſtandis Galathie,
Pamphilia, Iſauria and Lede,
Rhegia, Arethuſa, Aſſyria and Mede.
Secundly, we conſiderit Aphrica,
With mony fruitful famous regioun,
As Ethiopa and Tripolitana,
Zeuges, where ſtandis the triumphand town
Of noble Carthage, that ciety of renown,
Garamentes, Nadabar and Lybia,
Egypt alſo and Mauritania.
Fezenſis, Numidie, and Thingitane,
Of Aphrike, thir ar the principal.
Than in Europe we conſidderit in certane,
Quhais regiounis ſchortly reheirs I ſall.
Four principallis I find above them all,
Quhilkis are Spanye, Italie and France;
Quhais ſub-regiounis were mekill to avance.
Nouther Scythia, Thrace and Caramanie,
Thuſia, Hiſtria, and Pannonia,
Denmark, Gotland, Grundland, and Almanie,
Pole, Hungary, Boeme, Norica, Rethia,
Teutonica, and mony divers ma.
And was in four devidit Italie,
Tuſcane, Hethruria, Naplis and Champanie.
And ſub-devidit ſindry uther wayis
As Lumbardie, Veneis and uther ma,
Calaber, Romanie, and Genowayis;
In Greece, Epyrus, and Dalmatia,
Theſſalie,

Theſſalie, Attica, and Illyria,
Achaya, Boetia, and Macedone,
Archadie, Pieri, and Lacedemone.

And France we ſaw devidit into thré,
Belgica, Celtica, and Aquitane;
And ſub-devidit in Flanders, Picardie,
Normandie, Gaſconye, Burgunye, and Bretane;
And utheris divers Dutcheries in certane,
The quhilkis war to lang for to declair:
Quharfoir of thame as now I ſpeik na mair.

In Spanye lyis Caſtillie and Arragone,
Navarre, Galice, Portugal, and Granate.
Than ſaw we famous ylis mony one,
Quhilkis in the ocean ſey was ſituate,
Thame to diſcrive my wit was deſolate;
Of coſmographie I am not expert,
For I did neuer ſtudie in that art.

Yet I ſall ſum of thair names declair,
As Madagaſcar, Gades, and Taprobane,
And uther divers ylis gude and fair,
Situate into the ſey Miditerrane;
As Cyper, Candie, Corſica, and Sardane,
Crete, Abydos, Thoes, and Sicilia,
Tapſus, Eolie, and mony uther ma.

But quha wald at lenth heir the deſcriptioun
Of everilk yle, as weill as the firm land,
And properteis of ever ilk regioun,
To ſtudie and to reid mon tak in hand,
And the authentike warkis underſtand
Of Plinius and worthy Ptholomie,
Quhilkis war expert into coſmographie.

Thare ſall they find the names and properteis
Of every yle, and of ilk regioun.
Than I inquirit of eirthly Paradeis,
Of the quhilk Adam tynt poſſeſſioun:

T

Than ſchew ſcho me the ſituatioun
Of that precelland place of delyte,
Quhais properteis wer lang for to endyte.

Of Paradyſe.

THIS Paradiſe of all pleſour repleit,
Situate I ſaw to the Orient;
That glorious garth of every flouris did fleit,
The luſtie lilleis, the roſis redolent,
Freſch hailſum frutes indeficient,
Baith herb and tree there growis ever grene,
Throw vertew of the temperate air ſerene.

The ſweit hailſum aromatike odouris,
Proceding from the herbis medicinal,
The hevinly hewis of the fragrant flouris,
It was ane ſicht wonder celeſtiall.
The perfectioun to ſhaw in ſpecial,
And joyis of the regioun devine,
Of mankind, it excedis the ingyne.

And als ſa hie in ſituatioun,
Surmounting the mid regioun of the air;
Quhare na maner of perturbatioun
Of wedder may aſcend ſa hie as thair,
For fludis flowing from ane fountane fair,
As Tygris, Ganges, Euphrates and Nyle,
Quhilk in the Eiſt tranſcurris mony ane mile.

The country cloſit is about full richt,
With wallis hie of hot and birning fyre,
And ſtraitly keepit by an angel bricht,
Sen the departing of Adam our grandſchyre,
Quhilk throw his crime incurrit Goddis ire,
And of that place tint the poſſeſſioun,
Baith from himſelf and his ſucceſſioun.

Quhen

Quhen this lufeſum lady Remembrance,
All this foirſaid, had gart me underſtand,
I prayit her of hir benevolence,
To ſchaw to me the country of Scotland.
Weill ſone, ſcho ſaid, that ſall I tak on hand:
Sa ſudanly ſcho brocht me in certane,
Evin juſt above the braid yle of Britane.

Quhilk ſtandis north-weſt in the ocean ſey,
And devidit in famous regiounis two;
The ſouth part Ingland ane full riche countrey,
Scotland be north, with mony yles mo,
Be weſt Ingland, Ireland dois ſtand alſo,
Quhais properteis I will nocht tak on hand
To ſchaw at lenth, bot only of Scotland.

Of the Realme of Scotland.

QUHILK efter my ſempill intendement,
And as Remembrance did to me report,
I ſall declair the ſuith and verraymant,
As I beſt can, and into termis ſchort.
Quhairfoir effecteouſly I yow exhort,
Howbeit my writing be nocht to avance,
Yit quhair I fail, excuſe my ignorance.

Quhen that I had ouirſene this regioun,
The quhilk of nature is baith gude and fair,
I did propone ane lytil queſtioun,
Befeikand hir the ſame for til declair.
Quhat is the caus our boundis bin ſa bair,
Quod I, or quhat dois mufe our miſery?
Or quhairfoir dois proceid our povertie?

For throw the ſupport of your hie prudence,
Of Scotland I perſave the properteis;
And als confideris be Experience,
Of this country the greit commoditeis;

First,

Firſt, the aboundance of fiſches in our ſeis,
And fruteful montanis for our beſtiall,
And for our cornis mony luſtie vaill.

The rich rivers pleaſand and profitabill,
The luſty lochis, with fiſche of ſindry kindis;
Hunting, halking, for Nobillis convenabill,
Foreſtis full of da, ra, hartis and hyndis;
The freſche fontanis quhais holſum cryſtal ſtrandis
Refreſchis ſa the flouriſchit grene meidis,
Sa lack we nathing that to nature neidis.

Of everilk mettel we have the riche mynis,
Baith gold, ſilver, and ſtanis precious;
Albeit we lack the ſpices and the wynis,
Or uther ſtrange frute delicious,
We have als gude, and mair neidfull for us,
Meit, drink, fyre, claithis, there micht be gart abound,
Quhilk ellis is not in the Mapamound.

Mair fairar men, nor of greiter ingyne,
Nor of mair ſtrenth, greit deidis to indure:
Quhairfoir I pray yow, that ye wald defyne
The principal caus quhairfoir we are ſa puir?
For I marvel greitly, I yow aſſure,
Conſidering the pepill and the ground,
That riches ſuld not in this realme abound.

My ſone, ſcho ſaid, be my diſcretioun,
I ſall mak anſwer, as I underſtand.
I ſay to thee, under confeſſioun,
The falt is not, I dar weill tak on hand,
Nouther into the pepill, nor the land.
As for the land, it laikis na uther thing
But labour, and the pepillis governing.

Than quhair lyis our inproſperity,
Quod I, I pray yow hartfully, madame,
Ye wald declair to me the verity;
Or quha ſall beir of our barrat the blame?

For, be my trouth, to ſee I think greit ſchame
So pleſand pepill, and ſa fair ane land,
And ſa few verteous deidis tane on hand.

Quod ſcho, I ſall efter my judgement,
Declair ſum cauſis into generall;
And into termis ſchort ſchaw my intent,
And ſine tranſcend into mair ſpeciall:
Sa this is my concluſioun finall,
Wanting of juſtice, policie and peace,
Ar caus of this unhappineſs, allace!

It is difficill riches to encres
Quhair pollicie makis na reſidence;
And pollicie may never have entres,
Bot quhair that juſtice dois diligence,
To puneis quhair there may be found offence.
Juſtice may nocht have dominatioun,
Bot quhair peace makis habitatioun.

Quhat is the caus that wald I underſtand,
That we ſuld want juſtice and policie,
Mair than dois France, Italy, or Ingland?
Madam, quod I, ſchaw me the veritie,
Sen we have many lawis in this cuntrie,
Quhy lack we lawis exercitioun,
Quha ſuld put juſtice to execution?

Quhairin dois ſtand our principal remeid?
Or quha may mak amendis of this miſcheif?
Quod ſcho, I find the falt into the heid;
For thay in quhom dois ly our hail releif,
I find them rute and ground of all our greif;
For quhen the heidis ar not diligent,
The memberis mon on neid be negligent.

Sa I conclude, the cauſis principal
Of all the troubill of this natioun,
Ar into the princes into ſpecial,
The quhilkis hes the gubernatioun,

And of the pepil dominatioun;
Quhais continual exercitioun
Suld be in juſtice execution.

For quhen the ſleuthfull hird dois ſlug and ſleip,
Taking na cure in keiping of his flock,
Quha will gang ſeirch amang ſic hirdis ſheip,
May abil find mony puir ſcabbit crock,
And going wyld at large withoutin lock;
Then Lupus cummis, and Laurence in a ling,
And dois but reuth the ſillie ſcheip doun thring.

Bot the gud hird, wakrife and diligent,
Dois ſé that all his flockis ar rewlit richt,
To quhais quhiſſel ar all obedient;
And gif the wolfis cummis be day or nicht,
Thame to devoir, than ar thay put to flicht,
Houndit and ſlane be thair weill dantit doggis,
Sa ar thay ſure baith of yowis, lambis and hoggis.

Sa I conclude throw the negligence
Of our infatuate heidis inſolent,
Is caus of all this realmis indigence,
Quhilk in juſtice have not bene diligent;
Bot to gude counſall inobedient,
Havand ſmall ee unto the Common-weill,
But to their ſingular profit everilk deill.

For quhen thir wolfis by oppreſſioun,
The puir pepil but petie dois oppreſs,
Than ſuld the princes mak punitioun,
And caus thay rebaldis for to mak redreſs,
That riches micht, and policie increſs:
Bot richt difficil it is to mak remeid,
Quhen that the falt is ſa into the heid.

The Complaint of JOHNE THE COMMOUN-WEILL; *ſchewing the miſerable ſtait of Scotland.*

AND thus as we wer talking to and fro,
We ſaw ane bouſteous beirn cum ouer the bent,
But hors, on fute als faſt as he micht go,
Quhais raiment was all raggit, revin and rent,
With viſage lene, as he had faſtit Lent:
And fordwart faſt his wayis he did avance,
With ane richt melancholius countenance.

With ſcrip on hip, and pyke-ſtaff in his hand,
As he had bin purpoſit to paſs fra hame.
Quod I, Gude man, I wald fane underſtand,
Gif that ye pleſit to wit quhat wer your name?
Quod he, My ſone, of that I think greit ſchame;
Bot ſen thow wald of my name have ane feill,
Forſuith thay call me *Johne the Commoun-weill.*

Sir *Commoun-weill,* quha hes yow ſa diſguiſit?
Quod I, or quha makis yow ſa miſerabill?
I have marvel to ſe you ſa ſuppriſit,
The quhilk that I have ſene ſa honorabill;
To all the warld ye have bin profitabill,
And weill honourit in everilk natioun;
How happinis now your tribulatioun?

Allace! quod he, thow ſeis how it dois ſtand
With me, and how I am diſheriſit,
Of all my grace, and mon pas of Scotland,
And ga quhair I befoir was cheriſit.
Remane I heir, I am bot periſit,
For there is few to me that takis tent,
That garris me ga ſa raggit, revin and rent.

My tender freindis are all put to the flicht,
For policie is fled agane in France;
My ſiſter Juſtice almaiſt hes tynt hir ſicht,
That ſcho cannot hald evinly the balance,

Pl:

Plane Wrang is captain now of ordinance,
The quhilk debarris lawtie and reſſoun,
And ſmall remeid is found for oppin treſſoun.

Into the South, allace! I was neir ſlain,
Ouir all the land I culd find na releif.
Almaiſt betwix the Mers and Lochmabane,
I culd not knaw ane leil man be ane theif.
To ſchaw their reif, thift, murthour and miſcheif,
And vicious warkis, it wald infect the air,
And als langſum to me for till declair.

Into the Hieland I culd find na remeid,
Bot ſuddanlie I was put to exile:
Thay ſweir ſwingeouris they tuke of me na heid,
Nor amangis thame let me remane ane quhile.
Als in the out-yles, and in Argyle,
Unthrift, ſweirneſs, falſet, povertie and ſtrife,
Pat Policie in danger of hir life.

In the Law-land I came to ſeik refuge,
And purpoſit thare to mak my reſidence;
Bot ſingular profit gart me ſone deluge,
And did me greit injuris and offence;
And ſaid to me, Swyth, harlote! hie thee hence,
And in this cuntrie ſee thow tak na curis,
Sa lang as myne authority induris.

And now I may mak na langer debait,
Nor I walt not quhome to I ſuld bemene:
For I have ſoucht throw all the ſpiritual ſtait,
Quhilk tuke na compt for to heir me complene:
Their officiaris thay held me at diſdene,
For Simonie he rewlis up all that rout,
And Covetice that carle gart bar me out.

Pryde hes chaiſt from them Humilitie,
Devotion is fled unto the frieiris;
Senſual pleſour hes baniſchit Chaſtitie:
Lordis of religioun thay go like Seculeiris,

Taking

Taking mair compt in telling their denieris,
Nor thay do of thair Conſtitutioun:
Thus ar thay blindit be ambitioun.

Our gentilmen ar all degenerate:
Liberalitie and lawtie baith ar loſt,
And covetice with lordis laureate;
Knichtly curage turnit in brag and boiſt;
The civil weir miſgydis everie hoiſt:
Thair is nocht ellis, bot ilk man for himſelf,
That garris me ga thus baneiſt like an elf.

Thairfoir adew, I may na langer tary:
Fareweil, quod I, and with ſanct John to borrow.
(But wit ye weill my hart wes wonder ſary,
Quhen Common-weil ſa foppit was in ſorrow.)
Yit efter the nicht cummis the glaid morrow;
Quhairfoir, I pray you, ſchaw me in certane,
Quhen that ye purpois for to cum agane?

That queſtion it ſalbe ſone decydit,
Quod he, thare ſall no Scot have comforting
Of me untill I ſee the countrie gydit
Be wiſdome of ane gude auld prudent king,
Quhilk ſall delite him maiſt above all thing,
To put juſtice to executioun,
And on ſtrang traitouris mak punitioun.

Als yit to thee I ſay ane uther thing.
I ſee richt weill that proverb is full true,
Wo to the realm that hes ouir yong ane king.
With that he turnit his back and ſaid, Adew.
Ouir firth and fell richt faſt fra me he flew:
Quhais departing to me was diſpleſand.
With that Remembrance tuke me be the hand,

And ſone me thocht ſcho brocht me to the roche,
And to the cove quhair I began to ſleip;
With that ane ſchip did ſpedely approche,
Full pleſandly ſailing upon the deip,

And

And ſyne did ſlaik hir ſaillis, and 'gan to creip,
Towart the land, anent quhair that I lay;
Bot wit ye weill, I gat ane fellon fray.

All hir greit cannounis ſcho lat crak at anis,
Doun ſchuke the ſtremaris from the top-caſtell;
Thay ſparit not the poulder nor the ſtanis:
Thay ſchot thair boitis, and doun thair ankeris fell:
Thair marinaris thay did ſa yout and yell;
Than haiſtilie I ſtert out of my Dreme,
Half in ane fray, and ſpedely paſt hame.

And lichtly dynit with liſt and appetite,
Syne efter paſt into ane oritore,
And tuke my pen, and thair began to write
All the viſion that I have ſchawin afoir.
Schir, of my Dreme, as now thow gettis no moir,
Bot I beſeik God for to ſend thee grace,
To reule thy realme in unitie and pace.

The Exhortation to the Kingis Grace.

Schir, ſen that God of his preordinance,
Hes grantit thé to have the governance
Of his pepil, and create thé ane king,
Fail not to prent in thy remembrance,
That he will nocht excus thy ignorance,
Gif thow be rakleſs in thy governing;
Quhairfoir dres thé above all uther thing,
Of his lawis to keep the obſervance.
An if thow ſchaip lang in royaltie to ring,

Thank him that hes commandit dame Nature,
To prent thé of ta pleſand portrature.
Hir giftis may be cleirly on thé knawin:
Till dame Fortoun thow neidis na procurature,
For ſcho hes largelie kythit on thé hir cure;
Hir gratitude ſcho hes unto thé ſchawin:

And

And ſen that thow mon ſcheir as thow hes ſawin,
Have all thy hope in God thy Creatour,
And aſk him grace, that thow may be his awin.
And then conſider thy vocatioun,
That for to have the gubernatioun
Of this kingrik thow art predeſtinate.
Thou may weill wit by trew narratioun,
Quhat ſorrow and quhat tribulatioun
Hes bin in this puir realme infortunate.
Now comfort them that hes bin deſolate,
And of thy pepill have compaſſioun,
Sen thow be God art ſa preordinate.
Tak manly courage, and leif thy inſolence,
And uſe counſal of noble dame Prudence;
Found thé firmely on faith and fortitude;
Draw to the Court juſtice and temperance,
And to the Common-weill have attendance.
And alſo I beſeik thy celſitude,
Hait vicious men, and lufe them that ar gude,
And ilk flatterar thow fleme fra thy preſence,
And fals report out of thy Court exclude.
Do equall juſtice baith to greit and ſmall,
And be exampill to thy pepill all,
Exercing verteous deidis honorabill.
Be not ane wréche for oucht that may befall;
To that unhappy vice an thow be thrall,
To all men thou ſhal be abominabill.
Kingis nor knichtis ar neuer convenabill
To reule the pepill, be they not liberall,
Was neuer yit na wreche to honour abill.
And tak exampil of the wretchit ending,
Quhilk made Mydas of Thrace, the michty king,
That to his goddis maid invocatioun,
Throw gredines, that all ſubſtantiall thing
That euer he tuitchit, ſuld turne but tarying

Int

Into fine gold; he gat his ſupplicatioun:
All that he tuitchit but dilatioun
Turnit in gold, baith meit, drink and cleithing,
And deit for hounger, but recreatioun.

And I beſeik thy Majeſtie ſerene,
From lechery thow keip thy body clene.
Taiſt neuer that intoxicat poyſoun;
From that unhappy ſenſuall ſin abſtene,
Til that thow get ane luſtie pleſand Quene;
Than tak thy pleſour with my beniſſoun;
Tak tent how pridefull Tarquine tint his croun,
For the deforſing of Lucrece the ſchene,
And was deprivit and baneiſt Romes toun.

And in deſpite of his lecherous leving,
The Romainis wald be ſubject to na king,
Mony lang yeir, as ſtoryis dois record;
Till Julius throw verteous governing,
And princely courage 'gan on thame to ring,
And choſin of Romanis Empriour and Lord.
Quhairfoir, my Soverane, into thy mind remord,
That vicious life makis oft an euil ending,
Without it be throw ſpecial grace reſtord.

And gif thow wald thy fame and honor grew,
Uſe counſal of thy prudent Lordis trew;
And ſe thou nocht preſumpteouſly pretend
Thine awin particular weill for til enſew.
Wirk with counſall, ſa ſall thow never rew.
Remember of thy freindis the fatal end,
Quhilkis to gude counſal wald not condiſcend,
Till bitter deith, allace! did thame perſew.
From ſic unhap, I pray God thee defend.

And finallie, remember thow mon die,
And ſuddanly pas of this mortal ſé,
And art not ſicker of thy life twa houris.
Sen thare is nane from that ſentence may flie,

King, quene, nor knicht, of law eſtait nor hie,
Bot all mon thoill of Deith the bitter ſchouris.
Quhare bin thay gane thin Papis and Empriouris?
Bene thay nocht deid? Sa ſall it fare on thee.
Is na remeid, ſtrenth, richis, nor honouris.

And ſa for concluſioun,
Mak your proviſioun,
To get the infuſioun
Of his hie grace,
Quhilk bled with effuſioun,
With ſcorne and deriſioun,
And deit with confuſioun
Confirmand our peace. *Amen.*

P. 140. The picture of *Johne the Commoun-Weill* is here drawn with a maſterly hand, and cannot fail to arreſt the attention of the moſt careleſs obſerver. According to a late hiſtorian of Scotland, Arbuthnot probably caught from it the firſt hint of his celebrated John Bull. It ſhews how deeply Sir DAVID was penetrated with a ſenſe of the deplorable ſtate of the country during the minority of his Royal Maſter; and evidently contains the ſeeds of his dramatic *Moralities*; to the operation of which may chiefly be aſcribed the eſtabliſhment of the Reformation in Scotland.—The characters of Lady *Senſual*, Lady *Chaſtity*, Dame *Humility*, &c. we find mentioned next in the 'Complaint of the Papingo,' (undoubtedly written after the 'Dream;') again in the 'Complaint to the King;' and in various other ſucceeding pieces. In ſhort he conjures them up on all occaſions, when they were likely to ſerve his grand purpoſe of Reformation.

THE E

THE COMPLAINT OF SCHIR DAVID LYNDESAY, OF THE MOUNT, DIRECTIT TO THE KINGIS GRACE.

——— *ſeems evidently to allude to the King's progreſs through the North of Scotland in* 1533; *and to the reſtoration of peace with England in May* 1534, *as recent events. We may therefore ſuppoſe it to have been written either in this latter, or the ſucceeding year.*

JAMES V. *a Prince of an avaritious diſpoſition, could hardly fail to conſider the latter part of this Addreſs as an indecent, or rather a moſt provoking piece of jocularity; and his anſwer, doubtleſs, in the ſame ſatirical ſtyle, we may be almoſt aſſured is what* LINDSAY *in the next ſucceeding poem calls* "The King's Flyting;" *now unfortunately loſt.*

SCHIR, I beſeik thy Excellence,
Heir my Complaint with patience:
My dolent hart dois me conſtraine
Of my infortune to complaine;
Albeit I ſtand in greit doutance,
Quhome I ſall wyte of my miſchance,
Quhidder Saturnus crueltie,
Regnand in my nativitie,
Be bad aſpect quhilk wirkis vengeance,
Or utheris hevinly influence;

Or

Or gif I be predeſtinate,
In Court to be infortunate,
Quhilk hes ſa lang in ſervice bene,
Continuallly with King and Quene,
And enterit to thy Majeſtie,
The day of thy nativitie:
Quhairthrow my freindis bene eſchamit,
And be my fais I am defamit,
Seand that I am nocht regardit,
Nor with my brether of Court rewairdit;
Blamand my ſleuthfull negligence,
That ſeikis nocht ſum recompence.
Quhen divers men dois me demand,
Quhy gettis thow nocht ſum peice of land,
As weill as uther men hes gotten?
Than wis I to be deid and rottin,
With ſic extreme diſcomforting,
That I can mak na anſwering.
I wald ſum wiſe man did me teiche,
Quhidder that I ſeild flatter or ſleiche:
I will nocht flyt—that I conclude,
For crabbing of thy Celſitude:
And to flatter, I am defamit;
Lack I rewaird, than am I ſchamit:
But I hope thow ſall do as weill,
As did the father of fameill,
Of quhome Chriſt makis mentioun,
Quhilk for ane certane penſioun,
Feit men to wirk in his vineyaird:
Bot quha come laſt gat firſt rewaird,
Quhairthrow the firſt men war diſpleiſit,
But he thame prudently appeiſit:
For thouch the laſt men firſt war ſervit,
Yit gat the firſt quhat thay deſervit.
Sa am I ſure thy Majeſtie
Sall anis reward me or I die,

I rub the rouſt off my ingine,
hilk bin for langour like to tyne:
hoch I beir nocht like ane baird,
g ſervice yairnis ay rewaird.
n nocht wyte thine Excellence,
t I ſa lang want recompenſe;
I ſolyſtit like the lave,
rewaird had nocht bin to crave:
now I may weill underſtand,
umb man yit wan never land;
in the Court men gettis na thing
houtin oportune aſking.
ice! my ſleuth and ſchamefulneſs
arrit me fra me all gredineſs;
dy men that are diligent,
t oft obtenis thair intent,
failyeis nocht to conques landis,
namely at yong Prinees handis.
I tuke never no uther cure
pecial, but for thy pleſure:
now I am na mair deſpaird,
I ſall get princely rewaird.
quhilk to me ſall be mair gloir,
thame thow did rewaird befoir.
quhilk dois aſk ocht at ane king,
aſk his Grace ane nobil thing,
is Excellence honourabill,
to the aſker profitabill:
cht I be in my aſking lidder,
y thy Grace for to conſidder,
w hes maid baith lordis and lairdis,
hes gevin mony rich rewairdis
hame quhilk was full far to ſeik,
en I lay nichtlie be thy cheik.
tak the Quenis Grace, thy mother,
lord Chancellar, and mony uther,

Thy

Thy nureis, and thy auld maiſtreſs,
I tak thame all to beir witneſs;
Old Willie Dillie wer he on lyve,
My life full weill he culd diſcryve,
How as ane chapman beiris his pack,
I bure thy Grace upon my back:
And ſum times ſtrydlingis on my nek,
Danſand with mony bend and bek.
The firſt ſyllabis that thow did mute,
Was *Pa Da Lyn* upon the lute.
Than playit I twenty ſpringis perqueir
Quhilk was greit pleſure for to heir.
Fra play thow let me never reſt;
But *Gynkertoun* thow luiſit ay beſt.
And ay quhen thou came from the ſcule,
Then I behuiffit to play the fule:
As I at lenth into my DREME,
My ſindrie ſervice did expreme.
Thoch it bene better, as ſayis the wiſe,
"Hap at the Court nor gude ſervice;"
I wait thow luiffit me better than,
Nor now ſum wife dois hir gude-man;
Than men till uther did record
That Lyndeſay wald be maid ane lord.
Thow hes maid lordis, Schir, by St. Geil,
Of ſum that hes nocht ſervit ſa weill.
To yow, my lordis, that ſtandis by,
I ſall yow ſchaw the cauſis quhy;
Gif ye liſt tary, I ſall tell
How my infortune thus befell.
I prayit daylie on my kné,
My young Maiſter that I micht ſé,
Of eild in his eſtait royall,
Havand power imperiall;
Than traiſtit I without demand,
To be promovit to ſum land;

Bot

ıe aſking I got ouir ſone,
ane clipſe fell in the mone,
ılk all Scotland maid on ſteir,
ł my purpoſe ryn arreir,
ılk war langſum till declair.
myne hart is wounder ſair,
. haye in remembrance,
dan change to my miſchance.
g was not twelf yeiris of age,
ıew rewlaris came in thair rage,
nmoun-weil makand na ćair,
thair profite ſingulair.
ıdently like witleſs fules,
ıke the young prince from the ſculis,
he under obedience,
rnand vertew and ſcience,
ſtiliepat in his hand,
'ernance of all Scotland:
ı wald in ane ſtormie blaſt,
marinaris been all agaſt,
danger of the ſeis rage,
ık ane child of tender age,
never had bin on the ſey,
r his bidding all obey,
him hail the governall,
, marchand, and marinall,
id of rockis, and foir land,
the ruther in his hand:
.t Goddis grace is na refuge,
re be danger ye may judge.
hame to the devil of hell,
firſt deviſit that counſel;
ɔcht ſay that it was treſſoun,
ar ſweir it was na reſſoun.
God lat me neuer ſee ring
ıs realme ſa young ane king.

I may not tarie to decide it,
How than the Court ane quhile was gydit,
By thame that partlie tuke on hand,
To gyde the king and all Scotland:
And als langſum for to declair,
Thair facund flattering wordis fair.
Schir, ſum wald ſay, your Majeſtie
Sal now ga to your libertie;
Ye ſal to na man be coactit,
Nor to the ſcule na mair ſubjectit.
We think thame verray naturall fulis,
That leiris ouer mekil at the ſculis;
Schir, ye mon leir to ryn ane ſpeir,
And gyde yow like ane man of weir:
For we ſall put ſic men about yow,
That all the warld and ma ſall dout yow,
Than to his Grace they put ane gaird,
Quhilk haſtilie gat their rewaird.
Ilk man efter thair qualitie,
Thay did ſoliſt his Majeſtie.
Sum gart him ravell at the rakket,
Sum harlit him to the hurlie-bakket;
And ſum to ſchaw thair courtlie corſis,
Wald ryde to Leith and ryn thair horſis,
And wichtlie wallop ouer the ſandis;
Thay nouther ſpairit ſpurris nor wandis;
Caſtand galmoundis with bendis and beckis;
For wantones ſum brak thair neckis;
Thair was na play bot cartis and dice,
And ay Schir Flatterie bure the price;
Roundand and rowkand ane till ane uther,
Tak thow my part, quod he, my brother,
And mak betwix us ſicker bandis,
Quhen ocht ſall vaik amang our handis,
That ilk man ſtand to help his fallow.
I hald thairto, man, be Alhallow,

Sua

Sua thow fiſche nocht within my boundis.—
That ſall I not, be Goddis woundis,
Quod he, bot erar tak thy part.—
Sa ſall I thine, be Goddis hart;
And gif the theſaurer be our freind,
Than ſall we get baith tak and teind;
Tak he our part, than quha dar wrang us,
Bot we ſall part the pelf amang us.
Bot haiſt us quhile the king is young,
And lat ilk man keip weill his toung,
And in ilk quarter have ane ſpy,
Us till advertiſe haiſtily,
Quhen ony caſualiteis
Sall happen into our countreis.
Lat us mak ſure proviſioun,
Or he cum to diſcretioun.
Na mair he waits than dois ane ſanct.
Quhat thing it bin to have or want:
Sa or he be of perfite age,
We ſall be ſicker of our wage,
And ſyne lat ilk ane carl crave ither.
That mouth ſpeik mair, quod he, my bruther,
For, God nor I rax in ane raip,
Thow micht give counſell to the Paip.
Thus laburit thay within few yeiris,
That thay become fra paiges Peiris:
Swa haſtilie thay maid ane band,
Sum gadderit gold, ſum conquerit land.
Schir, ſum wald ſay, be ſanct Decuis,
Gif me ſum fat beneſyis,
And all the profite ye ſall have;
Gif me the name, tak yow the lave.
Bot be his bullis war weill cum hame,
To mak ſervice he wald think ſchame,
Syne ſlip away withouten moir,
Quhen he had gottin quhat he ſang for.

Methocht it was ane piteous thing,
To ſé that fair yong tender king,
Of quhom thir gallandis ſtude na aw,
To play with him 'Pluck at the craw;'
Thay become rich, I yow aſſure,
Bot ay the Prince remainit pure.
Thair was few of that garriſoun,
That learnit him ane gude leſſoun;
Bot ſum to crak, and ſum to clatter;
Sum maid the fule, and ſum did flatter.
Quod ane, Devil ſtik me with ane knyfe,
Bot, Schir, I knaw ane mayd in Fyfe,
Ane of the luſtieſt wantoun laſſis,
Quhairto, Sir, by Goddis blude ſcho paſſis.
Hald thy toung, brother, quod ane uther,
I knaw ane fairer by fiftene futher;
Schir, quhen ye pleis to Linlithgow pas,
Thair ſall ye ſee ane luſty las.
Now trittill trattill, trow low,
Quod the thrid man, thou dois bot mow,
Quhen his Grace cummis to fair Stirling,
Thair ſall ye ſé ane dayis darling.
Schir, quod the fourt, tak my counſall,
And go all to the hie bordell;
Thair may we loup at libertie,
Withoutten ony gravitie.
Thus everilk man ſaid for himſelf,
And did amang thame part the pelf,
Bot I, allace! or euir I wiſt,
Was trampit doun into the duſt;
With hevy charge withouttin moir,
Bot I wiſt never yit quhairfoir;
And haiſtilie befoir my face,
Ane other ſlippit in my place:
Quhilk full lichtlie gat his rewaird,
And ſtylit was the ancient laird.

That

That time I micht mak na defence,
Bot tuke perforce in patience;
Prayand to ſend them ane miſchance
That had the Court in governance:
The quhilk aganis me did maling,
Contrair the pleſure of the king:
For weill I knew his Graces mind
Was ever to me trew and kind;
And contrair their intentioun,
Gart pay me weill my penſioun;
Thocht I ane quhile wantit preſence,
He leit me have na indigence.
Quhen I durſt nowther peip nor luke,
Yit wald I hide me in ane nuke,
And ſé thoſe uncouth vaniteis,
How thay like onie beſie beis,
Did occupy their goldin houris,
With help of thair new governouris;
Bot my complaint for to compleit,
I gat the ſowr, and thay the ſweit.
And Johne Makrerie, the kingis fule,
Gat doubil garmentis agane yule;
Yit in his maiſt triumphand gloir,
For his rewaird gat the grandgoir;
Now in the Court ſendil he gois,
In dreid men ſtramp upon his tois.
As I that time durſt not be ſene,
In open Court for baith my ene;
Allace! I have not time to tary,
To ſchaw you all the ſerie farie,
How thoſe that had the governance,
Amang themſelfis raiſit variance.
And quha maiſt to my ſkaith conſentit,
Within few yeiris full fair repentit,
Quhen thay culd mak me na remeid;
For thay war harlit out be the heid:

And

And utheris tuke the governing,
Weill wors than thay in al kin thing.
Thay Lordis tuke na mair regaird,
Bot quha micht purches beſt rewaird:
Sum to thair freindis gat benefeis,
And uther ſum gat Biſchopreis:
For every Lord as he thocht beſt,
Brocht in ane bird to fill the neſt,
To be ane watcheman to his marrow,
They gan to draw at the cat barrow.
The proudeſt prelatis of the kirk,
Were fane to hyde them in the mirk.
That time ſa failyeit was thair ſicht,
Senſyn thay may not thoil the licht
Of Chriſtis trew Goſpell to be ſene;
So blindit is thair corporall ene
With warldly luſtis ſenſuall,
Taking in realmis the governall;
Baith gyding Court and Seſſioun,
Contrair to thair profeſſioun;
Quhairof I think thay ſuld have ſchame,
Of ſpirituall preiſtis to tak the name;
For Eſaias into his wark,
Callis thame like doggis that cannot bark,
That callit are preiſtis, and can not preiche,
Nor Chriſtis law to the pepill teiche;
Gif for to preich bin thair profeſſioun,
Quhy ſuld thay mell with Court or Seſſioun,
Except it war in ſpirituall thingis?
Referring unto Lordis and Kingis
Temporal cauſis to be decydit.
Gif thay thair ſpiritual office gydit,
Ilk man micht ſay thay did thair partis.
Bot gif thay can play at the cartis,
And mollit *Moylie* on ane mule,
Thocht thay had never ſene the ſcule,

Yit at this day, as weill as than,
Bene made of ſic ane ſpiritual man.
Princes that ſic prelatis promovis,
Account thairof to give behovis:
Quhilk ſall not pas but puniſchment,
Except thay mend and ſair repent;
And with dew miniſtratioun,
Wirk efter thair vocatioun.
I wis that thing quhilk will not be,
The perverſt prelatis ar ſa hie,
From time that thay bene callit Lordis,
Thay are occaſion of diſcordis:
And largelie will propynis hecht,
To gar ilk Lord with uther fecht,
Gif for thair part it may availl:
Swa to the purpois of my taill,
That time in Court rais greit debait,
And everilk Lord did ſtrive for ſtait,
That all the realme micht mak na redding,
Quhill on ilk ſide there was blude ſchedding,
And feildit uther in land or burgh,
At Lithgow, Melros, and Edinburgh.
But to deploir I think greit pane,
Of nobilmen that thair was ſlane:
And als langſum to be reportit,
Of thame quhilk to the Court reſortit,
Of tyrannis, traitouris, and tranſgreſſouris,
And common publict plane oppreſſouris;
Men murdreiſſaris, and commoun theifis,
Into that Court gat thair releifis.
There was few Lordis in all thir landis,
Bot till new Regentis made thair bandis:
Than rais ane reik or euer I wiſt,
The quhilk gart all their bandis briſt.
Than thay alane quhilk had the gyding,
Thay cauld not keip thair feit ſra ſlyding:

Bot

Bot of thair lyfis thay had ſic dreid,
That thay war fane to trot ouer Tweid.
Now, potent Prince, I ſay to thee,
I thank the halie Trinitie,
That I have levit to ſe this day,
That all the warld is went away,
And thow to na man is ſubjectit,
Nor to ſic counſallouris coactit.
The four greit verteous cardinalis,
I ſé thame with the principallis:
For Juſtice haldis hir ſword on hie,
With her baliance of equitie,
And in this realme hes maid ſic ordour,
Baith throw the Hieland and the Bordour,
That Oppreſſioun and all his fallowis,
Are hangit heich upon the gallowis.
Dame Prudence hes thee be the heid,
And Temperance dois thy brydill leid.
I ſee dame Force mak aſſiſtance,
Beirand the targe of aſſurance,
And luſty lady Chaſtitie,
Hath baniſchit Senſualitie.
Dame Richés takis on thee ſic cure,
I pray God that ſcho lang indure,
That Poverty dar nocht be ſene,
Into thy hous for baith her ene,
Bot fra thy Grace fled mony mylis,
Amangis the huntaris in the ylis.
Diſſimulance dar nocht ſchaw hir face,
Quhilk wount was to begyle thy Grace.
Follie is fled out of the toun,
Quhilk ay was contrair to reſſoun:
Policie and Peice beginnis to plant,
That verteous men can na thing want;
And all ſleuthfull idill lownis,
Sall fetterit be in the gailyeownis.

John Upon-Land bene blyth, I trow,
Becauſe the raſh buſch keipis his kow:
Swa is there nocht I underſtand,
Without gude order in this land,
Except the Spiritualitie,
Prayand thy Grace thairto have eie:
Caus thame mak miniſtratioun,
Conforme to thair vocatioun:
To preich with unfenyeit intentis,
And trewlie uſe the ſacramentis,
After Chriſtis inſtitutiounis,
Leving their vane traditiounis,
Quhilk dois the fillie ſcheip illude.
Quhom for Chriſt Jeſus ſched his blude:
And ſuperſtitious pilgramages,
Prayand to gravin images,
Expres aganis the Lordis command:
I do thy Grace till underſtand,
Gif thow to mennis lawis aſſent,
Aganis the Lordis commandement,
As Jeroboam and mony mo,
Princes of Iſrael alſo,
Aſſentaris to Idolatrie,
Quhilk puneiſt war richt piteouſlie,
And ſa from thair realmes war rutit out,
Sa ſall thow be withoutin dout,
Baith here and hyne withoutin moir,
And lack the everlaſting gloir.
And gif thow wil thine hart incline,
And keip his bliſſit law divine,
As did the faithful patriarkis,
Baith in thair wordis, and in thair warkis:
And did mony faithfull Kingis
Of Iſraell during thair ringis;
As king David and Salomone,
Quha imagis wald ſuffer none,

In

In thair riche tempellis for to ſtand,
Becaus it was nocht Goddis command;
Bot deſtroyit all idolatrie,
As in the Scripture thow may ſé,
Quhais riche rewaird was heverly blis,
Quhilk ſall be thine, thow doand this.
Sen thow hes choſin ſic ane gaird,
Now am I ſure to get rewaird:
And ſen thow art the richeſt king,
That ever in this realme did ring;
Of gold and ſtonis precious,
Maiſt prudent and ingenious;
And hes thine honour done avance,
In Scotland, Ingland, and in France,
Be martial deidis honorabill,
And art to everie vertew abill,
I wait thy Grace will nocht miſken me,
Bot thow will outher give or len me.
Wald thy Grace len to me ane day,
Of gold ane thouſand pound or tway,
And I ſall fix with gude intent,
Thy Grace ane day of payment,
With ſeilit obligatioun,
Under this proteſtatioun:
Quhen the Baſs and the yle of May,
Beis ſet upon the mont Sinay;
Quhen the Lowmound beſide Falkland,
Beis liftit to Northumberland:
Quhen kirkmen yarnis na dignitie,
Nor wyfis na ſoveranitie;
Winter but froiſt, ſnaw, wind or rane,
Than ſall I give thy gold agane.
Or I ſall mak to thee payment,
After the day of Judgement,
Within ane moneth at the leiſt,
Quhen St Peter ſall mak ane feiſt

To all the fiſcharis of Abirlady
Sua thow have mine acquittance redy;
Failyeand thairof, be Sanct Phillane,
Thy Grace gettis never ane groat agane.
Gif thow be nocht content of this,
I mon requeiſt the King of blis,
That he to me have ſum regaird,
And caus thy Grace me to rewaird:
For David king of Iſraell,
Quhilk was the greit propheit royal,
Sayis, God has haill at his command,
The hartis of princes in his hand;
Even as he liſt thame for to turne,
That mon thay do without ſudgeorne;
Sum till exalt to dignitie,
And ſum to deprive in povertie;
Sum time of layit men to mak Lordis,
And ſum time Lordis to bind in cordis;
Or thame all utterlie deſtroy,
As pleiſis God that royall Roy:
For thow art bot ane inſtrument,
Of that greit King Omnipotent.
Sa quhen it pleiſis his Excellence,
Thy Grace ſall mak me recompence;
Or he ſall caus me ſtand content,
Of quiet life, and ſober rent;
And tak me in my letter age,
Unto my ſempill hermitage;
To ſpend that my eldaris wun,
As auld Diogenes in his tun.
Of this Complaint, with mind full meik,
Thy Grace's anſweir I beſeik.

THE ANSWER QUHILK SIR DAVID LYNDESAY MAID TO THE KINGIS FLYTING;

—— *probably in the year* 1535; *from the circumſtance mentioned in the laſt ſtanza, relative to a marriage which was then expected to take place between* JAMES V. *and a Princeſs of France.* The King's Flyting, *we may conjecture to have been ſome ludicrous invective returned in anſwer to the latter part of* SIR DAVID'S COMPLAINT; *where he petitions his Majeſty for the loan of a thouſand pounds, to be paid one month after the Reſurrection: But that it touched alſo in a familiar ſtile upon certain affairs of gallantry, is manifeſt from the meretricious aſpect of* SIR DAVID'S *reply, drawn from him by command of the King.*

REDOUTIT Roy! your ragment I haif red,
Quhilk dois perturb my dull intendement.
From your Flyting, wald God that I war fred,
Or ellis ſum tygeris toung wer to me lent.
Sir, pardon me thocht I be impacient,
Quhilk bene ſa with your prunyeand pen detractit,
And rude report from Venus Court dejectit.

Luſtie Ladyis that your libell on lukis,
My companie dois hald habominabill;
Commandand me, Beir cumpanie to the cukis.
Maiſt lyk ane Devill thay hald me deteſtabill;

Thy

Thay baneis me, fayand, I am not abill
Them to compleis, or preis to thair prefence.
Upon your pen I cry ane lowd vengence.

War I ane poeit, I fuld preis with my pen
To wrek me on your vennemous wryting.
Bot I mon do as dog dois in his den,
Fald baith my feit, or flé far from your flyting.
The mekil Devil may not indure your dyting;
Quhairfoir, *Cor mundum crea in me* I cry,
Proclamand yow the prince of poetry.

Sir, with my Prince pertenis me not to pley;
Bot ſen your Grace hes gevin me ſic command
To mak anſwer, it muſt neides me obey.
Thocht ye be ſtrang now like ane Elephand,
And into Venus warkis maiſt vailyeand,
The day will cum, and that within few yeiris,
That ye will draw at laſer with your feiris.

Quhat can ye ſay farther, bot I am failyeit
In Venus warkis? I grant, Sir, that is trew;
The time hes bin, I was better artailyeit
Nor I am now; bot yit full fair I rew
That euer I did Mouth-thankles ſa perſew.
Quhairfoir tak tent on your fine powder mair,
And waiſt it not, bot gif ye wit weil quhair.

Thoch ye rin rudely like ane reſtles ram,
Schuttand your bolt at monie ſindrie ſchellis,
Beleif richt weil, it is ane byding gam.
Quhairfoir, bewar with doubling of the bellis,
For mony ane dois haiſt thair awin ſaul knellis;
And ſpecially quhen that the woll gais dry,
Syne cannot get agane ſic ſtuff to by.

I give your Counſaill to the feind of Hell,
That wald not of ane Princeſs yow provide,
Thoiland yow rin ſchuttand from ſchel to ſchel,
Waiſtand your corps, lettand the tyme ouir-ſlyde;

For,

For, lyke ane buſteous bull ye rin and ride
Royatoune like ane rude Rubeatour,
Ay lukkand like ane furious fornicatour,
On ladrounis for to lowp ye will not lat,
Howbeit the caribaldis crie the corinoch;
Remember how beſyde the maſking fat
Ye caiſt ane quene ouirthort a ſtinking troch,
That fiend with fuffilling of her roiſtit hoch,
Caiſt doun the fat, quhairthrow drink, draf and jugs
Cum rudelie rinnand doun about your luggis.
Wald God the Lady that luffit yow beſt
Had ſene yow thair ly ſwatterand like twa ſwine;
Bot to indyte how that duddroun was dreſt,
Drowpit with dreggis, quhinperand with mony quhrine
That proces to report, it war ane pyne.
On your behalf I thank God times ten ſcoir,
That yow preſervit fra Gut, and fra Grandgoir.
Now, Schir, fairweil! becaus I cannot flyte;
And thocht I culd, I war not till avance
Aganis your ornate meter to indyte:
Bot yit be war with labouring of your lance;
Sum ſayis, thair cummis ane buckler out of France
Quhilk will indure your dintis, thoch thay be dure.
Fairweil! of flowand Rethorik the flour.

ANE SUPPLICATIOUN DIRECTIT FROM SCHIR DAVID LINDESAY TO THE KINGIS GRACE, IN CONTEMPTIOUN OF SYDE TAILLIS AND MUSSALIT FACES.

[*This ſeems to be a continuation of the ſame familiar unpoliſhed correſpondence; the reader is therefore cautioned to recollect what ſort of entertainment is to be expected from the nature of the ſubject, and the delicacy of the correſpondents. Thoſe, however, who ſearch for faithful and lively repreſentations of former times muſt here, as in the pictures of Oſtade and Teniers, overlook what they cannot approve, and accept of the homely apology offered by* Sir DAVID *himſelf:*

" Of ſtinkand weidis maculate
" Na man may weive ane rois chaplate."]

SCHIR! Thocht your Grace hes put greit ordour
Baith in the Hie-land and the Bordour,
Yit mak I ſupplicatioun
To have ſum reformatioun
Of ane ſmall fault quhilk is not treſſoun,
Thocht it be contrarie to reſſoun.
Becaus the mater bin ſa vyle,
It may not have an ornate ſtyle:
Quhairfoir I pray your Excellence,
To heir me with greit pacience.
Of ſtinkand weidis maculate,
Na man may weive ane rois chaplate.
Soverane, I mene of thir ſyde taillis,
Quhilk throw the duſt and dubbis traillis,

Three

Three quarteris lang behind thair heillis,
Expreſs agane all Common-weillis:
Thocht Biſchoppis in thair pontificallis,
Have men for to beir up thair taillis,
For dignity of thair office;
Richt ſa ane Quene, or ane Emprice,
(Howbeit thay uſe ſic gravitie,)
Conformand to thair majeſtie.
Thocht thair rob royallis be upborn,
I think it but ane verray ſcorn,
That every lady of the land,
Suld have hir tail ſa ſyde traillland;
Albeit thay bin of hie eſtait,
The Quene thay ſuld not counterfait.
Quhairener thay go it may be ſene,
How kirk and calſay thay ſoup clene.
The images into the Kirk,
May think of thair ſyde taillis great irk;
For quhen the wedder bin maiſt fair,
The duſt fleis hieeſt in the air,
And all thair facis dois begarie;
Gif thay culd ſpeik, thay wald them warie,
To ſee I think ane pleſand ſicht,
Of Italie the ladyis bricht,
In thair cleithing maiſt triumphand,
Abuve all uther Chriſtin land.
Yit quhen thay travel throw the townis,
Men ſeis thair feit beneth thair gownis,
Four inche above thair proper heillis,
Circulat about as round as quheillis;
Quhairthrow thair dois na powder ryis,
Thair fair quhite limmis to ſurpryis.
Bot I think maiſt abuſioun,
To ſee men of religioun,
To beir thair taillis throw the ſtreit,
That folkis may behald thair feit:

I trow ſanct Bernard, nor ſanct Blais,
Gart never man beir up thair clais,
Peter nor Paul, nor ſanct Androw,
Gart neuer beir up thair taillis I trow.
But I lauch beſt to ſee ane Nun,
Gar beir hir taill abuve hir bun,
For nathing ellis, as I ſuppois,
But for to ſchaw hir lillie quhite hois:
In all thair reulis thay will not find
Quha ſuld beir up thair taillis behind.
But I have maiſt into diſpite,
Puir claggokis cled in roiploch quhite,
Quhilk hes ſcant twa merkes for thair feis,
Will have twa ellis beneth thair kneis:
Kittok that clekkit was yiſtrene
The morn will counterfait the Quene.
Ane mureland Meg that milkit the yowis,
Claggit with clay above the howis:
In barne or byre ſcho will nocht byde,
Without hir kirtill tail be ſyde.
In borrowis wanton burgeſſis wyffis,
Quha may have ſydeſt taillis ſtryffis,
Weill bordourit with velvoit fine:
Bot followand them it is ane pine,
In Simmer quhen the ſtreitis dryis,
Thay rais the duſt abuve the ſkyis;
Nane may go neir thame at thair eis,
Without thay cover mouth and neis,
From the powder to keip thair ene:
Conſider gif thair cloffis bin clene.
Betwix thair cleving and thair kneis,
Quha micht behald thair ſwety theis,
Begairit all with dirt and duſt,
It war aneuch to ſtanche the luſt
Of ony man that ſaw them naikit:
I think ſic giglottis are hot glaikit,

Without

Without profit to have ſic pride,
Harland thair claggit taillis ſa ſide,
I wald thai burrowſtownis bairnis had breikis,
To keip ſic miſt from malkinnis cheikis;
I dreid that malkin die for drouth,
Quhen ſic dry duſt blawis in hir mouth.
I think maiſt pane after ane rane,
To ſee them toukit up agane;
Than quhen thay ſtep furth throw the ſtreit,
Thair faldingis flappis about thair feit:
Thair laithly lyning furthward flypit,
That hes the muck and midding wypit:
Thay waiſt mair claith within few yeiris,
Nor wald claith fifty ſcore of freiris.
Quhen Marioun from the midding gois,
Fra hir morn-darg ſcho ſtrypis the nois,
And all the day quhaireuer ſcho go,
Sic liquour ſcho likkis up alſo,
The turcumis of hir taill I trow
Micht be ane ſupper till ane ſow.
I ken ane man quhilk ſwoir greit aithis,
How he did lift ane Kittokis claithis,
And wald have done, I wait not quhat,
But ſone remeid of luve he gat:
He thoucht na ſchame to mak it wittin,
How hir ſyde tail was all beſkittin.
Of filth ſic flewer ſtraik to his hart,
That he behovit for till depart.
Quod ſcho, Gude Sir, methink ye rew.
Quod he, Your taill makis ſic ane ſtew,
That be Sanct Bryde I may nocht byde it;
Ye war not wiſe that wald not hide it.
Of taillis I will na mair indite,
For dreid ſum Duddroun me deſpite:
Notwithſtanding I will conclude,
That of ſide tails can cum na gude,

Syder

Syder nor may thair hanclethis hide,
The remanent proceidis of pride,
And pride proceidis of the Devill:
Thus alway thay proceid of evill.
Ane uther fault, Sir, may be ſene,
Thay hyde thair face all bot thair ene.
Quhen gentil men biddis them gude-day,
Without reverence thay ſlide away,
That nane may knaw, I yow aſſure,
Ane honeſt woman be ane hure.
Without thair nakit face I ſee,
Thay get na ma gude dayis of me.
Hails ane Frenche lady quhen ye pleis,
Scho will diſcover mouth and neis,
And with ane humbill countenance,
With viſage bair mak reverence.
Quhen our ladyis dois ride in rane,
Suld na man have them at diſdaine,
Thoch thay be coverit mouth and neis,
In that caſe thay will nane diſpleis;
Or quhen thay go to quyet places,
I thame excuſe to hide thair faces,
Quhen thay wald mak collatioun
With ony luſtie companyeoun,
Thocht thay be hid than to the ene:
Ye may conſider quhat I mene.
But in the kirk and market places,
I think thay ſuld not hide thair faces.
Without thir faultis be ſone amendit,
My flyting, Sir, ſall neuer be endit.
Bot wald your Grace my counſail tak,
Ane proclamatioun ye ſuld mak,
Baith throw the land and borrowſtownis,
To ſhaw thair face, and cut thair gownis.
Nane ſuld fra theſe exemptit be,
Except the Quenis majeſtie.

Becaus this mater is not fair,
Of rethorik it mon be bair.
Wemen will ſay, this is na bourdis,
To wryte ſic vile and filthie wordis:
But wald thay clenge thair filthie taillis,
Quhilk ouir the myris and middingis traillis,
Than ſuld my wryting clengit be,
Na uther mendis thay get of me.
The ſuith ſuld not be haldin clos,
Veritas non quærit angulos.
I wait gude wemen that bene wiſe,
This rurall rhime will nocht diſpryſe;
Nane will me blame, I yow aſſure,
Except ane wantoun glorious hure;
Quhais flyting I feir not ane flie.
Fareweill! ye get na mair of me.
Quod David Lyndeſay
In contempt of ſyde taillis,
That duddrounis and dountibouris
Throw the dubbis traillis.

See page 29; and of Volume I. page 382. Cambden rep
Queen Anne, wife to King Richard II. firſt brought into faſh
head-dreſſes and long trained gowns. Alas! (ſays the good F
Chaucer) may not a man ſee in our days (1360) the ſinful co
of cloathing; not only the coſt of enbrouding, the diſguſing, e
or barring, ounding, paling, winding, or bending; but ther i
coſtlewe furring in hir gounes, ſo much pounſoning of cheſel
holes, with the ſuperfluitee in lenth of the foreſaide gounes, t
the dong and in the myre, as well of man as of woman that
trailing is verily conſumed and rotten, rather than it is yev
poure to kepe hem fro the diſtemperance of the firmament.

THE COMPLAINT AND PUBLICT CONFESSIOUN OF THE KINGIS AULD HOUND, CALLIT BASCHE; DIRECT TO BAWTIE, THE KINGIS BEST BELOVIT DOG, AND HIS COMPANYEOUNIS: MAID AT COMMAND OF KING JAMES THE FYFT, BY SIR DAVID LYNDESAY OF THE MOUNT, KNICHT, ALIAS LYOUN KING OF ARMES.

Whether our Author, under the names of Bawtie, Lufra, &c. means to point out any ſet of new favourites at Court cannot now be affirmed with certainty. BALLENDEN, *Archdean of Moray, in his Prologue to Boyce's Hiſtory of Scotland, deſcribes himſelf as ſerving the King, with heart and hand, in the ſituation of Clerk of his Accounts, and in*

. . . . . everie uther thing
That micht him pleis in onie maner beſt.

This ſeems to bear a reſemblance to the office held and deſcribed by LINDSAY, *probably his predeceſſour, who mentions* BALLENDEN *(in 1530) as having lately ſtarted up with a proſpect of attaining to high "authority" in the Court. His father was Director of Chancery in 1538, and Juſtice Clerk in 1540. He himſelf filled the ſame offices in 1544 and 1547; and probably they were not the firſt which he held in the Law department. Againſt this meaſure of inveſting clergymen with judicial power in civil matters,* LINDSAY *ſharply inveighs in his "* COMPLAINT;" *and ſome alluſions of a ſimilar nature are to be found in this Complaint of Baſche, (i. e. himſelf,) moſt of them addreſſed particularly to Bawtie:*

"Thairfoir, Bawtie! luke beſt about," &c.

And again,

"Gude Brother Bawtie! Hald thee even," &c.

The reader is left to judge whether any thing can be inferred

inferred from this; or from the ſimilarity of na
It is offered merely as a conjecture.

ALLACE! to quhome ſuld I complaine,
In my extreme neceſſitie?
Or quhome to ſuld I mak my maine?
In Court na dog will do for me.
Beſekand ſum for charitie,
To beir my ſupplicatioun,
To Scudlar, Luffra, and Bawtie,
Now or the King pas of the toun.
I have followit the Court ſa lang,
Quhill in gude faith, I may na mair:
The countrie knawis I may not gang,
I am ſa cruikit, auld and ſair,
That I wait not quhair to repair:
For quhen I had authoritie,
I thocht me ſa familiar,
I never dred neceſſitie.
I rew the day that Geordie Steill,
Brocht Bawtie to the Kingis preſence;
I pray God lat him neuer do weill,
Sen ſyne I gat na audience;
For Bawtie now gettis ſic credence,
That he lyis on the Kingis nicht-gown,
Quhair I perforce for my offence,
Mon in the clois ly like ane lown.
For I have bene ay to this hour,
Ane wyrriar of lamb and hog,
A tyrane and ane tulyeour,
A murdreſſar of mony dog.
Fyve foullis I chaiſt out throw ane ſcrog,
Quhairfoir thair motheris did me warie,
For thay war all drownit in ane bog,
Speir at John Gordoun of Pitcarrie;

Quhilk

Quhilk in his hous did bring me up,
And uſit me to ſlay the deir:
Sweit milk and meal he gart me ſup,
That craft I leirit ſone perqueir.
All uther vertew ran areir,
Quhen I began to bark and flyte:
For thare was nouther monk nor freir,
Nor wyfe, nor barne, bot I wald byte.
Quhen to the King the cais was knawin,
Of my unhappy hardines,
And all the ſuith unto him ſchawin,
How everilk dog I did oppres,
Than gave his Grace command expres,
I ſuld be brocht to his preſence:
Notwithſtanding my wickitnes,
In Court I gat greit audience.
I ſchew my greit ingratitude
To the capitane of Badyeno,
Quhilk in his hous did find me ſude,
Twa yeir with uther houndis mo:
Bot quhen I ſaw that it was ſo
That I grew heich into the Court,
For his rewaird I wrocht him wo,
And cruelly I did him hurt.
Sa thay that gave me to the King,
I was thair mortal ennemie,
I tuke cure of na kind of thing,
But pleis the Kingis Majeſty;
Bot quhen he knew my crueltie,
My falſeit, and plane oppreſſioun,
He gave command that I ſuld be
Hangit without confeſſioun.
And yit becaus that I was auld,
His Grace thocht pitie for to hang me,
Bot leit me wander quhair I wald,
Then ſet my fais for to fang me,

And

And every boucheour dog doun dang me.
Quhen I trowit beſt to be ane laird,
Than in the Court ilk wicht did wrang me;
And this I gat for my rewaird.
I had wirreit black Mackeſoun,
War nocht the rebaldis cam and red:
Bot he was flemit of the toun.
From time the King ſaw how I bled,
He gart lay me upon ane bed,
For with ane knyfe I was miſchevit;
This Mackeſoun, for feir he fled,
Ane lang time or he was relevit.
And Patrick Striviling in Argyle,
I bure him backwart to the ground,
And had him ſlane within ane quhyle,
War not the helping of ane hound:
Yit gat he mony bludie wound,
As yit his ſkin will ſchaw the markis,
Find me ane dog quhaireuer ye found,
Hes maid ſa mony bludie farkis.
Gude-brother Lanceman! Lyndſayis dog,
Quhilk ay hes keipit thy lawtie,
And never wirryit lamb nor hog,
Pray Luffra, Scudlar and Bawtie,
Of me, Bagſche, to have pitie,
And provide me ane portioun
In Dumfermeling, quhair I may drie
Penance for mine extortioun.
Get be thair ſoliſtatioun,
Ane letter from the Kingis Grace,
That I may have collatioun,
With fyre and candell in the place.
But I will leif ſchort time, allace!
Lack I gude freſch fleſch for my gammis:
Betwix As-Wedneſday and Pace,
I mon have leif to wyrrie lambs.

Bawtie

tie ! conſider weill this bill,
eid this cedul that I ſend yow,
verilk point thairof fulfill,
ow in time of mis amend yow.
yow that yow not pretend yow
m ouir hie, nor do na wrang :
om your fais with richt defend yow,
ık exampill how I gang.
ıs that na man durſt cum neir me,
ut me furth of my ludging ;
g durſt from my denner ſker me,
ı I was tender with the King.
verilk tyke dois me doun thring,
uhilk before by me wer wrangit ;
weiris I ſerve na uther thing,
ı ane helter to be hangit.
ɔch ye be hamely with the King,
ıfra, Scudlar, and Bawtie !
r that ye do not down thring
nichtbouris throw authoritie :
your exampil mak be me ;
beleve weill ye ar bot doggis ;
h ye ſtand in the hieſt gree,
: bite nouther lambs nor hoggis.
ocht ye have now greit audience,
at by you nane be oppreſt ;
ill be puniſchit for your offence,
time the King be weill confeſt :
r is na dog that hes tranſgreſt
w crueltie, if he may fang him,
najeſty wald tak na reſt,
ɔn ane gallows he gar hang him.
was als far ben as ye are,
had in Court as greit credence,
ay pretendit to be hiear ;
quhen the Kingis Excellence

Did

Did knaw my falſet and offence,
And my pridefull preſumptioun,
I gat na uther recompence,
But hoyit and houndit of the town,
Was never ſa unkind ane corſe,
As quhen I had authoritie:
Of my freindis I tuke na force,
The quhilk befoir had done for me.
This proverb is of veritie,
Quhilk I hard red intill ane letter,
Hieſt in Court, nixt the widdie,
Without he gyde him all the better,
I tuke na mair count of ane lord,
Nor I did of ane kitcheng knaif;
Thoch everie day I maid diſcord,
I was ſet up abuve the laif;
The gentil hound was to me ſlaif;
And with the Kingis awin fingeris fed,
The filly ratches wald I raif,
Thus for my ill deidis was I dred.
Thairfoir, Bawtie! luke beſt about,
Quhen thow art hieeſt with the King;
For than thow ſtandis in greiteſt dout,
Be thow not gude in governing.
Put na puir tyke fra his ſteiding,
Nor yet na filly ratches raif,
He fittis above that ſeis all thing,
And of ane knicht can mak ane knaif.
Quhen I cam ſtepand ben the flure,
All ratches greit rowme to me red;
I of na creature tuke cure,
Bot lay upon the Kingis bed;
With claith of gold thoch it wer ſpred;
For feir ilk freik wald ſtand on far;
Be everilk dog I was ſa dred,
Thay trimblit quhen thay hard me nar.

Gud

Gude brother, Bawtie, beir thé evin;
Thocht with thy Prince thow bè potent,
It cryis ané vengence from the hevin,
For to oppres the innocent:
In welth be than maiſt diligent,
And do na wrang to dog nor bitche,
As I have, quhilk I now repent.
Na meſſane raif to mak thé rich.
Nor for augmenting of thy boundis,
Aſk na rewaird, Sir, at the King,
Quhilk may do hurt to uther houndis;
Expres aganis Goddis bidding.
Chais na puir tyke fra his midding,
Throw caſt of Court, nor Kingis requeiſt:
And of thyſelf preſume nathing,
Without thow ar ane brutall beiſt.
Traiſt weill thair is na oppreſſour,
Nor boucheour dog, drawer of blude,
Ane tyrane, nor ane tranſgreſſour,
That ſall now of the King get gude;
Fra time furth that his Celſitude,
Dois cleirly knaw the veritie,
Bot he is ſlemit, for to conclude,
Or hangit heich upon ane tré.
Thoch ye be cuplit all togidder,
With ſilk and ſoulis of ſilver fyne.
Ane dog may cum out of Balquhidder,
And gar you leid ane lawer tryne:
Than ſall your pleſure turn in pyne,
Quhen ane ſtrange hunter blawis his horn,
And all your credence gar you tyne,
Than ſall your labour be forlorn.
I ſay na mair, gude freindis, adew!
In dreid we never meit agane:
That euer I kend the Court, I rew,
Was never wicht ſa will of wane.

Let na dog now ſerve our Soverane,
Without he be of gude conditioun:
Be he pervers, I tell you plane,
He hes neid of ane gude remiſſioun.
That I am on this way miſchevit,
The Earl of Huntlie I may warie.
He weind weill I had bene relievit,
Quhen to the Court he gart me carie:
Wald God I war now in Pitcarie,
Becaus I have bene ſa ill deidy:
Adew, I dar na langer tarie,
I dreid I waif intil ane widdie.

P. 172. *Geordie Steill*, is called by KNOX, "the King's gritteſt flatterar, and gritteſt enemie to God, (*that is, to the Reformation*) that was in his Court. He droppit of his hors, and died without word on that ſame day that in oppin audience of monie, the ſaid George had refuſed his portioun of Chriſtis Kingdome, gif the prayeris of the Virgin Mary ſould nocht prevail to bring him thairto.——Mony of the Kingis minions were penſioners to Preiſtis; among quhom OLIPHER SINCLARE, yit remaining enemie to God was the principall."

BELLENDEN was the nephew of OLIVER SINCLAIR, the King's favourite General, and through his influence, or that of *Geordie Steill*, may have been firſt introduced to Court, and placed in the very ſituation which had been held by SIR DAVID LINDSAY. There in a ſhort time, he "greatly augmentit his boundis," as here expreſſed by our Poet, adding to the eſtate of Auchinoul, the barony of Broughton, with the ſuperiority of the Canongate and North Leith, having therein about two thouſand vaſſals. This change of fortune might contribute not a little to invigorate the efforts of SIR DAVID in the work of Reformation.

Remiſſioun, occurring repeatedly in this poem, ſignifies the King's pardon, or rather abſolution, which in Scotland before the year 1540, was in general very eaſily obtained for all crimes ſhort of wilfull murther or treaſon; ſuch as theft, robbery, mutilation, ſlaughter, raviſhing of women, burning houſes, or ſtack-yards, &c. even without ſatisfaction to the parties injured. This, however, in 1593 was made an indiſpenſible requiſite.

THE

THE DEPLORATIOUN OF THE DEITH OF QUENE MAGDALENE.

JAMES V. *was married at Paris to* MAGDALENE, *eldeſt daughter of* FRANCIS I. *King of France, on the 1ſt of January* 1537. "*When the Queen came in Scottiſh ground, (on the 26th of May, ſays* PITSCOTTIE,) *ſhe bowed and inclined herſelf to the earth; and taking the muilds thereof, kiſſed them; ſyne thanked* GOD *that he had brought her ſafely throw the ſea with her huſband; and ſyne paſſed to the Abbay of Halie-rude-houſe to the King's Palace, there to remane till her triumph of Entreſs was made. But the public joy was ſoon altered, and merrineſs was changed to ſadneſs and mourning; for the Queen departed this life that ſame day fourty dayes that ſhe landed, being the 5th of July; quhairthrow all the play that ſuld have bein made was turnit into ſoul maſſes and dirigies, and thair yeid ſic mourning through the countrie, and Lamentatioun, that it was greit petie for to ſee*".

O CRUELL Deith! to greit is thy puiſſance
Devourar of all eirthlie leving thingis;
Adam! we may yow wyte of this miſchance.
In thy default this cruell tyrane ringis,
And ſpairis nouther Empriour nor Kingis;
And now, allace! hes reft furth of this land,
The flour of France, and comfort of Scotland.

Father

Father Adam, allace! that thow abuſit
Thy frie will, being obedient.
Thow cheiſit deith, and laſting lyfe refuſit:
Thy ſucceſſioun, allace! that may repent
That thow hes maid mankind ſa impotent,
That it may mak to Deith na reſiſtance;
Exempill is our Quene, the flour of France.

O dreidfull dragoun, with thy dulefull dart,
Quhilk did not ſpair of Feminine the flour,
Bot cruellie did peirs her throw the hart,
And wald not give her reſpite for ane hour,
To remane with her Prince and paramour,
That ſcho at laſer micht have tane licence:
Scotland on thé may cry ane lowd vengence.

Thow leit Mathuſalem leif nyne hundreth yeir,
Thré ſcoir and nyne: bot in thy furious rage
Thow did devoir this young Princeſs, but peir,
Or ſcho was compleit ſevintene yeir of age.
Gredie gormand! Quhy did thow not aſſwage
Thy furious rage contrair that luſtie Quene,
Till we ſum frute had of hir body ſene.

O dame Nature! thow did na diligence
Contrair this theif, quha all the warld confoundis.
Had thow with naturall targes maid defence,
That brybour had not cummin within hir boundis.
Scho had bin ſavit from ſic mortall ſtoundis
This monie ane yeir: bot quhair was thy diſcretioun,
That leit her pas til we had ſene ſucceſſioun.

O Venus, with thy blind ſone Cupido!
Fy on you baith, that maid na reſiſtance:
Into your Court ye never had ſic two,
Sa leil luiffaris without diſſimulance,
As JAMES THE FYFT, and MAGDALENE of France.
Diſcending baith of blude emperiall,
To quhom in love I find na peregall.

For

For as Leander ſwame out throw the ſlude
To his fair Hero monie nichtis,
Sa did this Prince throw bullering ſtremis,
With Erlis, Baronis, Squyeris, and with knichtis wud,
Contrair Neptune, Eole, and thair michtis,
And left this realme in greit deſperance
To ſeik his lufe, the firſt dochter of France.

And ſcho like prudent Quene Penelopé,
Full conſtantly wald change him for na uther;
And for his pleſour left hir awin cuntrie,
Without regard to father or to mother,
Taking na cure of ſiſter nor of brother;
But ſchortly tuke hir leave, and left them all,
For lufe of him to quhome luif maid hir thrall.

O dame Fortune! quhair was thy greit comfort
To hir to quhome thow was ſa favourabill?
Thy ſliding giftis maid hir na ſupport.
Hir hie image, nor riches intellabill,
I ſie thy puiſſance bin but variabill,
Quhen hir Father, the maiſt hie Chriſtian King,
Til his deir child micht mak na ſupporting.

The potent Prince, hir luſtie lufe and knicht,
With his maiſt hardie Nobillis of Scotland,
Contrair that bailfull brybour had na micht.
Thoch all the men had bin at his command,
Of France, Flanders, Italie, and Ingland,
With fiftie thouſand million of trefour,
Micht not prolong that Ladyis life ane hour.

O Paris! of all citeis principall,
Quha did reſſaif our Prince with laud and glory,
Solempnitlie throw arkis triumphall,
Quhilk day bin digne to put in memory;
For, as Pompey efter his victory
Was into Rome reſſavit with greit joy,
Sa thow reſſavit our richt redoutit Roy.

Bot,

Bot, at his mariage, maid upon the morne,
Sic ſolace, and ſolempnizatioun,
Was never ſene afoir ſen Chriſt was borne,
Nor to Scotland ſic conſolatioun.
Thair ſeillit was the confirmatioun
Of the weil keipit ancient alliance
Maid betwix Scotland and the realme of France.

Never did I ſé ane day mair glorious,
Sa monie in ſa riche abilyementis
Of ſilk and gold, with ſtanis precious.
Sic banketting, ſic ſound of inſtrumentis,
With ſang and dance, and martiall tornamentis;
Bot, like ane ſtorme efter ane pleſand morrow,
Sone was our ſolace chengit into ſorrow.

O tratour Deith! quhome nane may contramand,
Thow micht have ſene the preparatioun
Maid be the Thré Eſtatis of Scotland,
With greit comfort and conſolatioun.
In everilk citie, caſtel, towre, and toun,
And how ilk Nobill ſet his haill intent
To be excellent in abilyement.

Theif! Saw thow not the greit preparativis
Of Edinburgh the nobil famous toun?
Thow ſaw the pepil labouring for thair livis,
To mak triumphe with trump and clarioun.
Sic pleſour was neuer in this regioun
As ſuld have bin the day of hir entrace,
With greit propynis gevin till hir Grace.

Thow ſaw makand richt coiſtlie ſcaffalding,
Depantit weill with gold and aſure fine,
Reddy preparit for the upſetting;
With fontanis flowing, water cleir, and wine,
Diſagyſit folkis like creatures divine,
On ilk ſcaffald to play ane findrie ſtorie,
Bot all in greiting turnit thow that glorie.

Thow ſaw monie ane freſche galland
Weill ordorit for reſſaving of thair Quene;
Ilk craftisman, with bent bow in his hand,
Full galyartlie in ſchort cleithing of grene;
The honeſt burges cled thow ſuld have ſene,
Sum in ſcarlot, and ſum in claith of grayne,
For till have met the Lady Soverane.

Proveſt, Bailyeis, and Lordis of the toun,
The ſenatouris in ordour conſequent,
Cled into ſilk of purpure blak and brown;
Syne the greit Lordis of the Parliament,
With mony knichtly Barroun and Baurent,
In ſilk and gold, in colouris comfortabill.
Bot thow, allace! al turnit into ſabill.

Syne all the Lordis of religioun,
And Princes of the preiſtis venerabill,
Full pleſandly in thair proceſſioun,
With all the cunning Clerkis honorabill;
Bot thifteouſly, thow tyrane treſſonabill!
All thair greit ſolace, and ſolempnitcis
Thow turnit into dulefull *Dirigeis*.

Syne nixt in ordour paſſing throw the toun,
Thow ſuld have hard the din of inſtrumentis,
Of tabrone, trumpet, ſchalme and clarion,
With reird redoundant throw the elementis.
The herauldis, with thair aufull veſtimentis,
With maiſſaris upon ather of thair handis,
To rewle the preis with burneiſt ſilver wandis.

Syne laſt of all, in ordour triumphall,
That maiſt illuſter Princeſs honor bill,
With hir the luſtie Ladeis of Scotland,
Quhilk ſuld have bin ane ſicht maiſt delectabill,
Hir rayment to reheirs I am not abill;
Of gold, and perle, and precious ſtanis bricht,
Twinkling like ſternis in ane froſtie nicht.

Under

Under ane pale of gold ſcho ſuld have paſt,
Be burgeſſis borne, clothit in ſilkis fyne,
The greit Maiſter of houſhald als thair laſt,
With him in ordour all the Kingis tryne;
Quhais ordinance war langſum till defyne;
On this maner ſcho paſſing throw the toun,
Suld have reſſavit monie beniſoun

Of virginis, and of burges wyfis,
Quhilk ſuld have bin ane ſicht celeſtiall,
Vive la Royne, cryand for thair lyfis,
With ane harmonious ſound angelicall;
In every corner mit this muſicall.
Bot thow, Tyrane! in quhom is found na grace,
Our *Alleluya* hes turnit in *Allace*.

Thow ſuld have hard the ornate oratouris
Makand hir Hienes ſalutatioun;
Baith of the clergy, toun and counſalouris,
With monie notabil narratioun.
Thow ſuld have ſene hir coronatioun
In the fair Abbay of the Haly-rude,
In preſence of ane mirthful multitude.

Sic banketting, ſic aufull tornamentis,
On hors and fute the time quhilk ſuld have bene;
Sic Chapell royall, with ſic inſtrumentis,
And craftie muſik, ſinging from the ſplene,
In this cuntrie was never hard nor ſene:
Bot all this ſolempnitie and gam
Turnit thow hes in *Requiem æternam*.

Inconſtant Warld! thy freindſchip I defy,
Sen ſtrenth, nor wiſdome, riches, nor honour,
Vertew, nor bewty nane may certify,
Within thy boundis for to remane ane hour.
Quhat vails it to be King or Empriour,
Sen princely puiſſance may not be exemit
From Deith, quhais dolour can not be expremit?

Sen

nan in eirth hes na place permanent,
mon pas be that horribill port,
pas to the Lord omnipotent,
ılefull day to be our greit comfort.
his realme we may with him reſort;
ɛis from the Hel with his blude ranſomit bene,)
IAGDALENE, umquhile of Scotland Quene.
ɛith! thoch thow the body may devoir
y man, yit hes thow na puiſſance
vertew for to conſume the gloir,
ɛ ſene of MAGDALENE of France,
ile our Quene, quhom poetis ſall avance,
t hir in perpetuall memorie,
ıir fame of thee have victorie.
h thow hes ſlane the hevinlie flour of France,
impit was into the Thriſſill kene,
n all Scotland ſaw thair haill pleſance,
id the Lyoun rejoſit fra the ſplene,
ute be pullit from the levis grene,
ll of it ſall, in deſpite of thé,
twa realmis in peice and amitie.

rtis, in his goſſiping way, makes a great parade of the g's liberality upon the occaſion of this marriage. In partiıls us, that Francis "gart prepare twa greit ſhips, with canrings, moyens, double falcons, and all kind of usher ordih their puder, billets, &c.; the ane of them callit *The Me*the other *The Salamander*, and preſentit them to the King l, who at that tyme had twa of his awin, *the Marivell* and *youn*, luſtie ſhipis of weir. The King then preſented him en of the beſt horſes in his cuirie; twenty ſtand of harneſs, ammiled; ſyne he callit his doughter MAGDALENE, and s to his wardrobe and take of cloth of gold, velvet, ſatin, ſhe pleiſit; with hingers of tapeſtrie work, pailles of ſilk &c.; ſyne he gaue her greit gifts of chaines, with all kinds of nes that micht be gottin for gold or ſilver; ſueh ſubſtance ns never ſene in Scotland in no man's tyme!"
mes he to forget the hundred thouſand crowns of the Sun, by other contemporary hiſtorians?

THE JUSTING BETUIX JAMES WATSOUN, AND JOHNE BARBOUR, SERVITOURIS TO KING JAMES THE FYFT.

LINDSAY *the Hiſtorian informs, us, that* "MARY OF "GUISE, *the ſecond ſpouſe of* JAMES V. *made her* "*landing in Scotland at the place called Fyfeneſs, near* "*Balcomy, (June or July* 1538,) *and was there* "*met by the King and haill Lordis ſpirituall and* "*temporall, by whom ſhe was immediately conducted* "*to Saint Andrews. There the Court remained the* "*ſpace of forty days, with great merrineſs and game;* "*as* JUSTING, *running at the liſts,* ARCHERY, *hunting,* "*hawking, with ſinging and dancing in maſkery, and* "*playing; and all other princely game according to* "*a King and a Queen.*" *We may reaſonably ſuppoſe this Juſting betweeen* BARBOUR *and* WATSON *to have taken place on that occaſion.* SIR DAVID LINDSAY *was the contriver of a triumphal arch, erected for the Queen's entry into Saint Andrews; and probably was alſo the compoſer of* "*certain orations and exhorta-* "*tions there addreſſed by him to the Royal Bride, in-* "*ſtructing her how to ſerve her God, obey her huſ-* "*band, and keep her body clean, according to God's* "*will and commandments.*"

IN St Androis, on Witſon Monunday,
Twa Campiounis thair manheid to aſſay,
Paſt to the barres, enarmit heid and handis,
Was never ſene ſic juſting in na landis.

In

ıce of the Kingis Grace, and Quene,
nonie luſtie ladie micht be ſene,
ıe knicht, barroun, and baurent
r til ſé that aufull tornament.
of thame was gentill James Watſoun,
ne Barbour, that gentill campioun;
King thay war familiaris,
ıis chalmer baith cubicularis.
as ane man of greit intelligence,
lecinar full of experience;
ne Barbour, he was ane nobill leche;
carlingis he wald gar thame get ſpeiche.
time thay enterit war into the feild,
nanlie thay weildit ſpeir and ſcheild,
htlie waifit in the wind thair heillis,
like cadgeris rydand on thair creillis:
r ran at uther with ſic haiſt,
y culd neuer thair ſpeir get in the raiſt;
entill James trowit beſt with Johne to meit,
did fall amang his horſis feit:
ıt ſure gude James had bene undone,
that Johne his mark tuke be the mone.
hn, howbeit thow thinkis my leggis like rokkis,
is gude, now keip thé fra my knokkis.
ıod James, ane quhile,—for be my thrift,
d ane thing I can ſé, bot the lift.
can I, quod Johne, be Goddis Creid,
hing except the ſtepill heid;
ht thy branis be lik twa barrow trammis,
hé, man—Than ran thay to lyk rammis.
rude rink, James had bene ſtrikken doun,
that Johne for feirnes fell in ſwoun.
ıt ſa James to Johne had done greit deir,
twixt his hors feit he brak his ſpeir.
mes to Johne, yit for your ladyeis ſaikis,
ogidder ſtrike thré markit ſtraikis.

I had,

I had, quod Johne, that ſal on thé be wrokin—
Bot as he ſpurrit his hors, his ſpeir was brokin:
Fra time with ſpeiris nane culd his marrow meit,
James drew ane ſword with ane richt auful ſpreit,
And ran til Johne to have raucht him a rout.
Johnes ſword was rouſtit, and wald na way cum out
Than James leit drife at Johne with baith his fyſtis.
He miſt the man, and dang upon the lyſtis;
And with that ſtraik he trowit that Johne was ſlane
His ſword ſtak faſt, he gat it neuer agane.
Be this gude Johne had gottin out his ſworde,
And ran to James with monie aufull worde:
My furiouſnes, forſuith, now ſall thow find:
Straikand at James, his ſword flew in the wind.
Than gentill James began to crak greit wordis,
Allace! quod he, this day for falt of ſwordis.
Than ather ran at uther with new races,
With gluiffis of plait thay dang at utheris faces.
Quha wan the feild, na creature culd name,
Till at the laſt Johne cryit, Fy redd for ſchame—
Yea, redd, quod James, for that is my deſyre,
It is ane hour ſen I began to tyre;
Be thay ſa endit had that royall rink,
Into the feild micht na man ſtand for ſtink;
Than everie man that ſtude on far cryit, Fy,
Sayand adew, for dirt partis company:
Thair hors harnes, and all geir was ſa gude,
Loving to God, that day was ſched na blude.

During the time of this forty days feſtival at St. Andrew
more than probable that ſome other poems of a ſimilar nat
be produced by the Court minſtrels, as Bellenden, or Ste
the King himſelf might venture to exhibit a ſpecimen of hi
this ludicrous ſtile of compoſition.

KITTEIS CONFESSIOUN, COMPYLIT (AS IS BELEVIT) BY SIR DAVID LYNDESAY OF THE MOUNT,

— *written with the intention of expoſing the diſſolute practices of the Clergy in the article of private Confeſſion; and aſcertained to belong to this period, from theſe lines:*

Quod he, Hard ye na Inglis buikis?
Quod ſcho, my maiſter on thame luikis.
Quod he, Quhat ſaid he of the King?
Quod ſcho, Of gude he ſpak na thing.

No books on the ſubject of religion were printed in Scotland during the reign of JAMES V. *but a variety of them appeared in that of his ſucceſſor. By the Engliſch Buikis here mentioned, we are to underſtand* TYNDAL'S *New Teſtament, eight or ten editions of which were printed abroad, and privately ſold in England between the years* 1526 *and* 1535;—"*by reaſon whereof, (ſays a contemporary hiſtorian,) many things came to light.*" *For preſuming to uſe a copy of this book, and for teaching the people to repeat the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue,* H. FOREST, *Vicar of Dolour, was burnt at Edinburgh in* 1534. *This ſeems to be a key to the latter couplet of theſe lines. In* 1543, *a few months after the death of the King, an Act was made by the Lords of Articles, to permit the uſe of the New and Auld Teſtaments in the Inglis or Scotis language.*

THE

THE Curate, Kittie culd confes,
And ſcho tauld on baith mair and les.
Quhen ſcho was talkand as ſcho wiſt,
The Curate Kittie wald have kiſt;
But yit ane countenance he bure,
Degeſt, devoit, deigne and demure;
And ſine began hir to exame:
He was beſt at the efter game.
Quod he, Have ye ony wrangous geir?
Quod ſcho, I ſtaw ane pek of bèir.
Quod he, That ſuld reſtorit be:
Thairfoir deliver it to me,
Tibbie and Peter bad me ſpeir,
By my conſcience thay ſall it heir.
Quod he, leve ye in licherie?
Quod ſcho, Willie Leno mollit me.
Quod he, his wyfe that ſall I tell,
To mak hir quentance with myſell.
Quod he, ken ye na herefie?
I wait not quhat that is, quod ſche.
Quod he, hard ye na Inglis buikis?
Quod ſcho, my maiſter on them luikis.
Quod he, the biſchop ſall that knaw;
For I am ſworn that for to ſchaw.
Quod he, quhat ſaid he of the King?
Quod ſcho, of gude he ſpak na thing.
Quod he, his Grace of that ſall wit,
For he ſall lois his life for it.
Quhen ſcho in mind did mair revolve,
Quod he, I can not you abſolve;
But to my chalmer cum at evin,
Abſolvit for to be, and ſchrevin.

Qu

Quod ſcho, I will pas to ane uther;—
Syne I met with Sir Androwis brother,
And he full clenelie did me ſchrive;
Bot he was ſumthing talkative,
And ſpeirit mony a ſtrange cace;
How that my lufe did me embrace,
Quhat day, how oft, quhat ſort, and quhair.
Quod he, I wald I had bin thair.—
He me abſolvit for ane plack,
Thocht he with me na price wald mak;
And mekil Latin he did mummil,
I hard na thing but hummil mummil.
He ſchew me nocht of Goddis word,
Quhilk ſcharper is than onie ſword,
And deip intil our hartis dois prent,
Our ſin, quhairthrow we do repent.
He pat me nathing into fear,
Quhairthrow I ſuld my ſin forbeir;
He ſchew me not the maledictiòn
Of God for ſin, nor the affliction,
Nor in this life the greit miſcheif
Ordaind to puniſch hure and theif.
He ſchew me not of hellis pane
That I micht feir, and vice refrane;
He counſellit me not to abſtene,
And leid an holy life and clene:
Of Chriſtis blude na thing he knew,
Nor of his promiſes full trew,
That ſafis all that will beleve,
That Satan ſall us never greve.
He teichit me not for to traiſt
The comfort of the Halie Gaiſt;
And bad me not to Chriſt be kynde,
To keip his law with hart and mynde,
And love and thank his greit mercie,
From ſin and hell that ſavit me,

And

And love my nichtbour as myſel,
Of this nathing he culd me tell;
Bot gave me penance ilk ane day,
Ane *Ave Marie* for to ſay;
On Fridayis five na fleſche to eit,
Bot butter and eggis are better meit;
And with ane plack to buy ane Meſs
From drounkin Sir Johne Latin-leſs.—
Quod he, ane plack I will gar Sandy
Give thee agane; with handy dandy
Syne into pilgramage to paſs.
(The verray way to wantoneſs.)
Of all this penance I was glaid,
I had them all perqueir, I ſaid:
To moll and ſteil I ken the price,
I ſall it ſet on cinq and ſyce.
Bot he my counſaill culd not keip,
He made him be the fyre to ſleip,
Syne cryit, Colleris, beif and coillis,
Hois and ſchone with doubil ſoillis,
Caikis and candil, creiſche and ſalt,
Curnis of meil, and luiffullis of malt,
Wollin and lyning, werp and woft;
Dame! keip the keyis of your woll loft:
Throw drink and ſleip maid him to raif,
And ſua with us thay play the knaif;
Freiris ſweir by thair profeſſioun,
Nane ean be ſafe but confeſſioun,
And garris all men underſtand,
That it is Goddis awin command;
Yet it is not but mennis dreme,
The pepil to confound and ſchame;
It is nocht ellis but mennis law,
Maid mennis mindis for to knaw,
Quhairthrow thay ſile thame as thay will,
And makis thair law conform theretill,

Sittand

Sittand in mennis conſcience,
Abuve Goddis magnificence,
And dois the pepil teich and tyſte
To ſerve the Pape the Antichriſte.
To the greit God Omnipotent,
Confeſs thy ſin, and thee repent,
And traiſt in Chriſt, as wrytis Paul,
Quhilk ſched his blude to ſaif thy ſaul.
For nane can the abſolve but he,
Nor tak away thy ſin from thee.
Gif of gude counſaill thou hes neid,
Or hes not learnit weill thy creid,
Or wickit vices regne in thee,
The quhilk thow can not mortifie;
Or be in deſperatioun,
And wald have conſolatioun;
Than to ane preichour trew thow pas,
And ſchaw thy ſin and thy treſpas.
Thou neidis not to ſchaw him all,
Nor tell thy ſin baith greit and ſmall,
Quhilk is impoſſibil to be,
But ſchaw the vice that troubillis thé,
And he ſall of thy ſaul have reuth,
And thé inſtruct into the treuth;
And with the word of veritie,
Sall comfort and ſail counſail thé:
The ſacramentis ſchaw thé at lenth,
Thy lytil faith to ſtark and ſtrenth;
And how thow ſuld them richtly uſe,
And all hypocriſie refuſe.
Confeſſioun firſt was ordainit fré,
In this fort in the Kirk to be:
Swa to confes as I deſcryve,
Was in the gude Kirk primityve,
Swa was confeſſioun ordainit firſt,
Thoch Cobrus kyte ſuld cleif and birſt.

On a ſubject not unconnected with this obſerve the forcible wo[rd] of PITSCOTTIE: "DAVID STRAITON, a Prieſt, was burnt about the ſa[me] "time with FOREST, for having taken unto himſelf ane wyfe; for, th[ey] "wald thole no preiſt to mary; but gif he had uſed thene ten thouſa[nd] "hures, he had not bein brent." The King, however, in 1535, m[uſt] have had in view ſome plan of reformation: for there is a ſtatute of that year preſerved by KEITH, bearing "that the unhoneſty and m[is]-"reule of kirk-men, baith in wit, knawlege and maneris, is the ca[uſe] "that kirk and kirk-men are lichtlieit and contempnit; therefore [the] "King exhortis and prays all archbiſhops, biſhops, ordinaries, and u[ther] "prelates to reform themſelves, their obedientiars and kirk-men un[der] "them, in habit, and maneris, &c.; otherwiſe the King's Grace ſ[hall] "find remeid theirfoir at the Pope's Holineſs, &c." Upon anoth[er] occaſion he is reported by KNOX to have expreſſed himſelf to the Clergy in the following impreſſive terms: "Pack yow Jefwellis: get y[ow] "your charges, and reform your awin lyffis, and be not inſtruments of "diſcord betwix my nobilitie and me; or ellis I vow to God I ſall re-"form you; not as the King of Denmark does by impriſonment; ney-"ther yit as the King of England by hanging and heiding: bot I ſall "reforme you *by ſchairp qubingers.*" In 1549, the Clergy *began* to pay ſome attention to theſe admonitions, and in a provincial council enacted no fewer than fifty-three canons for eſtabliſhing decency and good order. But they came too late. The men who had rendered themſelves odious by their conduct, were by that time rendered contemptible by the ſatirical writings of Sir DAVID LINDSAY, whoſe war againſt Antichriſt is thus mentioned in a dramatic dialogue, written by a brother of Queen ANNE BULLEYN, and printed in 1564: "Nexte to CHAUCER, "LIDGATE and BARTLEY, in a blacke chaire of gette ſtone, in a "coate of armes ſatte an anciente Knicht, bearyng upon his breaſt a "white lion, with a crown of riche gold on his hedde: his name was "Sir DAVIE LINSE, uppon the Mounte, with a hammer of ſtrong "ſteele in his hande, breaking aſonder the counterfeicte croſſe kaies "of Rome, forged by Antichriſt." Chiefly in order to ſtop Sir DAVID's torrent of acrimonious ſatire, the above mentioned Council enacted, "That every Ordinary ſhall in his dioceſe enquire who conceals in his "houſe any *books of rhymes* or *vulgar ballads*, ſcandaliſing the clergy, "or ridiculing and calumniating their dependants or conſtitutions; or "any *infamous book* or books *containing any hereſy*; and when diſcovered "they ſhall be prohibited under the penalties in the Acts of Parliament "(1535, ſee KEITH), and ſhall be confiſcated and burnt, and all per-"ſons ſhall be prohibited from uſing, ſelling, printing, or reading them "under the like penalties."

THE

THE HISTORIE OF ANE NOBIL AND VAILYEAND SQUYER, WILLIAM MELDRUM, UMQUHYLE LAIRD OF CLEISCHE AND BYNNIS. COMPYLIT BE SIR DAVID LYNDESAY OF THE MONT.

Prologue—MELDRUM's *paſſage til Cragfergus*—*He killis twa ſoldiers; and ſavis ane ladie, quha offers to wed him*—*He joinis the Frenſch armie aganis* HENRIE VIII. *of Ingland in Picardie*—*Defetis* TALBART *an Inglis campioun*—*Returnand to Scotland he diſcomfits an Inglis captan on the ſea*—*Travelland in Strathern, he lugis in ane caſtel, and luvis the ladie*—*Thair amouris*—*Another caſtel of the lady's beand takin by* MACFARLANE, MELDRUM *ſegis it, and taks* MACFARLANE *priſonour*—*Returnis to the ladie, quha beris till him ane dochter*—*His ladie marryit till anuther*—MELDRUM *made ſcherif depute of Fife, and deis agit.*

QUHA that antique ſtoreis reidis,
Conſidder may the famous deidis,
Of our nobill progenitouris,
Quhilk ſuld tō us bē richt mirrouris;
Thair vērteous deidis to enſew,
And vicious leving to eſchew.
Sic men bene put into memorie
That deith ſuld not confound thair glorie.
Howbeit thair bodie bene abſent,
Thair verteous deidis bene preſent;

Poetis

Poetis thair honour to avance
Hes put thame in remembrance.
Sum wryt of preclair conquerouris,
And ſum of vailyeand emperouris:
And ſum of nobill michtie kingis,
That royallie did reull their ringis.
And ſum of campiounis, and of knichtis
That bauldlie did defend thair richtis;
Quhilk vailyeandlie did ſtand in ſtour,
For the defence of thair honour.
And ſum of ſquyeris douchtie deidis,
That wounders wrocht in weirlie weidis.
Sum wryt of deidis amorous;
As Chauceir wrait of Troilus,
How that he luifit Creſſida;
Of Jaſon and of Medea.
With help of Cleo I intend,
Sa Minerve wuld me ſapience ſend,
Ane nobill ſquyer to diſcryfe,
Quhais douchtines during his lyfe,
I knaw myſelf, thairof I wryte,
And all his deidis I dar indyte:
And ſecreitis that I did not knaw,
That nobill ſquyer did me ſchaw.
Sa I intend the beſt I can,
Deſcryve the deidis and the man:
Quhais youth did occupie in lufe,
Full pleſantlie without reprufe.
Now to my purpoſe will I pas,
And ſhaw you how the ſquyer was
Ane gentilman of Scotland borne;
So was his father him beforne:
Of nobilnes lineallie diſcendit,
Quhilks thair gude fame hes euer defendit.
Gude WILLIAME MELDRUM he was namit,
Quhilk in his honour was neuer defamit.

Stalwart

Stalwart and ſtout in everie ſtryfe,
And borne within the ſchyre of Fyfe.
To Cleiſche and Bynnis richt heritour,
Quhilk ſtude for lufe in monie ſtour.
He was bot twentie yeiris of age,
Quhen he began his vaſſalage:
Proportionat weill of mid ſtature,
Feirie, and wicht, and michè indure
Ouirſet travell, baith nicht and day,
Richt hardie baith in erniſt and play:
Blyith in countenance, richt fair of face,
And ſtude weill ay in his ladies grace:
For he was wounder amiabill,
And in all deidis honourabill.
And ay his honour did avance,
In England firſt, and ſyne in France.
And thair his manheid did aſſail,
Under the kingis greit admirall.
Quhen the greit navie of Scotland,
Paſſit to the ſey aganis Ingland. ‡
And as thay paſſit be Ireland coiſt,
The admirall gart land his oiſt:
And ſet Craigfergus into fyre,
And ſaifit nouther barne nor byre.
It was greit petie for to heir,
Of the pepill the bailfull cheir
And how the land folk wer ſpuilyeit,
And wemen under fute wer fuilyeit.
Bot this young ſquyer bauld and wicht
Savit all wemen quhair he micht:
Als preiſtis and freiris he did ſave.
Till at the laſt he did perſave
Behind ane garding amiabill,
Ane womanis voce richt lamentabill:
And on that voce he followit faſt,
Till he did ſee her at the laſt,

Spuilyeit,

‡ 1512.

Spuilyeit, naikeit as ſcho was borne;
Twa men of weir were hir beforne:
Quhilk wer richt cruell men and kene,
Partand the ſpuilyie thame betwene.
Ane fairer woman nor ſcho wes,
He had not ſene in onie place.
Befoir him on hir kneis ſcho fell,
Sayand, "For him that heryit hell,
"Help me, ſweit Sir, I am ane mayd."
Than ſoftlie to the men he ſaid:
"I pray yow give againe hir ſark,
"And tak to yow all other wark."
Hir kirtill was of ſcarlot reid,
Of gold ane garland on hir heid,
Decorit with enamelyne;
Bilt and brochis of ſilver fyne.
Of yallow taftaiş wes hir ſark,
Begaryit all with browderit wark:
Richt craftelie with gold and ſilk.
Than ſaid the ladie quhyte as milk,
"Except my ſark no thing I crave,
"Let thame go hence with all the lave."
Quod thay to hir, "Be Sanct Fillane,
"Of this ye get nathing agane."
Then ſaid the ſquyer courteſlie
"Gude freindis I pray yow hartfullie,
"Gif ye be worthie men of weir,
"Reſtoir to hir againe hir geir,
"Or be greit God that all hes wrocht,
"That ſpuilyie ſal be full deir bocht."
Quod thay to him, "We thé defy;"
And drew thair ſwordis haiſtely:
And ſtraik at him with ſa greit ire,
That from his harnes flew the fyre.
With duntis ſa darflie on him dang,
That he was never in ſic ane thrang.

But he him manfullie defendit,
And with ane bolt on thame he bendit,
And hat the ane upon the heid,
That to the ground he fell down deid:
For to the teith he did him cleif;
Lat him ly thair with ane miſcheif!
Than with the uther hand for hand,
He beit him with his birneiſt brand:
The uther was baith ſtout and ſtrang,
And on the ſquyer darflie dang.
And than the ſquyer wrocht greit wonder
Ay till his ſword did ſhaik in ſunder:
Than drew he furth ane ſharp dagair,
And did him cleik be the collair,
And evin in at the collerbane,
At the firſt ſtraik he hes him ſlame:
He founderit fordward to the ground.
Yit was the ſquyer haill and ſound:
For quhy, he was ſa weill enarmit,
He did eſcaip fra thame unharmit.
And quhen he ſaw thay wer baith ſlane,
He to that ladie paſt agane:
Quhair ſcho ſtude nakit on the bent,
And ſaid, "Tak your abulyement:"
And ſcho him thankit full humillie,
And put hir claithis on ſpedilie.
Than kiſſit he that ladie fair,
And tuik his leif at hir but mair.
Be that the taburne and trumpet blew
And everie man to ſhipburd drew,
Syne weyit their ankeris, and maid ſaill,
This navie with the admirall,
And landit in bauld Brytane,
This admirall was Erle of Arrane, ‡

Quhilk

‡ He commanded the land-forces.

Quhilk was baith wyſe and vailyeand,
Of the blude royall of Scotland:
Accompanyit with monie ane knicht,
Quhilk wer richt worthie men and wicht.
Among the laif this young ſquyar,
Was with him richt familiar:
And throw his verteous diligence,
Of that lord he got ſic credence:
That quhen his courage he did ken,
Gaif him cure of fyve hundreth men:
Quhilkis wer to him obedient,
Reddie at his commandement.
It wer to lang for to declair,
The douchtie deidis that he did thair:
Becaus he was ſa courageous,
Ladies of him wer amorous.
He was ane menyeoun for ane dame,
Meik in chalmer lyk ane lame.
Bot in the feild ane campioun,
Rampand lyke ane wyld lyoun;
Weill practikit with ſpeir and ſchreild;
And with the formeſt in the feild.
No chiftane was amangis thame all,
In expenſis mair liberall.
In everilk pláy he wan the pryſe:
With that he was verteous and wyſe.
And ſo becaus he was weill pruifit,
With euerie man he was weill luifit.

HARY the aucht king of Ingland,
That tyme at Caleis wes lyand:
With his trinmphant ordinance,
Makand weir on the realme of France.
The king of France his greit armie
Lay neir hand by in Picardie:

Quha ir

Quhair aither uther did aſſail,
Howbeit thair was na ſet battaill:
Bot thair wes daylie ſkirmiſhing,
Quhair men of armis brak monie ſting.
Quhen to the ſquyer Meldrum
Wer tauld thir novellis all and ſum:
He thocht he wald veſie the weiris,
And waillit furth ane hundred ſpeiris:
And futemen quhilk wer bauld and ſtout,
The maiſt worthie of all his rout.
Quhen he come to the king of France,
He wes ſone put in ordinance:
Richt ſo was all his compánie,
That on him waitit continuallie.
Thair was into the Inglis oiſt,
Ane campioun that blew greit boiſt:
He was ane ſtout man and ane ſtrang,
Quhilk boiſt wald with his conduct gang
Outthrow the greit armie of France,
His valiantnes for to avance:
And Maiſter TALBART was his name;
Of Scottis and Frenche quhilk ſpak diſdane.
And on his bonnet wit to beir,
Of ſilver fine, takinnis of weir.
And proclamatiounis he gart maik,
That he wald for his ladies ſaik,
With any gentilman of France,
To fecht with him with ſpeir or lance.
Bot no Frenche man in all that land
With him durſt battell hand for hand.
Than lyke ane weirlour vailyeand,
He enterit in the Scottis band:
And quhen the ſquyer Meldrum,
Hard tell, this campioun wes cum,
Richt haiſtelie he paſſ him till,
Demanding him quhat was his will.

" Forſuith I can find none (quod he)
" On hors, nor fute, dar fecht with me."
Than ſaid he, " Sir, it wer greit ſchame,
" Without battell ye ſuld paſs hame.
" Thairfoir to God I mak ane vow,
" The morne my ſelf ſall fecht with yow,
" Outher on horſback or on fute,
" Your crakkis I count thame not ane cute.
" I ſall be fund into the field,
" Armit on hors with ſpeir and ſcheild."
Maiſter Talbart ſaid, " My gude chyld,
" It wer maiſt lyk that thow wer wyld:
" Thow ar to young and hes no micht,
" To fecht with me that is ſo wicht.
" To ſpeik to me thow ſuld have feir,
" For I have ſik practik in weir,
" That I wald not effeirit be,
" To mak debait aganis ſic thre:
" For I have ſtand in monie ſtour,
" And ay defendit my honour.
" Thairfoir, my barne, I counſell the,
" Sic interpryſis to lat be."
Than ſaid this ſquyer to the knicht,
" I grant ye ar baith greit and wicht:
" Young David was far les than I,
" Quhen with Golias manfullie,
" Withouttin outher ſpeir or ſcheild,
" He faucht; and ſlew him in the feild.
" I traiſt that God ſal be my gyde,
" And give me grace to ſtanch thy pryde:
" Thocht thow be greit like Gowmakmorne
" Traiſt weill I ſall yow meit the morne:
" Beſide Montruill upon the grene,
" Befoir ten houris I ſal be ſene.
" And gif ye wyn me in the feild,
" Baith hors and geir I ſall yow yeild:

" Sa

" Sa that ſiclyke ye do to me."
" That I ſall do, be god (quod he)
" And thairto I give the my hand."
And ſwa betwene theme maid an band,
That thay ſuld meit upon the morne.
Bot Talbart maid at him bot ſcorne;
Lychtlyand him with wordis of pryde,
Syne hamewart to his oiſt culd ryde;
And ſhew the brethren of his land,
How ane young Scot had tane on hand,
To fecht with him beſide Montruill;
" Bot I traiſt he ſall prufe the fuill."
Quod thay, " The morne that ſall we ken,
" The Scottis ar haldin hardie men."
Quod he, " I compt thame not ane cute,
" He ſall returne upon his fute:
" And leif with me his armour bricht,
" For weill I wait he has no micht,
" On hors nor fute, to fecht with me."
Quod thay, " The morne that ſall we ſe."
Quhan to Monſour de Obenie
Reportit was the veritie,
How that the ſquyer had tane on hand,
To fecht with Talbart hand for hand,
His greit courage he did commend,
Sine haiſtelie did for him ſend.
And quhen he come befoir the lord,
The veritie he did record:
How for the honour of Scotland,
That battell he had tane on hand,
" And ſen it givis me in my hart,
" Get I ane hors to take my part,
" My traiſt is ſa in Goddis grace,
" To leif him lyand in the place.
" Howbeit he ſtalwart be and ſtout,
" My lord of him I have na dout."

Than

Than ſend the lord out throw the land,
And gat ane hundreth hors fra hand,
To his preſence be brocht in haiſt,
And bad the ſquyer cheis him the beſt.
Of that the ſquyer was rejoiſit,
And cheiſit the beſt as he ſuppoiſit:
And lap on him delyverlie;
Was never hors ran mair pleſantlie,
With ſpeir and ſword at his command,
And was the beſt of all the land.

He tuik his leif and went to reſt;
Syne airlie in the morne him dreſt,
Wantonlie in his weirlyke weid,
All weill enarmit, ſaif the heid.
He lap upon his curſour wicht,
And ſtraucht him in his ſtirroppis richt;
His ſpeir and ſcheild and helme wes borne
With ſquyeris that raid him beforne:
Ane velvot cap on heid he bair,
Ane quaif of gold to heild his hair.

This lord of him tuik ſa greit joy,
That he himſelf wald him convoy:
With him ane hundreth men of armes,
That thair ſuld no man do him harmes.
The ſquyer buir into his ſcheild,
Ane otter in ane ſilver feild.
His hors was bairdit full richelie,
Coverit with ſatyne crameſie.
Than forward raid this Campioun,
With ſound of trumpet and clarioun,
And ſpedilie ſpurrit ouir the bent,
Lyke Mars the God Armipotent.

Thus leif we rydand our ſquyar,
And ſpeik of Maiſter Talbart mair:
Quhilk gat up airlie in the morrow,
And no manner of geir to borrow:

Hors,

Hors, harnes, ſpeir, nor ſheild,
Bot was ay reddie for the feild:
And had ſic practik into weir,
Of our ſquyer he tuik na feir:
And ſaid unto his companyeoun,
Or he come furth of his paillyeoun,
" This nicht I ſaw into my dreame,
" Quhilk to reheirs I think greit ſchame:
" Me thocht I ſaw cum fra the ſee,
" Ane greit otter rydand to me,
" The quhilk was blak, with ane lang taill,
" And cruellie did me aſſail;
" And bait me till he gart me bleid,
" And drew me backwart fra my ſteid.
" Quhat this ſuld mene I cannot ſay,
" Bot I was never in ſic ane fray."
His fellow ſaid, " Think ye not ſchame,
" For to gif credence till ane dreame?
" Ye knaw it is aganis our faith;
" Thairfoir go dres yow in your graith,
" And think weill throw your hie courage,
" This day ye ſall wyn vaſſalage."
Then dreſt he him into his geir,
Wantounlie like ane man of weir,
Quhilk had baith hardines and fors;
And lichtlie lap upon his hors.
His hors was bairdit full bravelie,
And coverit was richt courtfullie
With browderit wark, and velvot grene.
Sanct George's croce thair micht be ſene
On hors, harnes, and all his geir.
Than raid he furth withouttin weir,
Convoyit with his capitan,
And with monie ane Ingliſman,
Arrayit all with armis bricht;
Micht no man ſee ane fairer ſicht.

Than

Than clariounis and trumpettis blew;
And weiriouris monie hither drew:
On everie ſide come monie man,
To behald quha the battell wan:
The feild was in ane medow grene,
Quhair everie man micht weel be ſene.
The heraldis put tham ſa in ordour,
That no man paſt within the bordour;
Nor preiſſit to cum within the grene,
Bot heraldis and the campiounis kene.
The ordour and the circumſtance
Wer lang to put in remembrance.
Quhen thir twa nobilmen of weir,
Wer weill accowterit in their geir,
And in thair handis ſtrang burdournis;
Than trumpotis blew and clariounis:
And heraldis cryit hie on hicht,
"Now let thame go! God ſhaw the richt!"
Than ſpedilie thay ſpurrit thair hors,
And ran to uther with ſic fors,
That baith thair ſpeiris in ſindrie ſlaw;
Then ſaid they all that ſtude on raw:
"Ane better cours, than they twa ran,
"Was not ſene ſen the world began."
Than baith the parties wer rejoiſit;
The campiounis ane quhyle repoiſit,
Till they had gottin ſpeiris new;
Than with triumph the trumpettis blew:
And they with all the force thay can
Wounder rudelie at either ran:
And ſtraik at uther with ſa greit ire,
That fra thair harnes flew the fyre.
Thair ſpeiris war ſa teuch and ſtrang,
That aither uther to eirth doun dang:
Baith hors and man, with ſpeir and ſcheild,
Than flatlings lay into the field.

Than

Than Maiſter Talbart was eſchamit,
" Forſuith for ever I am defamit !"
And ſaid this, " I had rather die,
" Without that I revengit be."
Our young ſquyer, ſic was his hap,
Was firſt on fute; and on he lap
Upon his hors without ſupport:
Of that the Scottis take gude comfort,
Quhen thay ſaw him ſa feirelie
Loup on his hors ſa galyeardie.
The ſquyer liftit his viſair,
Ane lytill ſpace to take the air.
Thay bad him wyne, and he it drank,
And humillie he did thame thank.
Be that Talbart on hors mountit,
And of our ſquyer lytill countit.
And cryit, " Gif he durſt undertaik,
" To run anis for his ladies ſaik."
The ſquyer anſwerit hie on hicht,
" That ſall I do be Marie bricht:
" I am content all day to ryn,
" Till ane of us the honour wyn."
Of that Talbart was weill content;
And ane greit ſpier in hand he hent.
The ſquyer in his hand he thrang
His ſpeir, quhilk was baith greit and lang:
With ane ſharp heid of grundin ſteill,
Of quhilk he was appleifit weill.
That pleſand feild was lang and braid,
Quhair gay ordour and rowme was maid:
And everie man micht have gude ſicht;
And thair was monie weirlyke knicht.
Sum man of everie natioun,
Was in that congregatioun.
Than trumpettis blew triumphantlie,
And thay twa campiounis egeirlie,

Thay

Thay ſpurrit thair hors with ſpeir on breiſt
Pertlie to preif thair pith thay prieſt:
That round rinkroume wes at utterance.
Bot Talbartis hors with ane miſchance
He utterit, and to ryn was laith;
Quhairof Talbart was wonder wraith.
The ſquyer furth his rink he ran,
Commendit weill with everie man;
And him diſchargeit of his ſpeir,
Honeſtlie lyke ane man of weir.
Becaus that rink they ran in vane,
Than Talbart wald not ryn agane,
Till he had gottin ane better ſteid;
Quhilk was brocht to him with gude ſpeid.
Quhairon he lap, and tuik his ſpeir,
As brym as he had bene ane beir;
And bowtit fordward with ane bend,
And ran on to the ringis end,
And ſaw his hors was at command;
Than wes he blyith, I underſtand,
Traiſtand na mair to ryn in vane,
Than all the trumpettis blew agane.
Be that with all the force they can,
Thay richt rudelie at uther ran.
Of that meiting ilk man thocht wounder,
Quhilk ſoundit lyke ane crak of thunder.
And nane of thame thair marrow miſt;
Sir Talbartis ſpeir in ſunder briſt.
Bot the ſquyer with his burdoun,
Sir Talbart to the eirth dang doun.
That ſtraik was with ſic micht and fors,
That on the ground lay man and hors;
And throw the brydell hand him bair,
And in the breiſt ane ſpan and mair.
Throw curras, and throw gluifis of plait,
That Talbart may mak na debait.

The trencheour of the ſquyeris ſpeir,
Stak ſtill into Sir Talbartis geir.
Than everie man into that ſteid
Did all beleve that he was deid.
The ſquyer lap richt haiſtelie,
From his curſour deliverlie,
And to Sir Talbart maid ſupport,
And humillie did him comfort.
Quhen Talbart ſaw into his ſcheild,
Ane otter in ane ſilver feild
"This race (ſaid he) I may ſair rew,
"For I ſee weill my dreame was trew.
"Me thocht ane otter gart me bleid,
"And buir me backwart from my ſteid.
"And heir I vow to God ſoverane,
"That I ſall never juſt againe."
And ſweitlie to the ſquyer ſaid,
"Thow knawis the cunning that we maid,
"Quhilk of us twa ſuld tyne the feild,
"He ſuld baith hors and armour yeild,
"Till him that wan: quhairfoir I will,
"My hors and harnes geve the till."
Then ſaid the ſquyer courteouſlie,
"Brother, I thank yow hartfullie.
"Of yow forſuith nathing I crave,
"For I have gottin that I wald have.
With everie man he was commendit,
Sa vailyeandlie he him defendit.
The capitane of the Inglis band
Tuke the young ſquyer be the hand;
And led him to the pailyeoun,
And gart him mak collatioun.
Quhen Talbartis woundis wer bund up faſt,
The Inglis capitane to him paſt:
And prudentlie did him comfort,
Syne ſaid, "Brother, I yow exhort

" To tak the ſquyer be the hand."
And ſa he did at his command;
And ſaid, " This bene but chance of armes;"
With that he braiſit him in his armes.
Sayand, " Hartlie I yow forgeve."
And then the ſquyer tuik his leve;
Commendit weill with everie man;
Than wichtlie on his hors he wan:
With monie ane nobill man convoyit.
Leve we thair Talbart ſair annoyit.
Sum ſayis of that diſcomfitour,
He thocht ſic ſchame and diſhonour,
That he departit of that land,
And never was ſene into Ingland.
Quhen to the king the cace wes knawin,
And all the ſuith unto him ſhawin;
How this ſquyer ſa manfullie,
On Sutheroun wan the victorie
He put him into ordinance,
And ſa he did remane in France
Ane certane tyme for his pleſour,
Weill eſtemit in greit honour,
Quhair he did monie ane nobill deid.
With that, rich, wantoun in his weid,
Quhen ladies knew his hie conrage,
He was deſyrit in marriage
By ane lady of greit rent;
Bot youth maid him ſa inſolent,
That he in France wald not remane,
Bot come to Scotland hame agane.
Thocht Frenche ladies did for him maurne,
The Scottis were glad of his returne.
At everie lord he tuke his leve,
Bot his departing did them greve.
For he was luifit with all wichtis,
Quhilk had him ſene defend his richtis.

Scottis

Scottis capitanes did him convoy,
Thocht his departing did thame noy.
At Deip he maid him for to ſaill,
Quhair he furniſcht ane gay veſchaill,
For his ſelf and men of weir,
With artailyie, hakbut, bow, and ſpeir.
And furneiſt hir with gude victuaill,
With the beſt wyne that he could waill.
And quhain the ſchip was reddie maid,
He lay bot ane day in the raid.
Quhill he gat wind of the Southeiſt,
Than thay thair ankeris weyit on haiſt;
And ſyne maid ſaill, and fordwart paſt,
Ane day at morne till at the laſt
Of ane greit ſaill thay gat ane ſicht;
And Phœbus ſchew his bemis bricht,
Into the morning richt airlie.
Than paſt the ſkipper ſpedelie,
Up to the top with richt greit feir,
And ſaw it wes ane man of weir;
And cryit, "I ſee nocht ellis perdie,
"Bot we mon outher fecht or fle."
The ſquyer was in his bed lyand,
Quhen he hard tell this new tydand.
Be this the Inglis artailye,
Lyke hailſchot maid on thame aſſailye:
And ſloppit throw thair fechting faillis,
And divers dang out ouer the waillis.
The Scottis agane with all thair micht,
Of gunnis than thay leit fle ane flicht:
Be thay micht weill ſee quhair thay wair,
Heidis and armes flew in the air.
The Scottis ſchip ſcho wes ſa law,
That monie gunnis out ouer hir flaw,
Quhilk far beyond thame lichtit doun.
Bot the Inglis greit Galyeoun,

Fornent

Fornent thame ſtude, lyke ane caſtell,
That the Scottis gunnis micht na way faill,
Bot hat hir ay on the right ſyde,
With monie ane ſlop, for all hir pride,
That monie ane keſt wer on thair bakkis;
Than rais the reik with uglie crakkis,
Quhilk on the ſey maid ſic ane ſound,
That in the air it did redound:
And men micht weill wit on the land,
That ſhippis wer on the ſey fechtand.
Be this thegyder ſtraik the ſhippis,
And ather on uther laid thair clippis.
And than began the ſtrang battaill,
Ilk man his marrow did aſſail.
Sa rudelie thay did ruſh togidder,
That nane micht hald thair feit for ſlidder.
Sum with halbert, and ſum with ſpeir;
Bot hakbuttis did the greiteſt deir.
Out of the top the grundin dartis,
Did divers peirs outthrow the hartis.
Everie man did his diligence,
Upon his fo to work vengence.
Ruſchand on uther with routtis rude,
That ouir the wallis ran the blude.
The Inglis capitane cryit hie,
"Swyith yeild yow, doggis! or ye ſall die.
"And do ye not, I make ane vow,
"That Scotland ſal be quyte of yow."
Than peirtlie anſwerit the ſquyar,
And ſaid, "O tratour Taverner!
"I lat the wit, thow hes na micht,
"This day to put us to the flicht."
Than derflie ay at uther dang;
The ſquyer thriſtit throw the thrang,
And in the Inglis ſchip he lap,
And hat the capitane ſic ane flap

Upon

Upon his heid, till he fell doun,
Welterand intill ane deidlie ſwoun.
And quhen the Scottis ſaw the ſquyer,
Had ſtriken doun that rank revyer;
They left thair awin ſchip ſtandand waiſt,
And in the Inglis ſchip in haiſt
They followit all thair capitane;
And ſone wes monie Southereun ſlane.
Howbeit thay wer of greiter number,
The Scottiſmen put thame in ſic cummer,
That thay wer fane to lieſ the feild,
Cryand mercie, than did thame yeild.
Yit wes the ſquyer ſtraikand faſt,
At the capitane; quho at the laſt
Quhen he perſavit no remeid,
Outher to yeild or to be deid,
Cryit, "O gentill capitane,
"Thoill me not for to be ſlane,
"My lyfe to yow ſal be mair pryfe,
"Nor ſall my deith ane thowſand ſyſe.
"For ye may get, as I ſuppois,
"Three thouſand nobillis of the rois
"Of me, and of my companie;
"Thairfoir I cry yow loud mercie.
"Except my lyfe, nothing I craif,
"Tak yow the ſchip and all the laif.
"I yeild to yow baith ſword and knyfe,
"Thairfoir, gude maiſter, ſave my lyfe."
The ſquyer tuik him be the hand,
And on his feit he gart him ſtand;
And treittit him richt tenderly,
And ſyne unto his men did cry,
And gaif to thame richt ſtrait command,
To ſtraik no moir, bot hald their hand.
Than baith the captanes ran and rod,
And ſo thair wes na mair blude ſhed.

Than

Than all the laif thay did them yeild,
And to the Scottis gaif ſword and ſhield.
Ane nobill leiche the ſquyer had,
Quhairof the Ingliſmen wes glaid;
To quhome the ſquyer gaif command,
The woundit men to tak on hand.
And ſo he did with diligence,
Quhairof he gat gude recompence.
Than quhen the woundit men wer dreſt,
And all the deand men confeſt,
And deid men caſſin in the ſee,
Quhilk to behald was greit pitie;
Thair was ſlane of Inglis band,
Fyve ſcoir of men I underſtand;
The quhilk wer cruell men and kene.
And of the Scottis were ſlane fyftene.
And quhen the Inglis capitane
Saw, how his men wer tane and ſlane;
And how the Scottis ſa few in number,
Had put thame in ſa greit ane cummer;
He grew intill ane freneſy;
Sayand, "Fals fortoun! I the defy.
"For I beleyit this day at morne,
"That he was not in Scotland borne,
"That durſt have met me hand for hand,
"Within the boundis of my brand."
The ſquyer bad him mak gud cheir,
And ſaid, "it was bot chance of weir;
"Greit conquerouris, I yow aſſure,
"Hes hapnit ſiclike aventure.
"Thairfoir mak merrie, and go dyne,
"And let us prief the michtie wyne."
Sum drank wyne, and ſum drank aill;
Syne put the ſhippis under ſaill.
And waillit furth of the Inglis band,
Twa hundreth men, and put on land,

Quyeitli

Quyeitlie on the coiſt of Kent.
The laif in Scotland with him went.
The Inglis capitaine as I ges,
He wairdit him in the Blaknes,
And treitit him richt honeſtlie,
Togithir with his companie.
And held thame in that garriſoun,
Till thay had payit thair ranſoun.
Out throw the land than ſprang the fame
That ſquyer Meldrum was cum hame.
Quhen thay hard tell how he debaitit,
With everie man he was ſa treitit:
That quhen he travellit throw the land,
Thay bankettit him fra hand to hand,
With greit ſolace; till at the laſt,
Out throw Straitherne the ſquyer paſt.
And as it did approach the nicht,
Of ane caſtell he gat ane ſicht,
Beſide ane montane in ane vaill;
And than efter his greit travaill,
He purpoiſit him to repois,
Quhair ilk man did of him rejois.
Of this triumphant pleſand place,
Ane luſtie ladie wes maiſtres.
Quhais lord was deid ſchort tyme befoir,
Quhairthrow hir dolour wes the moir.
Bot yit ſcho tuke ſum comforting,
To heir the pleſant dulce talking
Of this young ſquyer, of his chance,
And how it fortunit him in France.
This ſquyer, and the ladie gent,
Did weſche, and then to ſupper went.
During that nicht thair was nocht ellis,
Bot for to heir of his novellis.
Eneas quhen he fled from Troy,
Did not quene Dido greiter joy,

Quhen

Quhen he in Carthage did arryve,
And did the ſeige of Troy deſcryve.
The wonderis that he did reheirs
Wer langſum for to put in vers,
Bot quhilk this ladie did rejois;
Thay drank, and ſyne went to repois.
He fand his chalmer weill arrayit,
With dornik work on buird diſplayit.
Of veniſoun he had his waill,
Gude aquavité, wyne and aill,
With nobill confeittis, bran and geill;
And ſwa the ſquyer fuir rieht weill.
Sa to heir mair of his narratioun,
This ladie came to his collatioun.
Sayand he was richt welcum hame,
"Grandmercie than," (quod he) "madame."
Thay paſt the time with ches and tabill,
For he to everie game was abill.
Than unto bed drew everie wicht,
To chalmer went this ladie bricht,
The quhilk this ſquyer did convoy:
Syne till his bed he went with joy.
That nicht he ſleipit neuer ane wink,
Bot ſtill did on the ladie think;
Cupido, with his fyerie dart,
Did peirs him ſo out throw the hart,
That all the nicht he did bot murn it;
Sum tyme ſat up, and ſum tyme turnit;
Sichand with monie gant and grane,
To fair Venus makand his mane;
Sayand, "Ladie, quhat may this mene?
"I was ane fré man lait yiſtrene:
"And now ane cative bound and thrall,
"For ane that I think flour of all.
"I pray God ſen ſcho knew my mynd,
"How for hir ſaik I am ſa pynd.

"W

" Wald God I had bene yit in France,
" Or I had hapnit ſic miſchance:
" To be ſubject or ſerviture
" Till ane, quhilk takis of me na cure."
This ladie ludgit neirhand by,
And hard the ſquyer prively
With dreidfull hart makand his mone,
With monie cairfull gant and grone:
Hir hart fulfillit with petie
Thocht ſcho wald haif of him mercie:
And ſaid, " howbeit I ſuld be ſlane,
" He ſall have lufe for lufe agane.
" Wald God I micht with my honour,
" Have him to be my paramour!"
This was the mirrie tyme of May;
Quhen this fair ladie, freſhe and gay,
Start up to take the hailſum air,
With pantonis on hir feit ane pair:
Airlie into ane cleir morning,
Befoir fair Phœbus upriſing.
Kirtill alone withouttin clok;
And ſaw the ſquyer's dure unlok.
Scho ſlippit in or euer he wiſt,
And ſenyeitlie paſt till ane kiſt,
And with her keyis oppinnit the lokkis,
And maid hir to take furth ane boxe.
Bot that was not hir erand thair;
With that this luſtie young ſquyair
Saw this ladie ſo pleſantlie,
Cum to his chalmer quyetlie.
In kyrtill of fyne damais brown,
Hir goldin traiſſis hingand doun;
Hir pappis wer hard, round, and quhyte,
Quhome to behald wes greit delyte.
Lyke the quhyte lyllie wes hir lyre,
Hir hair was like the reid gold wyre.

Hir ſchankis quhyte withouttin hois,
Quhairat the ſquyer did rejois;
And ſaid than, "now vailye quod vailye,
"Upon the ladie thow mak ane ſailye."
His courlyke kirtill was unlaiſt,
And ſone into his armis hir braiſt;
And ſaid to hir, "Madame, gude-morne,
"Help me your man, that is forlorne.
"Without ye mak me ſum remeid,
"Withouttin dout, I am bot deid.
"Quhairfoir ye mon relief my harmes."
With that he hint hir in his armes,
And talkit with hir on the flure;
Syne quyetlie did bar the dure.
"Squyer," (quod ſcho,) "quhat is your will?
"Think ye my womanheid to ſpill?
"Na, God forbid, it wer greit ſyn,
"My lord and ye wes neir of kyn.
"Quhairfoir I mak yow ſupplicatioun,
"Pas, and ſeik ane diſpenſatioun.
"Than ſall I wed yow with ane ring,
"Than may ye luif at your lyking.
"For ye ar young, luſtie and fair;
"And als ye are your fatheris air.
"Thair is na ladie in all this land,
"May yow refuſe to hir huſband.
"And gif ye luif me as ye ſay,
"Haiſt to diſpens the beſt ye may;
"And thair to yow I geve my hand,
"I ſall yow take to my huſband."
(Quod he), "Quhill that I may indure,
"I vow to be your ſerviture.
"Bot I think greit vexatioun,
"To tarrie upon diſpenſatioun."
Than in his armis he did hir thriſt,
And aither uther ſweitlie kiſt.

And

And wame for wame thay uther braiſſit;
With that hir kirtill wes unlaiſſit.
Than Cupido with his fyrie dartis,
Inflammit ſa thir luiferis hartis,
Thay micht na maner of way diſſever;
Nor ane micht not part fra ane uther;
Bot like wodbind thay wer baith wrappit.
Thair tenderlie he has hir happit
Full ſoftlie up intill his bed;
Judge ye gif he hir ſchankis ſhed.
" Allace!" (quod ſcho) " quhat may this mene?"
And with hir hair ſcho dight hir ene.
I can not tell how thay did play,
Bot I beleve ſcho ſaid not nay,
He pleiſit hir ſa, as I hard ſane,
That he was welcum ay agene.
Scho rais, and tenderlie him kiſt,
And on his hand ane ring ſcho thriſt.
And he gaif hir ane lufe drowrie,
Ane ring ſet with ane riche rubie,
In takin that their lufe for ever,
Suld never from thir twa diſſever.
And than ſcho paſſit unto hir chalmer,
And fand hir madinnis ſweit as lammer,
Sleipand full ſound; and nothing wiſt,
How that thair ladie paſt to the kiſt.
(Quod thay) " Madame, quhair have ye bene?"
(Quod ſcho) " Into my gardine grene,
" To heir the mirrie birdis ſang.
" I lat you wit, I thocht not lang,
" Thocht I had taryit thair quhile none."
(Quod thai) " Quhair wes your hois and ſchone?
" Quhy yeid ye with your bellie bair?"
(Quod ſcho) " The morning wes ſa fair,
" For be him that deir Jeſus ſauld,
" I felt na wayis ony manner of cauld."

(Quod

(Quod thay) " Madame, me think ye ſweit."
(Quod ſcho) " Ye ſee I ſufferit heit.
" The dew did ſa on flouris fleit,
" That baith my lymmis ar maid weit:
" Thairfoir ane quhyle I will heir ly,
" Till this dulce dew be fra me dry.
" Ryſe and gar mak our denner reddie."
" That ſal be done," (quod thay) " my ladie."
Efter that ſcho had tane hir reſt,
Scho rais; and in hir chalmer dreſt:
And efter mes to denner went.
Than was the ſquyer diligent
To declair monie ſindrie ſtorie,
Worthie to put in memorie.
Quhat ſall we of thir luferis ſay?
Bot all this time of luſtie May;
They paſt the tyme with joy and blis,
Full quietlie with monie ane kis.
Thair was na creature that knew,
Yit of thir luferis chalmer glew.
And ſa he levit pleſandlie,
Ane certane time with his ladie.
Sum time with haiking and hunting,
Sum time with wantoun hors rinning.
And ſum time like ane man of weir,
Full galyardlie wald ryn ane ſpeir.
He wan the pryſe above thame all,
Baith at the buttis and the futeball.
Till everie ſolace he was abill,
At cartis, and dyce, at ches and tabill.
And gif ye liſt I ſall yow tell,
How that he ſeigit ane caſtell.
Ane meſſinger come ſpedilie,
From the Lennox to that ladie.
And ſchew how that Makfarlyon,
And with him mony bauld baron,

Hit

Hir caſtell had tane perfors
And nouther left hir kow nor hors.
And heryit all that land about.
Quhairof the ladie had greit doubt.
Till hir ſquyer ſcho paſſit in heſt,
And ſchew him how ſcho wes oppreſt;
And how he waiſtit monie ane myle,
Betuix Dunbartane and Argyle.
And quhen the ſquyer Meldrum,
Had hard thir novelis all and ſum:
Intill his hart thair grew ſic ire,
That all his bodie brint in fyre.
And ſwoire it ſuld be full deir ſald,
Gif he micht find him in that hald.
He and his men did them addres,
Richt haiſtelie in thair harnes,
Sum with bow, and ſum with ſpeir;
And he like Mars the God of weir,
Come to the ladie and tuke his leif;
And ſcho gaif him hir richt hand gluif:
The quhilk he on his baſnet bure,
And ſaid, "Madame I yow aſſure,
"That worthie Lancelot du Laik,
"Did never mair for his ladies ſaik,
"Nor I ſall do, or ellis de,
"Without that ye revengit be."
Than in hir armes ſcho him braiſt,
And he his leif did take in haiſt:
And raid that day and all the nicht,
Till on the morne he gat ane ſicht
Of that caſtell, baith fair and ſtrang.
Than in the middis his men amang:
To michtie Mars his vow he maid,
That he ſuld never in hart be glaid,
Nor yit returne furth of that land,
Quhill that ſtrenth were at his command.

All

All the tennentis of that ladie
Come to the ſquyer haiſtelie,
And maid aith of fidelitie,
That they ſuld never fra him flie.
Quhen to Makfarland, wicht and bauld,
The veritie all haill wes tauld,
How the young ſquyer Meldrum,
Wes now into the cuntrie cum;
Purpoiſand to ſiege that place;
Than vittallit he that fortres,
And ſwoir he ſuld that place defend,
Bauldlie untill his lyfis end.
Be this the ſquyer wes arrayit,
With his baner bricht diſplayit;
With culvering, hakbut, bow and ſpeir,
Of Makfarland he tuke na feir;
Bot like ane campioun courageous,
He cryit and ſaid, "Gif ouir the houſe!"
The capitane anſwerit heichly,
And ſaid, "Tratour we thé defy.
"We ſall remane this hous within,
"Into deſpyte of all thy kyn."
With that the archeris bauld and wicht,
Of braid arrowis let fle ane flicht
Amang the ſquyeris companie;
And thay agane richt manfullie,
With hakbute, bow, and culveryne.
Quhilk put Makfarlandis men to pyne.
And on their colleris laid full ſikker;
And thair began ane bailfull bikker.
Thair was bot ſchot and ſchot agane,
Till on ilk ſide thair wes men ſlane.
Than cryit the ſquyer courageous,
"Swyith lay the ledderis to the hous!"
And ſa thay did, and clam belyfe,
As buſie beis dois to thair hyfe.

Howbeit

Howbeit thair wes ſlane monie man,
Yit wichtlie ouir the wallis thay wan.
The ſquyer formeſt of them all,
Plantit the banir ouir the wall:
And than began the mortall fray,
Thair was not ellis bot tak and ſlay.
Than Makfarland that maid the prais,
From time he ſaw the ſquyeris face:
Upon his kneis he did him yeild,
Deliverand him baith ſpeir and ſcheild,
The ſquyer hartilie him reſavit,
Commandand that he ſuld be ſavit:
And ſa did ſlaik that mortall feid,
Sa that na mair wes put to deid.
In fre waird was Makfarland ſeiſit,
And let the laif gang quhair thay plaiſit.
And ſa this ſquyer amorous,
Seigit and wan the ladies hous.
And left thairin ane capitane,
Syne to Stratherne returnit agane:
Quhair that he with his fair ladie,
Reſſavit wes full pleſantlie.
And to tak reſt did him convoy:
Judge ye gif thair wes mirth and joy.
Howbeit the chalmer dure wes cloiſit,
They did bot kis, as I ſuppoiſit.
Gif uther thing wes them betwene,
Let them diſcover that luiferis bene:
For I am not in lufe expart,
And never ſtudyit in that art.
Thus they remainit in merines,
Beleifand never to have diſtreſs.
And in that time this ladie fair,
Ane douchter to the ſquyer bair.
Of ſic joy it is weill kend,
That ſorrow bene the fatall end;

For

For jelouſie and fals invie,
Did him purſew richt cruellie.
I mervell not thocht it be ſo,
For they wer ever Luiferis ſo:
Quhairthrow he ſtude in monie ane ſtour,
But ay defendit his honour.
Ane cruell knicht dwelt neir hand by,
Quhilk at this ſquyer had invy.
Imaginand intill his hart,
How he thir luiferis micht depart;
And wald have had hir maryand,
Ane gentilman within his land,
The quhilk to him was neir in blude.
And the ſquyeris freindis did conclude,
Becaus ſcho micht do him na gude,
That ſcho ſuld tak her leif and go,
Till hir cuntrie; and ſcho did ſo:
Bot thir luiferis met neuer agane,
Quhilk wes to thame ane leſtand pane.
For ſcho aganis hir will wes maryit,
Quhairthrow hir weird ſcho daylie waryit.
Wald I at lenth his lyfe declair,
I micht weill writ ane uther quair.
Bot at this time I may not mend it,
Bot ſchaw you how the ſquyer endit.
Thair dwelt in Fyfe ane agit Lord,
That of this ſquyer hard record:
And did deſire richt hartfullie,
To have him in his companie.
And ſend for him with diligence,
And he come with obedience.
And lang time did with him remane,
Of quhome this agit Lord was fane.
Wyſe men deſiris commounlie
Wyſe men into thair companie,

For

For he had bene in monie ane land,
In Flanderis, France, and in Ingland;
Quhairfoir the lord gaif him the cure,
Of his houſehold I yow aſſure.
And in his hall cheif Meriſchall
And auditour of his comptis all.
He was ane richt courticiane,
And in the law ane practiciane.
Quhairfoir during this lordis lyfe,
Schyref depute he was in Fyfe,
To everie man ane equall judge,
And of the pure he wes refuge.
To gold, to ſilver, or to rent,
This nobill ſquyer tuke litill tent.
Of all this warld na maiſ he craiſit,
Sa that his honour micht be ſaiſit.
And ilk yeir for his ladie's ſaik,
Ane banket royall wald he maik.
And that he maid on the Sonday,
Precedand to Aſchwedniſday.
With wyld foull, veniſoun and wyne:
With tairt, and flam, and frutage fyne:
Of bran and geill thair wes na ſkant,
And ypocras he wald not want.
I have ſene ſittand at his tabill,
Lordis and lairdis honorabill,
With knichtis and monie ane gay ſquyar,
Quhilk wer to lang for to declair:
With mirth, muſick, and menſtralſie.
All this he did for his ladie.
And for hir ſaik during his lyfe,
Wald never be weddit to ane wyfe.
And quhen he did declyne to age,
He faillit never of his courage.
Of ancient ſtoryis for to tell,
Above all uther he did precell.

Sa that everilk creature,
To heir him ſpeik thay tuke pleſure.
Bot all his deidis honorabill,
For to deſcryve I am not abill.
Of everie man he was commendit,
And as he leivit, ſa he endit
Pleſandlie, quhill he micht indure;
Till dolent deith come to his dure
And cruellie with his mortall dart,
He ſtraik the ſquyer throw the hart.
His ſaull with joy angelicall,
Paſt to the hevin imperiall.
Thus at the Struther into Fyfe,
This nobill ſquyer loiſt his lyfe.
I pray to Chriſt for to convoy
All ſic trew luiferis to his joy.
Say ye Amen for cheritie.
Adew! ye get na mair of me.

THE

The cruel diſaſter which befell poor MELDRUM, and partly no doubt occaſioned the ſeparation which took place between him and Lady GLENAIGIES, is thus related by PITSCOTTIE:—"At this time (1518) ther was ane gentilman in Edinburgh named *William Meldrum*, laird of Binnis, who hade in companie with him ane faire lady, called the Lady *Glenaigies*, who was daughter to Mr *Richard Lawſone* of Humbie, provoſt of Edinburgh; the which lady had borne to this laird two bairnes, and (he) intended to mary her if he micht have had the Pope's licence, becauſe her huſband befoir and he was ſib. Yit, notwithſtanding, ane gentilman called *Luke Stirling* invyed this love and marriage betwixt thir two perſons, thinkand to have the gentlewoman to himſelf in mariage, becauſe he knew the laird might not have the Pope's licence. Therefore he ſoliſted his brother ſon, the laird of Keir, with ane certane company of armed men, to ſet upon the laird of Binns, to take the lady from him by way of deed, and to that effect followed him betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, and ſet on him beneath the Ruid Chapel with fyftie armed men; and he agane defended him with fyve in number, and fought cruelly with them, and flew the laird of Keir's principal ſervant, and hurt the laird that he was in perrel of his lyfe, and ſix and twentie of his men; yet throw multiplication of his enemies he was overſet and driven to the earth, and left lyand for dead, hought of his leggis, and ſtricken throw the bodie, and the knoppis of his elbowis ſtricken [illegible] him: yit be the mickle power of God he eſcaiped the death, and [illegible] *his* men that were with him, and lived fyftie years thereafter."

In that curious little treatiſe called the "Complaint of Scotland," 1549, *we find the following paſſage*, fol. 101. b. "*The Preiſt of Peblis ſpeiris ane queſtione* "*in ane beuk that he conpilit: Quhy that burges bair-*"*nis thryvis nocht to the thrid ayr: Bot he micht* "*have ſperit as weil quhy that the ſucceſſours of the* "*comont pepil baytht to burgh and land* THRYVIS "*nocht, &c.*" *Doubtleſs the author here conſiders theſe tales as deſcriptive, not of any former, but of his own times; in ſhort, as a recent production not yet known among the common people, and of courſe not entitled to a place in his liſt of popular tales. It is, indeed, full of alluſions to the ſtate of the country during the laſt years of the reign of* JAMES V. *and exhibits a view of what muſt then have been common topics of converſation; ſuch as, the diſſolute levity of the King; the frequent change of his confidential ſervants, with their boundleſs avarice and rapacity; the ignominious ſtate into which the Nobility had lately fallen; and the reprehenſible manner in which eccleſiaſtical benefices were diſpoſed of. Laſtly, the poem contains ſome paſſages, or modes of expreſſion which we can hardly ſuppoſe the author would have hit upon before the publication of the Engliſh New Teſtament and Pſalms; ſuch as the* "*Prieſts coming in, not by the door, but at the window;*" *their reſemblance to* "*foxes in clothing of lamb-ſkin;*" *and a quotation from the Pſalms, put into the mouth of the King's fool.*

Theſe two detached parts of Scripture might find their way into Scotland about the year 1533: *ſo that we may fix the date of the Tales between that year and* 1540. *The author ſeems not to be known. Mr Pinkerton*

kerton in his liſt of Scotiſh Poets aſcribes them to a Dean David Steil, but he has publiſhed them anonymouſly in his valuable collection of Reprinted poems. Can any copy have exiſted bearing the inſcription 'Dean DAVDSTAILES?' *If ſo, we may ſuppoſe them to belong to* SIR DAVID LINDSAY *rather than to the author of the* 'Reign of the Roy Robert.' *The ſtile however has a greater reſemblance to that of* BELLENDEN.]

IN Peblis toun ſum tyme, as I hard tell,
The foirmeſt day of Februare, befell
Thrie Preiſtis went unto collatioun,
Into ane privie place of the ſaid toun.
Quhair that thay ſat, richt ſoft and unfute fair;
Thay luiſit nocht na rangald nor repair:
And, gif I ſall the ſuith reckin and ſay,
I traiſt it was apoun Sanct Brydis day.
Quhair that thay ſat, full eaſilie and ſoft;
With monie lowd lauchter apoun loft.
And, wit ye weil, thir thrie thay maid gude cheir;
To thame thair was na dainteis than too deir:
With thrie caponis on a ſpeit with creis,
With monie uthir ſindrie dyvers meis.
And thame to ſerve thay had nocht bot ane boy;
Fra cumpanie thay keipit thame ſa coy,
Thay lufit nocht with ladry, nor with lown,
Nor with trumpouris to travel throw the toun;
Both with thame ſelf quhat thay wald tel or crak;
Umquhyle ſadlie; umquhyle jangle and jak;
Thus ſat thir thrie beſyde ane felloun fyre,
Quhil thair caponis war roiſtit, lim and lyre.
Befoir thame was ſone ſet ane roundel bricht,
And with ane clene claith, finelie dicht,
It was ouirſet; and on it breid was layd.
The eldeſt than began the grace, and ſaid,

And

And bliſſit the breid with *Benedicite*,
With *dominus* Amen; ſo mot it be.
And be thay drunkin had about ane quarte,
Than ſpeak ane thus, that maſter was in arte,
And to his name their callit Johne was he,
And ſaid ſen we ar heir preiſtis thrie,
Syne wantis nocht, be him that maid the mone,
Til us wee think ane tail ſould cum in tone.
Than ſpake ane uther, to name hecht M. Archebald,
Now, be the hieſt hevin, quod he, I hald
To tel ane tail, methink, I ſould not tyre,
To hald my fute into this felloun fyre.
Than ſpak the thrid, to name hecht S. Williame,
To grit clargie I can not count nor clame;
Nor yit I am not travellit, as ar ye,
In monie ſindrie land beyond the ſee.
Thairfoir we think it nouther ſchame nor ſin
Ane of yow twa the firſt tail to begyn.
Heir I proteſt, than ſpak maiſter Archebald,
Ane travellit clark ſuppois I be cald,
Preſumpteouſlie I think nocht to preſome,
As I that was nevir travellit bot to Rome.
To tel ane tail bot eirar I ſuppone,
The firſt tail tald mot be Maiſter Johne:
For he hath bene in monie uncouth land,
In Portingale, and in Civile the grand;
In fyfe kinrikis of Spane al hes he bene;
In foure chriſtin, and ane heathin, I wene,
In Rome, Flanders, and in Venice toun;
And other landis ſindrie up and doun.
And for that he ſpak firſt of ane tail,
Thairfoir to begin he ſould nòt fail.
Than ſpeiks Maiſter Johne, now be the rude,
Me to begin ane tail ſen ye conclude,
And I deny, than had I fair offendit.
The thing begun, the ſoner it is endit.

THE

THE FIRST TAILE TAULD BE MR. JOHNE, OF A KING AND HIS PARLIAMENT.

A King thair was ſumtyme, and eik a Queene,
As monie in the land befoir had bene.
This king gart ſet ane plane Parleyment,
And for the lordis of his kinrik ſent:
And, for the weilfair of his realme and gyde,
The thrie eſtaits concludit at that tyde.
The King gart cal to his palice al thrie,
The eſtaits ilkane in thair degrie.
The biſhops firſt, with prelatis and abbotis,
With thair clarks ſervants, and varlottis:
Into ane hall, was large, richt hie, and hudge,
Thir prelats all richt luſtelie couth ludge.
Syne in ane hal, ful fair farrand,
He ludgit al the lordis of his land.
Syne in ane hal, was ondir that ful clene,
He harbourit al his burgeſſis rich and bene.
Sa of thir thrie eſtaitis, al and ſum,
In thir thrie hals he gart the wyſeſt cum.
And of thair mery cheir quhat mak I mair?
Thay fuir als weil as onie folk micht fair.
The King himſelf cum to his burgeſſis bene,
And thir wordis to thame carpis, I wene,
And ſayis, Welcum burgeſſis, my beild and blis!
Quhan ye fair weil I ma na mirthis mis.
Quhan that your ſhippis halds hail and ſound,
In riches, gudes and weilfair I abound.
Ye ar the caus of my lyfe, and my cheir,
Out of far landis your marchandice cums heir.
Bot ane thing is, for ſhort, the caus quhy
Togidder heir yow gart cum have I:
To yow I have ane queſtioun to declair,
Quhy burges bairns thryvis not to the thrid air?

Bot

Bot caſts away it that thair eldars wan.
Declair me now this queſtioun, gif ye can;
To yow I gif this queſtion, al and ſum,
For to declair againe the morne I cum.
Unto his lordis than cumen is the King,
Dois gladlie al he ſaid baith old and ying:
My luſtie lords, my leiges, and my lyfe,
I am in ſturt quhan that ye ar in ſtryfe.
Quhan ye have peace, and quhan ye have pleſaunce,
Than I am glade, and derflie may I daunce.
Ane heid dow not on bodie ſtand allane,
Forouten memberis, to be of micht and mane;
For to uphald the bodie and the heid;
And ſickerlie to gar it ſtand in ſteid.
Thairfoir, my lordis, and my barrouns bald,
To me alhail ye ar help and uphald.
And now I will ye wit, with diligence,
Quhairfoir that I gart cum ſic confluence:
And quhy ye lordis of my Parliament
I have gart cum, I will tell my intent.
Ane queſtioun I have, ye mon declair,
That in my minde is ever mair and mair;
Quhairfoir, and quhy, and quhat is the cais,
Sa worthie lordis war in myne elders dayis;
Sa full of fredome, worſhip, and honour,
Hardie in hart, to ſtand in everie ſtour.
And now in yow I find the hail contrair?
Thairfoir this doubt and queſtioun ye declair.
And it declair, under the hieſt pane;
The morne this tyme quhen that I cum agane.
Than till his clergie came this nobil King;
Welcum biſhops he ſaid, with my bliſſyng;
Welcum my beidmen, my bleſſe, and al my beild:
To me ye ar baith helmeit, ſpeir, and ſcheild.
For richt as Moyſes ſtude upon the mont,
Prayand to God of hevin, as he was wont;

And

And richt ſa, be your devoit oriſoun,
Myne enemies ſould be put to confuſioun.
Ye ar the gaineſt gait, and gyde, to God;
Of al my realme ye ar the rewl and rod.
It that ye dome I think it ſould be done;
Quhan that ye ſhrink, I have ane ſounyé ſone.
Thus be yow ane exampill men tais:
And as ye ſay than al and ſundrie ſayis:
It that ye think richt, or yit reſſoun,
To that I can nor na man have cheſſoun.
And that ye think unreſſoun, or wrang,
Wee al and ſindrie ſings the ſamin ſang.
Bot ane thing is I walde ye underſtude,
The caus into this place for to conclude,
Quhairfoir and quhy I gart yow hidder cum,
My clargie, and my clarks, al and ſum;
To yow I have na uther tail, nor theame,
Exceptand to yow biſhops a probleame;
Quhilk is to me ane queſtioun and dout;
Out of my mind I wald ye put it out.
That is to ſay, Quhairfoir and quhy
In auld times and days of anceſtry,
Sa monie biſchops war, and men of kirk,
Sa grit wil had ay gude warkes to wirk.
And throw thair prayeris, maid to God of micht,
The dum men ſpak; the blind men gat their ſicht;
The deif men heiring; the cruikit gat thair feit;
War nane in bail bot weill thay culd them beit.
To ſeik folks, or into ſairnes ſyne,
Til al thay wald be mendis, and medecyne.
And quhairfoir now in your tyme ye varie;
As thay did than quhairfoir ſa may not ye;
Quhairfoir may not ye as thay did than?
Declair me now this queſtioun, gif ye can.

To the Burgeſſis.

Upon the morne, eftir ſervice and meit,
The King come in, and ſat doun in his ſait,
Into the hal, amang the Burges men;
With him ane clark, with ink, paper, and pen;
And bad them that thay ſould, foroutin mair,
His queſtioun reid, aſſolye, and declair.
And the Burgeſſis, that this queſtioun weil knew,
Hes ordanit ane wyſe man, and ane trew,
The queſtioun to reid foroutin fail.
And he ſtude up, and this began his tail:—

Excellent, hie, richt michty prince, and King!
Your hienes heir wald faine wit of this thing,
Quhy burges bairnis thryvis not to the thrid air;
Can never thryve, bot of al baggis is bair
Ay ever mair; that is for to ſay,
It that thair eldars wan thay caſt away.
This queſtion declair full weill I can:
Thay begin not quhair thair faderis began.
Bot, with ane heily hart, baith doſt and derft,
Thay ay begin quhair that thair fathers left.
Of this mateir largelie to ſpeik mair,
Quhy that thay thryve not to the thrid air;
Becaus thair fatheris purelie can begin;
With hap, and halfpenny, and a lambs ſkin;
And purelie ryn fra toun to toun on feit;
And than richt oft wetſhod, werie, and weit,
Quhill at the laſt, of monie ſmals, couth mak
This bonie pedder ane gude fute pak.
At ilkane fair this chapman ay was fund;
Quhill that his pak was worth fourtie pund.
To beir his pak, quhan that he faillit force,
He bocht ful ſone ane mekil ſtalwart hors;
And at the laſt ſo worthelie up wan,
He bocht ane cart to carie pot and pan;

Baith Flanders cofferis, with counteris and kiſt;
He wox ane grande rich man or onie wiſt.
And ſyne into the town, to ſel and by,
He held a chop to ſel his chaffery.
Than bocht he wol, and wyſelie couth it wey;
And efter that ſone ſaylit he the ſey.
Than come he hame a verie potent man;
And ſpouſit ſyne a michtie wyfe richt than.
He ſailit ouer the ſey ſa oft and oft
Quhil at the laſt ane ſemelie ſhip he coft.
And waxe ſa ful of warldis welth and win;
His hands he wiſh in ane ſilver baſin.
Foroutin gold or ſilver into hurde,
Wirth thrie thouſand pund was his copburde.
Riche was his gounis with uther garments gay;
For Sonday ſilk, for ilk day grene and gray.
His wyfe was cumlie cled in ſcarlet reid.
Scho had no dout of derth of ail nor breid.
And efter that, within a twentie yeir,
He ſone gat up ane ſtelwart man, and ſteir.
And efter that this burges we of reid
Deit, as we mon do al indeid.
And fra he was deid than come his ſone,
And enterit in the welth that he had wone.
He ſteppit not his ſteppis in the ſtreit,
To win this welth; nor for it was he meit.
Quhen he wald ſleip, he wantit not a wink
To win this welth: na for it ſweit na ſwink.
Thairfoir that lichtlie cums wil lichtlie ga.
To win this welth he had na work, nor wa.
To win this gude he had not ane il houre;
Quhy ſould he have the ſweit, had not the foure?
Upon his fingeris with riche rings on raw,
His mother tholit not the reik on him to blaw.
And wil not heir, for very ſchame and ſin,
That euir his fader ſald ane ſheip ſkin.

He

He wald him ſayne with Benedicite
Quha ſpak of onie degrading of his grie.
With twa men, and ane varlot at his bak;
And ane libberly ful lytil to lak.
With ane wald he wax baith wod and wraith
Quha at him ſpeirit how ſald he the claith?
At haſourt wald he derflie play at dyſe;
And to the taverne eith he was to tyſe.
Thus wiſt he never of wa, bot ay of weil,
Quhil he had ſlielie ſlidden fra his ſeil;
Syne to the court than can he mak repair,
And fallow him ſyne to ane lordis air.
He weits nocht for na warld's welth, nor win,
Quhil drink and dyce have peurit him to the pin.
He can not mak be craft to win ane eg;
Quhat ferlie is thoch burges bairnes beg?
And, Schir, this is the caus, as I declair,
Quhy burges bairnis thrives not to the thrid air.
Weil, quod the King, thow ſerves thy rewaird;
For wyſelie hes thow this queſtioun declaird.
Schir clark! tak ink, with pen on paper wryte;
And as he ſaid thow dewlie put on dyte.

To the Lordes.

Than to his Lordis cum is this nobil king,
Deſyrand for to wit the ſolyeing
Of this queſtioun, this probleame, and dout;
The quhilk the lordis had all round about
Avyſetlie, as weil it ſould accord,
Thair langage layd apoun ane agit lord.
The quhilk ſtude up, and richt wyſelie did vail
Unto the King, and thus began his taill:
Excellent-hie, richt michty Prince and ſure!
Ay at your call we ar, under your cure.
And now ſen ye have gart us hither cum,
This dout for to declair, baith al and ſum,

That

That is to ſay, the caus quhairfoir and quhy
Sic worthie lordis war in dayis gane by;
Sa ful of fredome, worſchip, and honour,
Hardie in hart, to ſtand in everie ſtour:
And now in us, ye meine ay mair and mair
Into your tyme ye find the hail contrair?
Schir, this it is the caus, quhairfoir and quhy:
Your Juſtice ar ſa ful of ſucquedry;
Sa covetous, and ful of avarice,
That thay your lordis impairis of thair pryce.
Thay dyte your lordis, and heryis up your men:
The theif now fra the leillman quha can ken?
Thay wryte up leill, and fals, baith al and ſum;
And dytes them als under ane pardoun.
Thus, be the huſbandman never ſa leil,
He dytit is, as ane theif is to ſteil.
Thay luke to nocht bot gif ane man have gude;
And it I trow maun pay the Juſtice fude:
The theif ful weill he wil himſelf outerby;
Quhen the leill man into the lack wil ly.
The leil man for to compone wil nocht conſent,
Becaus he waitis he is ane innocent.
Thus ar the huſbandis dytit al but dout;
And heryit quyte away al round about.
Sumtyme, quhen huſbandmen went to the weir,
Thay had ane jack, ane bow, or els ane ſpeir:
And now befoir quhair thay had ane bow,
Ful faine he is on bak to get ane fow.
And, for ane jak, and raggit cloke hes tane;
Ane ſword, ſweir out, and rouſtie for the rane.
Quhat ſould ſic men to gang to ane hoiſt,
Lyker to beg than enemies to boiſt?
And your lordis, fra thair tennantes be puir,
Of gold in kiſt na koffer has na cuir.
Fra thay be al puir that ar them ondir;
Thoch tha be puir your lords, is na wonder:

For

ch huſbands, and tenants of grit micht,
ıy thair lordis to hald thair richt.
ıhan your lords ar puir, thus to conclud,
el thair ſonnes and airs for gold and gud;
ne mokrand carle, for dereſt pryſe,
riſt nevir yit of honour, nor gentryſe.
'orſhip, and honour of linage,
it weirs thus for thair diſparage.
manheid, and thair menſe, this gait thay murle;
iage thus unyte with ane churle.
ıhilk wiſt never of gentrie, na honour,
lome, worſhip, vaſſalage, nor valour.
ı the caus dreidles, for withoutin dout,
your lordis how honour is al out.
ıus my lordis bade me to yow ſay,
ıonour, fredome, and worſchip, is away.
n ſpak the King, your concluſion is quaint;
ıairattour ye mak to us a plaint:
ı your ſentence thus ye meine to ſay
en ar hurt, and theifis gets away.
ıus methink ye meine juſtice is ſmuird;
:ennantis, and your leill huſbands, ar puird:
quhan that thay ar puird, than ar ye pure.
ıhilk to yow is baith charge and cure;
're for gold baith wed and wage;
your ſones and aires in mariage
rls of kynde; and, bot for thair riches,
ıom is na nurture, nor nobilnes,
ne, worſchip, manheid, nor honour,
ıhilk to us and yow is diſhonour.
nekil this ſchortly I conclud,
that ar diſcendand of our blud,
e quhilk thing I will ye underſtand,
Goddis grace, we tak it apoun hand,
for this as reſſoun can remeid;
ıe to cum thairof thair be na pleid.

With

With our Juſtice thair ſal pas ane doctour,
That luſis God, his ſaul, and our honour.
The quhilk ſal be ane doctour in the law,
That ſal the faith and veritie weil knaw:
And fra hence furth he ſal baith heir and ſé
Baith theif puneiſt, and leil men live in lie.
For weil I wait thair can be na war thing
Than covetyce in juſtice, or in king,
Efter this tail in us ye ſal not taint;
Nor yit of our juſtice to mak ane plaint.
And afterwart ſa did this King but cheſſoun;
On him micht na man plenie of reſſoun.
Syne bad his clark, but onie variance,
Wryte this in his buik of rememberance.

To the Clergie.

Than to the Clergie come this nobill King,
Of his queſtioun to heir the abſolving.
And thay, as men of wiſdome in al werk,
Had layd thair ſpeich upon ane cunning clerk.
The quhilk in vane in ſcule had not tane grie;
In al ſcience ſevin he was an A *per ſe*;
And in termis ſchort, and ſentence fair,
The queſtioun began for to declair.
That is to ſay quhairfoir and quhy,
In auld times and dayis of anceſtry,
Sa monie biſchops war and men of kirk
Sa grit wil had ay gude werkis to wirk;
And throw thair prayeris, maid to God of micht,
The dum men ſpak; the blind men gat thair ſicht;
The deif men heiring; the cruikit gat thair feit;
Was nane in bail bot weil thay culd them beit.
And quhairfoir now al that cuir can varie,
Methink ye mene quhairfoir ſa may not we?
And thus it is your quodlibet and dout,
Ye geve to us, to reid, and gif it out.

And

is the caus, richt michtie King! as ſchort,
r Hienes as we ſal thus report.
vit folkes this law wald never ceis
h thair uſe, quhen biſchops war to cheis
ıe kirk thay gadret, auld and ying,
ıeik hart, faſting and praying;
ayit God, with wordis nocht in waiſt,
them wit doun, be the halie Gaiſt,
them amang was onie biſhop deid,
to them ane biſhop in his ſteid.
t amang us ar fund wayis thrie
s ane biſchope, after ane othir die.
to ſay the way of the halie Gaiſt,
takin is of micht and vertue maiſt.
ound is, by way of electioun,
rſone for to cheis of perfectioun,
cathedral kirk, and in that ſé,
: quhair that biſchope ſuld choſen be:
thair be nane abil thair that can
ſice weil ſteir, quhat ſal thay than
the thrid way to ga forthi?
is callit (*via ſcrutavi*)
to ſay, in al the realme and land,
an to get for that office gainand.
r thrie wayis, withoutin ony pleid,
ıld we cheis after ane uther's deid.
hir, now the contrair wee find,
puts al our hevines behind.
l thair nane, of thir wayis thrie,
ien now ane biſchope for to be;
t your micht and Majeſtie wil mak
ver he be, to loiſe or yit to lak;
eyly to ſit on the rayne-bow.
ſhops cums in at the north window;
t in at the dur, nor yit at the yet:
:r waine and quheil in wil be get.

Gif

Gif he cummis not in at the dur,
Goddis pleuch may never hald the fur.
He is na hird to keip thay ſely ſheip;
Nocht bot ane tod in ane lambſkin to creip.
How ſould he kyth mirakil, and he ſa evil?
Never bot by the dyſmel, or the devil.
For, now on dayes, is nouther riche nor pure
Sal get ane kirk, al throw his literature.
For ſcience, for vertew, or for blude,
Gets nane the kirk; bot baith for gold and gude.
Thus, greit excellent King! the halie Gaiſt
Out of your men of gude away is chaiſt:
And, war not that doutles I yow declair,
That now as than wald hail baith ſeik and ſair.
Sic wickednes this world is within,
That ſymonie is countit new na ſin.
And thus is the caus, baith al and ſum,
Quhy blind men ficht, na ſpeiking gets the dum.
And thus is the caus, the ſuith to ſay,
Quhy halines fra kirkmen is away.
Than, quod the King, well underſtand I yow.
And heir to God I mak ane aith and vow;
And to my crown, and to my cuntrie to;
With kirk-gude ſall I never have ado,
It to diſpone to lytil or to large;
Kirkmen to kirk, ſen they have al the charge.
Than had this nobil King lang tyme and ſpace;
And in his tyme was mekil luk and grace.
His lordis honourit him efter thair degrie;
The huſbands peice had and tranquilitie;
The kirk was frie quhil he was in his lyfe;
The burges ſones began than for to thryfe:
And eftir lang was never king more wyſe:
And levit, and endit in God's ſerviſe.
And than ſpak all that fellowſhip, but fail,
God and Sanct Martyne quyte yow of your taill.

And

And than ſpak Maiſter Archebald, Now fallis me
Gude tail or evil, (quhider that euer it be,)
Thus, as I can, I ſal it tel but hyre,
To hald my fute out of this felloun fyre.

THE SECOND TAILL TALD BE M. ARCHEBALD, OF THE AULD AND NEW SERVANTS.

A King thair was ſumtyme, and eik a Queene,
As monie in the land befoir had bene.
The king was fair in perſoun, freſh and fors;
Ane feirie man on fute, or yit on hors.
And neuertheles feil falts him befell:
Hee luifit over weil yong counſell:
Yong men he luifit to be him neiſt;
Yong men to him thay war baith clark and preiſt.
Hee lufit nane was ald, or ful of age;
Sa did he nane of ſad counſel nor ſage.
To ſport and play, quhyle up, and quhylum doun,
To al lichtnes ay was he redie boun.
Sa ouir the ſey cummin thair was a clark,
Of greit ſcience, of voyce, word, and wark;
And dreſſit him, with al his beſynes,
Thus with this king to mak his recidens.
Weil ſaw he with this king micht na man byde,
Bot thay that wald al ſadnes ſet on ſyde.
With club, and bel, and partie cote with eiris,
He feinyeit him ane fule, fond in his feiris.
French, and Dutche, and Italie yit als,
Weil culd he ſpeik, and Latine feinye fals.
Unto the kirk he came, befoir the king,
With club, and cote, and monie bel to ring.
Dieu gard ſir king! I bid nocht hald in hiddil;
I am to yow als ſib as ſeif is to riddil.
Betwixt us twa mot be als mekil grace,
As froſt and ſna fra Yule is unto Pace.

Wait yee how the Frenche man ſayis ſyne,
Nul bon, he ſayis, *monſieur, ſans pyne*.
With that he gave ane loud lauchter on loft:
Honour, and eis, ſir, quha may have for nocht?
Cum on thy way, ſir king, now for Sanct Jame,
Thow with me, or I with thee, gang hame.
Now be Sanct Katherine, quod the king, and ſmyld,
This fule hes monie waverand word, and wyld.
Cum hame with mee: thow ſal have drink ynouch.
Grand mercy! quod the fuill agane, and leuch.
Now quod the king, fra al dulnes and dule
Wee may us keip, quhil that wee have this fuil.
He feinyeit him a fuil in deid and word;
The wyſer man the better can he bourd.
Quhil at the laſt this fuil was callit ay
Fuil of fuiles, and that ilk man wald ſay.
Thus was this fuil ay ſtil with the King,
Quhil he had weil conſidderit, in al thing,
The conditions, uſe, maner, and the gyſe,
And coppyit weil the king on his beſt wyſe.
Sa fel it on a day this nobil king
Unto ane cietie raid for his ſporting:
This fuil perſavit weil the King wald pas,
Unto ane uther cietie, as it was,
He tuke his club, and ane table, in his hand,
For to prevene the tyme he was gangand.
Sa be the way ane woundit man fande he;
And with this fuil war runners, twa or thrie;
Sum of the court, and ſum of the kitchene,
And ſaw ane man, but Leiche or Medycene,
Sa fair woundit micht nouther ga nor ſteir:
At him this fuil con al the caus ſpeir.
He anſwered, and ſaid, Rever and theif,
Thou hes me hurt, and brocht me in miſchief.
With that his woundis war fillit ful of fleis,
As euer in byke thair biggit onie beis.

Than

Than ane of thame, that had pitie, can pray
That he mot ſkar thay felloun fleis away.
Than ſpak the fuil and ſaid, Lat them be, man,
For thay ar ful; the hungry wil cum than.
For thir dois nocht bot ſit, as thou may ſe;
For thay ar als ful as thay may be.
Be thir away it is evil, and na gude,
The hungrie fleis wil cum and ſouk his blude.
The ofter that thir fleis away be cheiſt,
The new fleis will mair of his blude waiſt:
And draw his blude, and ſouk him ſine ſa ſair;
Thairfoir lat them alane; ſkar them na mair.
The ſair man him beheld, and him he demes,
And ſaid he was not ſik a fuil as he ſemes.
Sone, after that ane lytil, came the King,
With monie man can gladelie ſport and ſing;
Ane cow of birks into his hand had he,
To keip than weil his face fra midge and fle.
For than war monie fleand up and doun,
Throw kynd of yeir, and hait of that regioun.
Sa luikit he ane lytil by the way,
He ſaw the woundit man, quhair that he lay.
And to him came he rydand, and can fraine,
Quhat ailit him to ly and fairly graine?
The man anſwered, I have ſik ſturt,
For beith with theif and rever am I hurt.
And yit, ſuppois I have all the pyne,
The falt is yowris, ſir King, and nathing myne.
For, and with yow GUDE COUNSAL war ay cheif,
Than wald ye ſtanche weill baith rever and theif.
Have thow with the, that can weil dance and ſing,
Thow raks not thoch thy realms weip and wring.
With that the King the bob of birkis can wave,
The fleis away out of his woundis to have:
And than began the woundit man to grane,
Do nocht ſa, ſir, allace I am ſlane.

How

How ſayis thow, thow tell me quod the King,
Quhy thow ſayis ſa, I ferly of this thing?
And ſa ſaid al his men, that ſtude about,
Thow wald be haill and thay war chaſit out.
The ſair can ſay, be him that can us ſave,
Your fule, ſir King, hes mair wit than ye have.
And weil I ken, be his phiſnomie,
He hes mair wit nor all your cumpanie.
My tung is ſwéir, my bodie hes na ſtrenth,
Frane at your fule, he can tel yow at lenth;
I am but deid, and I may ſpeik na mair,
Adew, ſir! for I have ſaid: weil mot ye fair.
Fra this ſair man now cummin is the King,
Havand in mynd great murmour and moving;
And in his hart greit havines and thocht,
Sa wantonly in vane al thing he wrocht;
And how the cuntrie throw him was misfarne,
Throw yong counſel; and wrocht ay as a barne.
And yit, as he was droupand thus in dule,
Of al and al he forleit of his fule:
Quhat kynde of man this fuil with him ſould be;
And quhat this ſair man be this fuil micht ſe.
And quhat is the caus, quhairfoir and quhy,
He was wyſer than al his cumpany.
Quhan cummin was the king to that citie,
Full faſt than for his fule frainit he.
And quhan the king was ſet doun to his meit,
Unto his fuil gart mak ane ſemely ſeit;
Ane roundel with ane cleine claith had he,
Neir quhair the king micht him heir and ſe.
Than, quod the king, a lytil wie, and leuch,
Sir fuill, ye ar lordly ſet aneuch:
Quhan ye ar ful, quhat cal thay yow, and how
Sa hamely als ar ye with me now?
Sir, to my name thay cal me fule Fictus,
Befoir yow as ye may ſe me ſit thus;

And

And of this cuntrie certes am I borne,
With luk, and grace, and fortoun me beforne.
Schir fuill, tell me gif that ye ſaw this day
Ane woundit man ly grainand by the way?
Ye, ſir, forſuith ſik ane man couth I ſie:
And in his wound was monie felloun flie.
Now, quod the king, ſir fuill, to me ye ſay
Quhy ſkarrit ye not thay flies al away?
Thocht ye it was ane deid of charitie,
In ſeik mans wound for to leife ane flie?
Sir, trow me weill, full ſuith it is I ſay,
Better was ſtil thay fleis, than ſkarrit away;
For gif ſa be the fleis away ye ſkar;
Than efter them cums hungriar be far.
Thairfoir war better let them be, but dout,
For the full fleis halds the hungrie out.
The hungrie flie, that never had been thair,
Scho ſouks the mans wound ſa wonder fair;
And quhen the fleis ar ful than byde thay ſtil,
And ſtops the hungrie beis to cum thairtil.
Bot, ſir, allace, methink ſa do not ye;
Ye ar ſa licht and ful of vanitie:
And ſa weil lufis al new things to perſew;
That ilk ſeſſioun ye get ane ſervant new.
Quhat wil the ane now ſay unto the uther?
Now ſteir thy hand, myne awin deir brother;
Win faſt be tyme; and be nocht lidder:
For wit thou weil, Hal binks ar ay ſlidder.
Thairfoir now, quhither wrang it be or richt,
Now gadder faſt, quhil we have tyme and micht.
Sé na man now to the King eirand ſpeik,
Bot gif we get ane bud; or ellis we ſal it breik.
And quhan thay ar full of ſic wrang win,
Thay get thair leif: and hungryar cums in.
Sa ſharp ar thay, and narrowlie can gadder,
Thay pluck the puir, as thay war pewand hadder.

And

And taks buds fra men baith neir and far;
And ay the laſt ar than the firſt far war.
Juſtice, Crounar, Sarjand, and Juſtice Clark,
Removes the auld, and new men ay thay mark.
Thus ſla thay al the puir men belly flaucht;
And fra the puir taks many felloun fraucht,
And ſteirs them; and wait the tyde wil gang.
Syne efter that far hungrier cummis than.
And thus gait ay the puir folk ar at under:
This world to ſink for ſin quhat is it wonder?
Thairfoir now, be this exampil we may ſe,
That ane new ſervant is lyke ane hungrie ſle.
Than, quod the King, quhat ſay ye to our ſule,
Suppois that he had bene ane clark at ſcule?
To God now, quod the King, I mak ane vow,
Ye ar not ſik ane ſule as ye ſet yow.
Thus wonderit al, the King that ſat about,
And of this ſule had ſerly, dreid, and dout.
Thoch he was ſule in habit, to al feiris
Ane wyſer ſpeik thay hard neuer with thair eiris.
Syne off his coate thay tirlit be the croun,
And on him keſt ane ſyde clarkly goun;
And quhen this ſyde goun on him micht be,
Ane cunning clark and wyſe than ſemit he.
Syne efter ſone ane Biſhop thair was deid,
Ful ſone was he maid Biſhop in his ſteid.
And to the King and Queene he was ful leif;
And of thair inwart counſell ay maiſt cheif.
And than ſpak al the fallowſhip thus ſyne,
God quyte yow, ſir, your tail, and ſant Martyne.
Sir Williame than ſayis, Now fallis me
To tel ane tail; thoch I be of yow thrie
The febilleſt, and leiſt of literature;
Yit than, with all my diligence and cure,
To tell ane taill now ſik ane as I have:
Of me methink you ſould na uther crave.

THE

THE THRID TAILL, TALD BE MAISTER WILLIAME, OF ANE MAN QUHA HAD THRIE FREINDIS.

A KING thair is, and ever mair will be,
Thairfoir the King of kings him call we.
Thus he had a man, as hes mony,
Into this land, als riche as uther ony.
This man, that we of ſpeik, had freinds thrie;
And lufit them nocht in ane degrie.
The firſt freind, quhil he was laid in delf,
He lufit ay far better than himſelf:
The nixt freind than alſweil luifit he,
As he himſelf luifit in al degrie:
The thrid freind he luifit this and ſwa
In na degrie like to the tother twa;
Suppois he was ane friend to him in name,
To him as freind yit wald he never clame.
The tother twa his freindis war indeid
As he thocht quhen that he had onie neid.
Sa fell it on ane day ſone efter than
This King he did ſend about this rich man;
And ſent to him his officer, but weir,
Thus but delay befoir him to compeir.
And with him count and give reckning of all
He had of him al tyme baith grit and ſmall.
With that this officer paſt on gude ſpeid,
And ſummond this riche man we of reid;
And al the cace to him he can record,
That he in haiſt ſould cum to his awin Lord.
This rich man be he had hard this tail
Ful ſad in mynd he wox baith wan and pail.
And to himſelf he ſaid, ſeichand ful ſair,
Allace how now! this is ane haiſty fair!
And I cum thair, my tail it wil be taggit;
For I am red that my count be ouir raggit.

Quhat

Quhat ſal I do, now may I ſay, allace:
A cumbred man I am into this cace.
I have na uther help, nor yit ſupplie,
Bot I wil pas to my freindis thrie:
Twa of them I luifit ay ſa weil,
But ony fault thair freindſhip wil I feil.
The thrid freind I leit lichtly of ay;
Quhat my he do to me bot ſay me nay?
Now wil I pas to them, and preif them now,
And tel them al the cans, and maner how.

Thus came he to his freind that he
Lufit better than himſelf in al degrie.
And ſaid, lo freind! my hart thow ever had;
And now, allace, I am ful ſtraitly ſtad.
To me the King his officer hes ſend;
For he wil that my count to him be kend:
And I am laith, allane, to him to ga,
Without with me ane freind thair be, or twa.
Thairfoir I pray yow that ye tel me now to
In this mater quhat is the beſt ado?
And thus anſwered this freind agane, that he
Ouer al this warld lufit as *A per ſe*,
The devill of hell, he ſaid, now mot me hing,
And I compeir befoir that crabit King!
He is ſa ful of juſtice, richt, and reſſoun,
I lufe him not in ocht that will me cheſſoun.
He hes na lyking, lufe, nor luſt of me,
Na I to him ga quhill the day I die.
Quhairto thairof ſould mak ony mair?
I cum nocht to the King, I thé declair.

Unto the ſecound freind cummin is this man,
That as himſelf befoir he lufit than.
And ſaid, lo freind! the King hes ſend for me
His officer; and biddis that I be
At him in haiſt; and cum ſone to his call:
And to him mak my count of grit and ſmall,

Tha

That I of him in all my dayis had.
And I ſie richt I am ſtraitlie ſtad!
Thairfoir I pray that thow wald underta
With me unto yon king that thow wald ga.
This freind anſwered, and ſaid to him agane,
I am diſpleiſit, and ill paynit of thy pane;
Bot I am nocht redie, in onie thing,
With thé for to compeir befoir that king.
Thoch he hes ſend for the his officer;
I may not ga with thé: quhat wil thow mair?
Bot a thing is to ſay in termes ſhort,
With yow my freind I wil ga to the port:
Truſt weil of me na mair of myne ye get,
Fra ye be anis in at the king's yet.
And thus ſhortly, with yow for to conclude,
Mair nor is ſaid of me ye get na gude.
With that the man that thus charged his freind,
He ſaid, allace I may na longer leind!
Sen I my twa beſt freinds couth aſſay:
I can nocht get a freind yit to my pay,
That dar now tak in hand, for onie thing,
With me for to compeir befoir yon king.
Allace, quhat ſall I ſay? quhat ſal I dó?
I have na ma freinds for to cum to,
Bot ane the quhilk is callit my thrid freind;
With him I trow I will be lytil meind.
To ga to him I wait bot wind in waiſt,
For in him I have lytil trouth or traiſt.
Yit cummin the man that we of reid
Unto this thrid freind, quhen he had neid,
And tald to him the maner, and the cace;
How on him laid an officer his mace,
And ſummond him, and bad he ſould compeir
Befoir the King, and gif ane count perqueir;
And to him mak ane ſharp count of al
He had into his lyfe, baith grit and ſmal.

And thus anſwered his freind to him agane,
Of the in faith, gude freind, I am ful fane.
Of me altyme thow gave but lytil tail;
Na of me wald have dant nor dail.
And thow had to me done onie thing,
Nocht was with hart; bot vane gloir, and hething.
With uther freinds thou was ſa weill ay wount,
To me thow had ful lytil clame or count.
To thé thow thocht I was not worth ane prene,
And that I am ful rade on the will be ſene.
And yit the lytil kyndnes that thow
To me hes had weil ſal I quyte it now.
For with the ſal I ga unto the King,
And for the ſpeik, and plie intil al thing.
Quhairever thow ga, with me thow ſall be meind,
And ever halden for my tender freind.
The King he lufis me weil, I wait,
Bot ever, allace, to me thow cum ouer lait;
And thow my counſal wrocht had in al thing,
Ful welcum had thow bene ay to that King.
Betwixt us twa wit he of unkyndnes,
Sone wil thow feil he wil thé lufe the les:
Wit he betwixt us twa be onie lufe,
He wil be richt weil payit and the approfe:
And he to me wit thow maid ony falt,
To thé that wil be ful ſowre and ſalt.
And than weil ſal thou find, as thou lufit me,
In al maner of way ſa ſal he thé.
Quhat is thair mair of this mater to meine?
With the befoir the king I ſal be ſene.
Quhaireuer thou ga, withoutin ony blame,
As tender freind to thé ay ſal I clame;
Without offence to be thy defendour,
And ay trewly to be thy protectour.
Befoir quhat judge thou appeir up or doun,
Thé to defend I ſal be reddie boun.

And

And quhither I cum agane heir ever or never
Fra thé thus ſal I never mair diſſever.
Thoch he the bind and caſt the in a cart,
To heid or hang, fra the I ſal nocht part.
Quhat wil thou mair that I may ſay the til?
I am reddie; cum on quhaneuer thou wil.
Allaoe! allace! than ſayis this riche man,
Over few I find are in this warld that can
Cheis ay the beſt of thir freinds thrie,
Quhill that the tyme be gane that thay ſould ſe,
Thow leifs nocht ſin quhill ſin hes left the;
And than quhan that thou ſeis that thou man de:
Than is ouer lait, allace! havand ſik let,
Quhan de'th's cart will ſtand befoir the yet.
Allace, ſen ilkane man wald be ſa kynde
To have this latter freind into his mynde!
And nocht traiſt in his uther freinds twa,
With him befoir the King that wil nocht ga!
Gude folk, I wald into this warld that ye
Sould underſtand quhilk ar thir freinds thre;
Quha is the King; quha is this officeir;
And quha this riche man is. I will declair,
The King is God, that is of michtis maiſt,
The Father, Sone, and eik the Haly Gaiſt,
In ane Godheid, and yit in perſones thré,
Thairfoir the King of kings him cal we.
This officer but dout is callit Deid;
Is nane his power agane may repleid:
Is nane ſa wicht, na wyſe, na of ſic wit,
Agane his ſummond ſuithly that may ſit.
This riche man is baith thou and me,
And al that in the warld is that mon die.
And als ſone as the deid till us wil cum,
Than ſpeik we to our freinds all and ſum.
The firſt freind is bot gude penny and pelfe,
That mony man lufis better than himſelfe.

And

And quhan to me or thé cumis our deid,
Our richeś than will ſtand us in na ſteid:
To pairt fra it ſuppoſe we graine and greit,
It ſayis fairweil! agane we will never meit!
This ſecund freind, lat ſe, quhome will we call
Bot wyfe, and barne, and uther freindis all;
That thus anſweres, and ſayis in termes ſchort,
We wil nocht ga with the bot to the port:
That is to ſay unto the Kingis yet;
With thé farder to ga is nocht our det.
Quhilk is the yet, that we call now the port?
Nocht but our graif to pas in, as a mort.
This thrid freind quhome will we cal, let ſie;
Nocht ellis bot Almos deid and charitie;
The freind quhilk anſwerit with wordis ſweit,
Of me as freind ſuppoſe thou lytle leit,
Yit for the lytle quaintance that we had,
Sen that I ſe the in ſturt ſa ſtraightly ſtad,
Quhaireuer thou ga, in eird or art,
With the, my freind, yit ſall I never part.
Quhairever thou ga, ſuppoſe a thouſand ſchoir thé,
Even I thy Almos deid ſall ga befoir the.
Thairfoir my counſall is that we mend,
And lippin nocht all to the latter end.
And ſyne, to keip us fra the ſinnes ſevin,
That we may win the hie blys of hevin:
And thus out of this warld that we may win
But ſhame, or det, or deidly ſin,
And than ſpeiks the tother Preiſtis tyte,
This gude tale ſir I trow God will you quyte.

Mr Pinkerton places theſe Tales prior to 1492, becauſe the kingdom of Granada is mentioned as not yet Chriſtian. Maister Johne, however, may only have meant to deſcribe Spain, as he himſelf had ſeen it: Or, the author may not have heard of the eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity in that kingdom. Lindsay ſays,

Of Coſmographie I am not expert,
For I did never ſtudie in that art,

THE

THE PARLIAMENT OF CORRECTIOUN; OR, ANE PLEASANT SATYRE OF THE THRIE ESTAITIS, IN COMMENDATION OF VERTUE, AND VITUPERATION OF VICE; A PLAY, MAID BE SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

This earlieſt ſpecimen of Dramatic writing in the Scottiſh dialect, was firſt repreſented at Linlithgow in 1540, *but probably was written in* 1536, *before* JAMES V. *had married* "ſum Quene of blud royall." *The following lines contain a deſcription of the ſtate of Europe, which ſeems applicable enough to the commencement of that year's campaign; at leaſt, (we may ſuppoſe,) according to the information or belief of* SIR DAVID, *who in* 1552 *would hardly have deſcribed the Emperor* CHARLES V. *then near* 60 *years old, as only ſhaping, or beginning to form a plan, to become a Conqueror:*

Now I heir ſay the Empriour
Schaipis for to be ane conquerour,
And is movand his ordinance
Agains the nobill King of France,
Bot I knaw not his juſt querrell,
That he hes for to mak battell;
All the Princis of Allmanyie,
Spanyie, Flandeiris, and Italie,
This preſent yeir ar all on flocht.
Sum will thair wagis find deir bocht.
The Paip, with bombard, ſpeir, and ſcheild,
Hes ſend his army to the feild.

Beſides, we have already obſerved, that ſo early as 1528, LINDSAY, *in his* DREAM, *exhibited ſketches of ſeveral of the principal characters; ſuch as* JOHN THE COMMON-WEILL, LADY SENSUALITY, LADY CHASTITY, &c. *which, doubtleſs, he had then introduced into ſome interlude, or Morality, according to the cuſtom of the times.*

times. If there had been, at that period, a Printer in Edinburgh, LINDSAY, *in all probability, would have preceded* HEYWOOD *in the publication of dramatic Moralities. At any rate, he has the honour to be the firſt Britiſh author who produced a Dramatic piece exceeding the limits of an interlude, and ſuſceptible of the common diviſion into Acts and Scenes, without deviating from the order in which it was firſt printed.*

In a letter to the Lord Privy Seal of England, dated 26th January 1540, SIR WILLIAM EURE *(Envoy from* HENRY VIII.) *gives the following account of this Play as it had then been performed "in the feaſt of Epiphanie at Lightgwe, before the King, Queene, and the hoole counſaile, ſpirituall and temporall: In the firſte entres come in* SOLACE, *(whoſe parte was but to make mery, ſing ballets with his fellowes, and drinke at the interluyds of the play,) whoe ſhewed firſte to all the audience the play to be played.—Next come in a* KING, *who paſſed to his throne, having noe ſpeche to thende of the play; and then to ratify and approve, as in plain Parliament, all things done by the reſt of the players which repreſented* THE THREE ESTATES. *With hym come his courtiers* PLACEBO, PIKTHANKE, *and* FLATTERYE, *and ſic alike gard; one ſwering he was the luſtieſt, ſtarkeſte, beſt proportionit, and moſt valyeant man that ever was: ane other ſwere he was the beſte with long-bowe, croſe-bow, and culverin, and ſo furth. Thairafter there come a man armed in harnes, with a ſwerde drawn in his hande, a* BUSHOP, *a* BURGES-MAN, *and* EXPERIENCE, *clede like a* DOCTOR; *who ſet them all down on the deis under the* KING. *After them come a* POOR MAN, *who did go up and down the ſcaffolde, making a hevie complainte that he was hereyet throw the Courtieres taking his fewe in one place, and his tackes in another,*

another; wherthroughe he had ſcayled his houſe, his wyfe and childrene beggyng thair brede; and ſo of many thouſands in Scotland: ſaying thair was no remedy to be gotten, as he was neither acquainted with Controuller nor Treaſourer.—And then he looked to the King, and ſaid he was not King of Scotland, for there was ane other King in Scotland that hanged JOHNE ARMESTRANG, *with his fellowes, and* SYM THE LAIRD, *and mony other moe; but he had lefte ane thing undone: then he made a long narracione of the oppreſſion of the poor, by the taking of the Corſe-preſaunte beiſts, and of the herrying of poor men by the Conſiſtorye lawe, and of many other abuſions of the* SPIRITUALITIE *and Church. Then the* BUSHOP *raiſe and rebuked him. Then the* MAN OF ARMES *alledged the contrarie, and commanded the poor man to go on. The Poorman proceeds with a long liſt of the Buſhop's evil practices, the vices of Cloiſters, &c. This proved by* EXPERIENCE, *who, from a New Teſtament ſhews the office of a Buſhop. The* MAN OF ARMES *and the* BURGES *approve of all that was ſaid againſt the Clergy, and allege the expediency of a Reform with the conſent of Parliament. The* BUSHOP *diſſents. The* MAN OF ARMES *and the* BURGES *ſaid they were two, and he but one, wherefore their voice ſhould have moſt effect. Thereafter the King in the Play ratified, approved, and confirmed all that was reherſed."*

*In a few months after this firſt repreſentation, ſome ſevere laws having been made againſt the encouragers of Hereſy**, LINDSAY'S *play was not again exhibited until about the year* 1552, *when ſeveral new Scenes of a ſubordinate nature were added, both at the beginning and end; without, however, contributing much either to the improvement of the piece, or to the character of the author as a teacher of morality. It would greatly exceed the*

* See KEITH's Hiſtory.

the bounds of this Collection to print the whole of these introductory and concluding ſcenes; we muſt, therefore, confine ourſelves to what appears to have been the original piece, before it was over-loaded with appendages, moſt of them abſurd or obſcene; omitting, however, not a ſingle line in the body of the Play, as printed in the edition 1602, *undoubtedly the firſt.*

It is almoſt unneceſſary to mention that the repreſentation took place in the open fields, where the advantage of a natural amphitheatre offered itſelf; ſuch as the Playfeild of GREENSIDE, *at the bottom of the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, where this play was performed at leaſt once, during the regency of* MARY OF GUISE; *and, upon another occaſion, the hill of* COUPAR IN FIFE, *as appears from the* BANN. MS. *and from the preface to edition* 1592 *of* LINDSAY'S *poems. Theſe three repreſentations were probably thought ſufficient to prepare all ranks of men for that Reformation which ſoon afterwards was introduced; but which was carried to an extent far beyond what ſeems, from this Play, to have been projected by* SIR DAVID LINDSAY. *If his moderate plan had been adopted in the courſe of the two laſt years of* JAMES V. *Scotland muſt have remained* Catholique, *or at leaſt* Epiſcopal, *for a long ſeries of years. Upon this, and other relative ſubjects, the antiquarian reader is left to exerciſe his ſagacity. For him alone the Play is calculated.*

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

DILIGENCE, *the Meſſenger.*

THE Fader, foundar of faith, and felicitie,
That your faſſone formit to his ſimilitude;
And his Sone your Salviour, ſcheild in neceſſitie,
That bocht yow frome bailis, ranſomit on the rude,
Replegeing his priſſonaris with his pretious blude;
The Haly Gaiſt, governour and grantar of Grace,
Of wyſdome and weilfaire baith fountane and ſtude;
Save yow all that I ſe ſeiſit in this place!
And ſcheild yow from ſyn;
And with his ſpreit yow enſpyre,
Till I haif ſchawin my deſyre.
Sylence, Soverains, I requyre,
For now I begyn.

[*pauſa.*

Pepill tak tent to me, and hald yow coy,
Heir am I ſent to yow, ane meſſengeir
From ane nobill and richt redowttit Roy,
The quhilk hes bene abſent this mony yeir;
Humanitie, gif ye his name wald ſpeir:
Quha bad me ſchaw to yow, but variance,
That he intendis amang yow to compeir,
With ane triumphant awfull ordinance;

With crown, and ſwerd, and ſceptour, in his hand,
Temperit with mercy, quhen penitence appeiris:
Howbeid that he hes bene lang tyme ſleipand,
Quhairthrow miſreuill hes rung this mony yeiris,
And innocentis bene brocht apoun thair heiris,
Be fals reportaris of this natioun:
Thocht young oppreſſouris at thair eldaris leiris,
Be now weill ſeur of reformatioun.
Sé no miſdoaris be ſo bawld,
As to remane into this hawld;
For quhy, be him that Judas ſawld,
Thay will be heich hangit.
Faithfull folk now may ſing,
For quhy it is the bidding,
Of my Soverane the King,
That na man be wrangit.
Thocht he ane quhile now in his flowris
Be governit be trumpowris,
And ſumtyme love paramouris;
Hald him excuſyt.
For quhen he meitis with Correctioun,
With Verety, and Diſcretioun,
Thay will be baneiſt of the toun,
Quhilk hes him abuſyt.
And heir be oppen proclamatioun
I warne, in name of his magnificence,
The Thre Eſtaitis of this natioun,
That thay compeir with detfull diligence,
And till his Grace mak thair obedience.
And firſt I warne the Spiritualitie;
And ſee the Burges ſpair nocht for expence,
Bot ſpeid thame heir with Temporalitie.
Als I beſpeik yow, famous auditouris
Convenit into this congregatioun,
To be patient, the ſpace of certane houris,
Till ye haif hard owr ſchort narratioun.

And

we mak yow ſupplicatioun,
man tak our wordis in diſdane,
l ye heir be lamentatioun
nmounweill richt peteouſly complane.
nt pepill, I pray yow all,
man greif in ſpeciall;
all ſpeik in generall
yme and for play.
r till that our rymes be rung,
miſtonit ſongis be ſung,
y man keip weill his tung,
man alſway.

nce I proteſt
Lord, Laird, and Ladie:
will rin, but reſt,
l that all is ready.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MALES.

KING HUMANITIE.
DILIGENCE, *or the Messenger.*
WANTONNES.
PLACEBO.
SOLLACE.
FALSET, alias *Sapience.*
DISSAIT, alias *Discretioun.*
FLATTRIE, alias *Devotioun.*
DIVINE CORRECTION, *sometimes called* KING CORRECTION.
CORRECTION'S *Servant.*
GUDE COUNSALL.
SPIRITUALITIE, *or the* CLERGY.
TEMPORALITIE, *or* LAND-HOLDERS.
MERCHANDMAN, *or* BURGESSES.
JOHN THE COMMON-WEILL.
PUIRMAN.
PARDONAR.
WILKIN, *the Pardonar's Boy.*
SARJANTS, *&c. &c.*

FEMALES.

Lady SENSUALITIE.
HAIMLYNES.
DANGER.
Freind JONAT.
Lady CHESTETIE.
Lady VERITIE.

THE

THE

PARLIAMENT OF CORRECTIOUN.

SCENE I.

KING CORRECTION'S BOY.

[*Heir fall* CORRECTIONIS *Varlet cry out,*

SCHYRS! ſtand abak, and hald yow coy;
I am the King Correctiouns boy,
Cum heir to dreſs his place.
Se that ye mak obedience
Unto his nobill Excellence,
Fra time ye ſe his face.
For he makkis reformatiounis
Out thruch all Chriſtin natiounis,
Quhair he findis grit debaitis:
And, ſa far as I undirſtand,
He ſall reforme into this land
Evin all the Thre Eſtaitis.
God furth of hevin hes him ſend,
To puneiſs all that dois offend
Agane his Majeſtie;
As euir him liſt to tak vengence,
Sumtyme with ſwerd and peſtilence,
With derth and povertie.
Bot quhen the pepill dois repent,
And beis to God obedient,
Than will he gif thame grace:
Bot thay that will not be correctit,
Richt ſuddanly will be dejectit,
And fleimit fra his face. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

DISSAIT, FLATTRY, FALSET, *in the habit of Freiris.*

Diſs. Bruder, hard ye yone Proclamatioun?
I dreid full ſair for Reformatioun,
Yone meſſage makis me mangit.
Quhat is your counſale to me tell?
Remane we heir, be God himſell,
We will be all thré hangit.
Flatt. I ſall ga to Spritualitie,
And preiche owt thruche his Dyocie,
Quhair I will be unknawin:
Or keip me cloiſe into ſum cloſter,
With mony piteous *pater noſter*,
Till all the boiſt be blawin.
Diſs. I ſall be tretitt as ye ken
With my maiſters the Merchand men,
Quhilk can mak ſmall debait;
Ye ken rycht few of thame that thryves,
Or can begyle the landwart wyves,
Bot me thair man Diſſait.
Now Falſat, quhat ſall be thy ſchift?
Fals. Na cair thow nocht, man, for my thrift;
Trows thow that I be daft?
Na I will leif ane luſtie lyfe,
Withowttyn ony ſturt or ſtryfe,
Amang the men of Craft.
Flatt. I will remane na mair beſyd yow,
But counſel yow richt weill to gyde yow:
Byde nocht upon Correctioun.
Fairweill! I will na langar tarie.
I pray the elriche Quene of Farie,
To be your protectioun.
Diſs. Falſat, I wald we maid ane band,

No

Tow quhill the King is found ſleipand
Quhat rack to ſteill his box?
Fals. Now weill ſaid, be the Sacrament,
That ſall I do incontinent;
Thocht it had twenty lokkis.
[*Heir ſall* Falſet *ſteill the Kingis box.*
Lo heir the Box! now lat us ga:
This may ſuffyce for our rewairdis.
Diſs. Yea, that it may, man, be this day
It may weill mak us landward Lairdis.
Now latt us caſt away thir clays,
In dreid ſum follow on the chace.
Fals. Rycht weill devyſit, be St Blais.
Wald God we war out of this place!
[*Heir ſall they caſt away their counterfeit clais.*
Diſs. Now ſen thair is na man to wrang us,
I pray yow, bruder, with all my hairt,
Latt us now pairt this pelf amang us;
Syne haiſtely lat us depairt.
Fals. Trow ye to get as mekill as I?
That ſall thow nocht: I ſtaw the box.
Thow did nathing but luikit by,
And lurkit like ane wilie fox.
Diſs. Thy heid ſall beir a cuppill of knokkis,
Pelour, without I get my part.
Swyth, hurſone ſmaik, ryve up the lokkis,
Or I ſall ſtik the thruche the hart.
[*Heir ſall thay fecht, with ſylence.*
Fals. Allace for evir, myne Ee is out!
Walloway will na man red the men?
Diſs. Apoun thy craig tak thair ane clout!
To be courtace I ſall the ken.
Fairweill, for I am at the flycht,
I will not byd on ma demandis;
Gif we tway meit agane this nycht,
Thay feit ſall be worth fourty handis.

SCENE

SCENE III.

KING CORRECTIOUN.

Corr. Beati qui eſurient et ſitiunt juſtitiam.
Thir ar the words of the redoutit Roy,
The Prince of Peace, above all Kingis King,
Quhilk hes me ſent all cuntries to convoye,
And all miſdoars dourlie to down thring.
I will do nocht without the conveining
Ane Parliament of the Eſtaitis all;
In thair preſence I fall, but feinyeing,
Iniquitie under my ſword doun thrall.
Thair may no Prince do actis honorabill,
Bot gif his counſall thairto will aſſiſt.
How may he knaw the thing maiſt profitabill,
To follow vertew, and vycis to reſiſt,
Without he be inſtructit and ſoliſt?
And quhen the King ſtands at his counſell ſound,
Then welth ſall wax, and plentie as he liſt,
And policie ſall in his realm abound.
Gif ony liſt my name for till inquyre,
I am callit Divine Correctioun.
I fled throuch mony uncouth land and ſchyre,
To the greit profit of ilk natioun.
Now am I cum into this regioun,
To teill the ground that hes bene lang unſawin;
To puniſhe tyrants for thair tranſgreſſioun;
And to caus leill men live upon thair awin.
Na realme, nor land, but my ſupport may ſtand,
For I gar Kings live into royaltie:
To rich and puir I beir an equal band,
That thay may live into thair awin degrie.
Quhair I am nocht is no tranquillitie:
Be me tratours and tyrants ar put doun;

Quha

Quha thinks na ſchame of their iniquitie
Till thay be puniſhed be mee Correctioun.
Quhat is ane King? Nocht bot an officiar,
To caus his leiges live in equitie;
And under God to be ane puniſcher
Of treſpaſſours againſt his Majeſtie.
Bot quhen the King dois live in tyrannie,
Breakand juſtice for fear or affectioun,
Then is his realme in weir and povertie,
With ſchamefull ſlauchter, but correctioun.
I am ane Juge, richt potent and ſeveire,
Cum to do juſtice, mony thowſand myle.
I am ſa conſtant, baith in peice and weir,
Na bud nor favour ma my face ouerſyle.
Thair is thairfoir richt mony in this Yle
Of my repair, but dout, quhilk dois repent:
Bot verteous men, I traiſt, ſall on me ſmyle;
And of my cuming be richt weill content.

Enter GUDE COUNSALL.

Gude Coun. Wylcum, my Lord, wylcum ten thowſand tymis
Till all faythfull and trew men of this regioun!
Wylcum for till correct all faltis and crymis,
Amang this cankarit congregatioun!
Lowiſs Cheſtetie, I mak yow ſupplicatioun,
And put till fredome fair Lady Veretie,
Quhilk be unfaithfull folk of this regioun
Lyis bund ful faſt into captivitie.

Corr. I mervel, Gude Counſall, how that may be;
Ar ye nocht with the King familiar?

Gude Coun. That am I not, my Lord, ful wais me!
Bot lyk ane brybour halden at the bar;
Thay play bo-keik, even as I war a ſkar.
Thair came thré knavis, in clething counterfeit,
And fra the King thay gart me ſtand afar;
Quhois names war Falſat, Flattry, and Diſſait.

Bot

Bot quhen thay knavis hard tell of your cumming,
Thay ſtall away, ilk ane a ſindry gait,
And keiſt fra thame thair counterfeit clething:
For thair leving full weill thay can debait.
The Merchand men thay haife reſſet Diſſait;
And for Falſet, full weill, my Lord, I ken
He will be richt weill treitet, air and late,
Amang the maiſt pairt of the Craftiſmen.
Flattry hes tane the habite of a Freir,
Purpoiſing to begyle the Spriſtuall Eſtait.
Corr. But dout, my freind, and I leive half a yeir;
I ſall ſerche owt thair iniquitie.
Quhair lyis thay Ladyis in captivitie?
[*Heir ſall* Correctioun *and* Gude Counſall *pas to* Lady Veritie, *and* Lady Chéſtetie *in the ſtokkis.*
Corr. How now ſyſteris, quho hes yow ſo diſgyſit?
Ver. Unmerciful memberis of iniquitie
Diſpytfully hes us, my Lord, ſuppryſit.
Corr. Ga put thay ladeis to thair libertie
Incontinent, and brek doun all the ſtokkis.
Bot dowt they ar full deir welcum to me.
Mak diligence; me think ye do bot mokkis;
Speid hand, and ſpair not for to brek the lokkis,
And tendirly tak thame up be the hand.
Had I thame heir, thay knavis ſowld ken my knokkis,
That thame oppreſt, and baneiſit of this land.
[*Heir ſall they be tane out of the ſtokkis: and* Veritie *ſall ſay,*
Ver. We thank you, Syr, of your benignitie;
Bot I beſeik your Majeſtie Royall,
That ye wald paſs to King Humanitie;
And fleme fra hym yone Lady Senſuall,
And entir in his ſervice Gude Counſall,
For ye will find him very counſalable.

Corr.

Corr. Cum on, ſiſteris; as ye haif ſaid I ſall;
And gar hym ſtand with yow thré, firme and ſtable.
[Correctioun *paſſis towards the* King, *with* Veritie, Chaſtitie, *and* Gude Counſall.

SCENE IV.

KING HUMANITIE *aſleep*; *attended by* LADY SENSUALITIE, WANTONNES, SOLACE, *and* PLACEBO.

Want. Solace! knawis thou not quhat I ſe?
Ane knicht, or ellis ane king, thinks me,
With wantoun wings as he wald flé.
Brother, quhat may this mein?
I underſtand nocht be this day
Quhidder that he be freind or fay:
Stand ſtill and heare quhat he will ſay;
Sic ane I haif nocht ſene.
Sol. Yon is ane ſtranger, I ſtand forde:
He ſemes to be ane luſtie lord.
Be his heir-cumming for concord,
And be-kinde till our King:
He ſall be welcome to this place,
And treatit with the Kingis grace.
Be it nocht ſa we ſall him chace,
And to the divell him ding.
Pla. I reid us put apoun the King,
And walkin him of his ſleiping.
Sir, riſe and ſe an uncouth thing.
Get up, ye ly too lang.
Sen. Put on your huide, John Fule, ye raif.
How dar ye be ſo pert, Sir Knaif,
To tuich the King? Sa Chriſt me ſaif,
Fals huirſone, thow ſall hing.
[*Heir ſall* Gude Counſall, Veritie, *and* Cheſtetie, *cum to the* King, *with* Correctioun.

Corr.

Corr. Get up, Syr King! ye haif ſleipit aneuch
Into the armes of Lady Senſuall.
Be ſure that moir belangis to the pleuch,
As afterward perchance reherſs I ſall.
Remembir how the King Sardanapall
Amang fair Ladyis tuk his luſt ſa lang,
Sa that the maiſt part of his Leigis all
Rebeld, and ſyne hym duilfully doun thrang.
Remember how, into the tyme of Noy,
For the foulle ſtink and ſyn of lichery,
God, be my wand, did all the warld deſtroy.
Sodom and Gomer richt ſo full rigouruſly
For that ſelf ſyn war brunt rycht crewally.
Thairfoir I thé command incontinent
Baneyſs frome thé that huir Senſualitie,
Or ellis but dowt rudly thow ſalt repent.
King. Be quhome haif ye ſó grit awtoritie,
Quhilk dois preſome for till correct ane King?
Knaw ye nocht me the King Humanitie,
That in my regioun royally dois ring?
Corr. I haif power greit Princis to doun thring,
That leivis contrair the Majeſtie Devyne;
Agane the trewth quhilk planely dois maling;
But thay repent, I put thame to rewyne.
I will begin at thé, quhilk is the heid,
And mak on thé firſt Reformatioun.
Thy Leigis than will follow the but pleid,
Swyth, harlott, hence without dilatioun!
Sen. My Lord, I mak yow ſupplicatioun
Gif me licence to paſs agane to Rome;
Amang the Princis of that natioun,
I lat you wit my bewty thair will blome.
[*Heir ſall* Senſualitie, *with her companionis, depairt fra the* King.
Adew, Sir King, I may na langer tary.
I cair nocht that als gude luiſe cums as gais.

I re-

I recommend yow to the Queene of Farie;
I ſe ye will be gydit with my fais.
As for this King, I cure him nocht twa ſtrais.
War I amang Biſchops and Cardinals,
I wald get gould, ſilver, and precious clais:
Na earthlie joy but my preſence avails.
[*Heir ſall ſche, with her companeouns, paſs to* Spiritualitie, *and ſay,*
My Lordis of the Spirituall ſtait,
Venus preſerve yow air and lait!
For I can mak na mair debait,
I am partit with your king;
And am baneiſcht this regioun,
By counſell of Correctioun.
Be ye nocht my protectioun
I may ſeik my ludging.
Spir. Welcome our dayis darling;
Welcome with all our hart;
We all, but feinyeing,
Sall plainlie tak your part.
[*Heir ſall the Biſhops, Abbots, and Parſons kiſs* Lady Senſualitie *and her companions.*
Corr. My Lord, ſen ye ar quyt of Senſualitie,
Reſſaif into your ſervice Gude Counſall,
And richt ſo this fair Ledy Cheſtetie,
Till ye mary ſum Quene of blude royall.
Obſerve than Cheſtetie matrimoniall.
Richt ſo reſſaif thow Veretie be the hand.
Uſe thair cunſell, your fame ſall never fall;
Thairfoir with thame mak ane perpetuall band.
[*Heir ſall the* King *reſſaiff* Counſall, Veretie, *and* Cheſtetie.
And Sir tak tent quhat I will ſay,
Obſerve thir ſame baith nicht and day,
And let them never part yow fray;
Or els, withoutin doubt,

Turne ye to Senſualitie,
To vicious lyfe, and rebaldrie,
Out of your realme richt ſchamefullie
Ye ſall be ruttit out;
As was Tarquin, the Roman King,
Quha for his vicious living,
And for the ſchameful raviſching
Of the fair chaiſt Lucres,
Was ſune degraidit of his croun,
And baneiſt of his regioun:
I maid on him correctioun,
As ſtories dois expres.

King. I am content your cunſall till inclyne;
Ye beand of ſa gud conditioun.
At your cummand ſall be all that is myne.
And heir I gif you full commiſſioun
To puneiſs faultis, and gif remiſſioun.
To vertew I ſall be conſonable;
With you I ſall confirme an unioun;
And at your counſall ſtand ay firme and ſtable.

[*The* King *embraces* Correctioun *with a humble countenance.*

Corr. I counſall yow incontinent,
Agane proclame the Parliament
Of all the Thre Eſtaitis.
That thay be heir with diligence,
To mak to yow obedience,
And ſone dreſs all debaites.

King. That ſall be done, but mair demand.
Hoaw Diligence! cum heir fra hand,
And tak your informatioun.
Ga warne the Spiritualitie,
Richt ſa the Temporalitie,
Be oppin proclamatioun,
In gudlie haiſt for to compeir
In thair honorabill maneir,

To

To gif us their counſaillis.
Quho ſo beis abſent, to thame ſchaw
That thay ſall underly the law,
And puneiſt be that faillis.
Dil. Schyr, I ſall baith in Bruch and Land,
With diligence do your command,
Upon my awin expenſe.
Schyr, I haif ſervit all this yeir,
Bot I gat nevir ane deyneir
Yet for my recompenſe.
King. Paſs on; and thou ſall be regairdit,
And for thy ſervice weill rewairdit.
For quhy, with my conſent,
Tou ſall haif yeirly for thy hyre,
The teind muſſells of the Ferry myre,
Confirmit in Parliament.
Dil. I will get riches threw that rent,
Eftir the day of dome,
Quhen in the coillpotts of Tranent
Butter will grow on brome.
All nicht I had ſa meikill drewth,
I micht not ſleip a wink.
Or I proclame ocht with my mouth,
But dowt I mon have drink.
Corr. Cum heir, Placebo, and Sollace,
With your cumpanyeoun Wantonnes;
I ken weill your conditioun.
For tyſting King Humanitie
To reſſaiff Senſualitie,
Ye mon ſuffer punitioun.
Wan. We grant my Lord, we haif done ill:
Thairfoir we put us in your will.
Bot we have bene abuſit.
For in gud faith, Syr, we beleivit
That lichery fould na man haif greivit,
Becaus it is ſa uſit.

Pla.

Pla. Ye ſee how Senſualitie
With Principalls of ilk cuntrie
Bene glaidlie lettin in;
And with your prelatis mair and les,
Speir at my Ladie Priores
Gif lechery be ſin.
Sol Schyr, we ſall mend our conditioun,
Sa ye gif us remiſſioun;
Bot gif us leif to ſing,
To dance, and play at cheſs, and tabils;
To reid ſtoryis, and mirry fabillis,
For pleſour of our King.
Corr. So that ye do na udyr cryme,
Ye ſal be pardonit at this tyme.
For quhy, as I ſuppois,
Princis ſumtyme mon ſeik ſollace
With mirth, and lefull mirrenes,
Their ſpreitis to rejoyiſs.
And richt ſa halking and hunting,
Ar honeſt paſtimes for ane king
Into the tyme of peace;
And lern to ryn ane hevie ſpeir,
That he into the tyme of weir
May follow at the cheace.
King. Quhair is Sapience and Diſcretioun?
And quhy cumis not Devotioun nar?
Ver. Sapience, Syr, was ane verry loun,
And Deſcretioun was nyne tymes war.
The ſuth, Syr, gif I wald report,
Thay did begyle your Excellence;
And wald not ſuffer to reſort
Nane of us thré to your preſence.
Cha. Thay thré war Flattrie, and Diſſait,
And Falſat, that unhappy loun.
Againe us thré quhilk maid debait:
Thay baneiſt me fra toun to toun;

Thay

Thay gart thir tway fall into-ſoun,
Quhen thay war lokkit in the ſtokkis.
That daſtard quhilk ye call Diſcretioun
Full thiftouſly he ſtall your box.
King. The divill tak thame, ſen thay ar gane!
Me thocht thame ay thrie very ſmaikis.
I mak ane vow to ſweit Sanct Fillane,
Get I thame, thay ſall beir thair paikis.
I ſe thay playit with me the glaikkis.
Gude Counſall, now ſchew me the beſt;
Sen I fix on you thré my ſtáikis,
How ſall I keep my realme in reſt?
Gude Coun. Initium ſapientiæ eſt timor Domini.
Sir, gif your Hienes yearnis lang to ring,
Firſt dread your God abuif all uther thing,
For ye ar bot ane mortal inſtrument
To that great God and King Omnipotent,
Preordinat be his divine Majeſtie
To reull his peopill intill unitie.
The principall point, Sir, of ane King's office,
Is for to do to everilk man juſtice;
And for to mix his juſtice with mercie,
But rigour, favour, or partialitie.
Forſuith it is na little obſervance
Great regions to have in governance.
Quhaever taks on him that Kinglie cuir,
To get ane of thir twa, he ſuld be ſuir:
Great paine and labour, and that continuall;
Or ellis to have defame perpetuall.
Quha guydis weill, they win immortal fame;
Quha the contrair, they get perpetuall ſchame.
Efter quhais death, but dout, ane thouſand yeir
Thair life at lenth rehearſt ſall be perqueir.
The Chroniklis to knaw I yow exhort;
Thair ſall ye finde baith gude and euill report:
For everie Prince, efter his qualitie,

Thocht

Thocht he be deid, his deids ſall neuer die.
Sir, gif ye pleaſe for to uſe my counſall,
Your fame and name ſall be perpetuall.
[*Heir ſall the Meſſinger* Diligence *proclaim,*
At the command of King Humanitie,
I warne and charge all Memberis of Parliament,
Baith Sprituall Stait, and Temporalitie,
That till his Grace thay be obedient;
And ſpeid thame to the Court incontinent,
In gud order arrayit ryally.
Quha beis abſent, or inobedient,
The Kingis diſpleſour thay ſall underly.
[*Then ſall he ſay to the pepill,*
And als I mak yow exhortatioun,
Sen ye haif heard the firſt part of our play,
Go tak ane drink, and mak collatioun;
Ilk man drink to his marrow, I yow pray
Tarie nocht lang, it is lait in the day.
Let ſum drink ayle, and ſum drink claret wine,
Be greit doctouris of phyſike I heare ſay,
That michtie drink comforts the dull ingyne.
[*Now ſall the Pepill mak Collatioun; the King, Biſchoppis, and principal playeris being out of their ſeats.*

The end of the firſt part of the Satire.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

PUIRMAN, *and* DILIGENCE.

Peur. Of your almos, gude folkis, for luve of hevin!
For I haif moderles bairnis ſax or ſevin.
Gif ye will gif na gude, for luve of ſweit Jeſus,
Wiſs me the richt way to Sanct Andreus.
Dil. Quhair haif we gottin this gudly companeoun?
Swyth furth of the feild, thow fals raggit loun.
God wait gif heir be ane weill keipit place,
Quhen ſic ane vyld beggar karle may get entres.
Fy on yow officiaris that mendis not thir failyies!
I gif yow all to the Divill, baith provoſt and baillies!
Without ye cum ſone, and chace this carle away,
The divill a word ye get mair of our play.
Fals huirſone raggit carle, quhat is that thow ruggis?
Peur. Quha maid yow a gentillman wald not ſtow your luggis.
Dil. Quhat now? me think this cullroun carle begynnis to crak.
Swyth carle away, or be this day I ſall brak your bak.
[*Heir ſall the carle clym up and ſit in the King's elby tchyre.*
Com doun; or, be Goddis croun, fals loun, I ſall ſlay the.
Peur. Now ſweir be thy brunt ſhinnis the divill ding thame frae the.
Quhat ſay he till thir court knavis? be thay get haill clais
Sa ſone thay leir to ſweir; and trip on thair tais.

Dil.

Dil. Methocht the carle callit me knave even in my face,
Be Sanct Fillane, thow ſalbe ſlane, bot gif thow aſk grace.
Loup; or be the gud Lord thow ſalt loiſs thy heid.
Peur. I ſall anis drink, or I ga, thocht thow had ſworne my deid.
[*Heir* Diligence *caſtis away the leddir.*
Dil. Loup now, gif thow liſt, for thow hes loiſt the leddir.
Peur. It is full weill thy kynd to lowp, and licht in a tedder.
Thow ſalbe fane to fetche agane the ledder, or I lowp:
I ſall ſitt heir into this tcheir, till I haif toumit this ſtowp.
[*Heir ſall the carle loup off the ſcaffald.*
Dil. Swyth, beggir bogill, haiſt thé away:
Thow art ouer perte to ſpill the proces of our play.
Peur. I will not giff for your play worth a fulis fart:
For thair is littill play this day at my hungry hart.
Dil. Quhat aillis the cruckit carle?
Peur. Mary, meikill ſorrow!
I can not get, thocht I gaſp, to beg nor to borrow.
Dil. Quhair is it thow dwels, or quhat is thy intent?
Peur. I dwel into Lowthiane, ane myle fra Tranent.
Dil. Quhair wald thow be, carle, the ſuth to me ſchaw?
Peur. Sir, evin at Sanct Androes, for to ſeik law.
Dil. To ſeik law in Edinburgh is the neireſt way.
Peur. Sir, I haif ſocht law thair this mony deir day;
Bot I could nevir find law at ſeſſioun nor ſeinye.
Thairfoir the mekill deuell droun all the menye.
Dil. Schaw me thy mater, man, with all the circumſtance;
How thow hes happinit on this unhappy chance.

Peur.

Peur. Gude man, will ye gife me of your cheretie?
And I ſall declair to yow the blak veretie.
My fader was an auld man, and ane hair;*
And was of aige fourſcoir yeirs and mair.
And *Mald*, my moder, was fourſcoir and fyiftene:
And with my labour I did thame baith ſuſtene.
We had a meir, that careit ſalt and coill;
And evirilk yeir ſcho brocht us hame a foill.
We had thré ky, that was baith fatt and fair,
Nane tydiar hyne to the toun of Air.
My fader was ſa waik of blude and bane,
That he deit; quhairfoir my moder maid grit mane;
Than ſcho deit to, within ane oulk or two;
And thair began my povertie and wo.
Our gude gray meir was baitand on the feild;
Our landis laird tuik hir fot his heiryeild.
The vicar tuik the beſt kow be the heid,
Incontinent quhen my fader was deid;
And quhen the vicar hard how that my moder
Was deid, fra hand he tuke fra me ane uder.
Than Meg, my wife, did murn baith evin and morrow,
Till at the laſt ſcho deit for very ſorrow:
And quhen the vicar hard tell my wyfe was deid,
The third kow than he cleikit be the heid.
Thair ummeſt clayis, quhilk was of raploch gray,
The vicar gart his clark cleik thame away.
Quhen that was gane, I micht mak na debait,
Bot with my bairnis paſt for to beg my mait.
Now haif I tald yow the blak veritie,
How I bin brocht into this miſerie.

Dil. How did the Perſone, was he not thy gude freind?

Peur. How? the divill ſtick him! he curſt me for my teind;

* The ſong of *Auld Robin Gray* ſeems partly borrowed from this ſpeech.

And haldis me yit undir that ſame proceſs,
That gart me want my ſacrament at Peſs.
In gud faith, Syr, thocht ye wald cut my thrott,
I haif na geir, except an Inglis grott,
Quhilk I purpoſs to gif ane man of law.
Dil. Thow art the daftiſt fule that euir I ſaw.
Trowis thow, man, be the law to get remeid
Of men of kirk? na neuir till thow be deid.
Peur. Syr, be quhat law, tell me quhairfoir or quhy,
That our vicar ſould tak fra me thrie ky?
Dil. Thay haif na law, except ane conſuetude;
Quhilk law to thame is ſufficent and gude.
Peur. Ane conſuetude, aganis the commoun weill,
Sould be no law, I think be ſweit Sanct Geill.
Quhair will ye find that law, tell gif ye can,
To tak thre ky fra ane peur huſband man?
Ane for my fader; and for my wyfe ane uder;
And the thrid kow he tuke for Mald my moder.
Dil. It is thair law; all that thay haif in uſe;
Thocht it be kow, ſow, ganer, gryce, or guſe.
Peur. Schyr, I wald ſpeir at yow ane queſtioun.
Behald ſum prellatis of this regioun,
Manifeſtly, during thair luſty lyvis,
Thay ſwyve ladeis, madinis, and menis wyves;
And ſa thair quentis thay haif in conſuetude.
Quhidder ſay ye that law is evill or gude?
Dil. Hald thy toung, man; it ſemis that thow art mangit.
Speik thow of preiſtis but dowt thow will be hangit.
Peur. Be him that beure the crewall crown of thorne,
I cair not to be hangit evin the morne.
Dil. Be ſure of preiſtis thow will get na ſupport.
Peur. Gif that be trew, the feind reſaiff the ſort!
So ſen I ſe I get none udir grace,
I will ly doun, and reſt me in this place.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The PARDONOUR.

[*Heir ſall the* Peurman *ly doun in the field: and the* Pardonour *ſall cum in and ſay, Bona dies, bona dies:*

Devoitt pepill! gud day I ſay yow.
Now tarry a lytil quhyll, I pray yow,
Till I be with yow knawin.
Wait ye not weill how I am namit?
A nobill man, and undefamit,
Gif all the ſuth war ſchawin.
I am Syr Robert Rome-raker,
Ane publict perfyte Pardoner,
Admittit be the Paip.
Schyr, I ſall ſchaw yow for my wage,
My pardonis, and my prevelage,
Quhilk ye ſall ſe, and graip.
I gif to the devill, with gud entent,
This unſell wickit New Teſtment,
With thame that it tranſlattit:
Sen lawit men knew the veritie,
Pardonaris gettis no cheretie,
Withowt that thay debait it
I mang the wyvis with wrinkis and wylis,
As all my marrowis men begylis,
Be our fair fals flattery.
Ye, all the craftis I ken perqueir,
As I was teichit be ane freir,
Callit Ypocraſy.
Bot now, allace! our grit abuſioun
Is cleirly knawin to our confuſioun,
Quhilk I may fair repent:
Off all creddence now am I quyte,

Ilk

Ilk man hes me now at diſpyte,
That reidis the New Teſtment.
Duill fall to thame that it has wrocht,
Swa fall thame that the buik hame brocht,
Als I pray to the Rude
That Martyne Luter, that fals loun
Black Bullinger and Melanćthoun
Had bene ſmorde in thair cude.
Be him that bere the croun of thorne,
I wald Sanct Pawle had neuir bene borne;
And als I wald his buikis
War nevir red into the kirk,
Bot amang freirs into the mirk;
Or riven amang the ruikis.

[*Heir ſal he lay down his wairis upoun the burde, and ſay,*

My potent Pardonnis ye may ſé,
Cum fra the Can of Tartarie
Weill ſeilit with oſter ſchellis.
Thocht ye haif na diſcretioun,
Ye ſall haif full remiſſioun,
With help of buikis and bellis.
Heir is a rellik, lang and braid,
Of Fynmakowll the richt chaft blaid,
With teith, and all togiddir.
Of Collingis kow heir is a horne,
For eitting of Makconnellis corne
Was ſlane into Baquhidder.
Heir is the cordis, baith grit and lang,
Quhilk hangit Johnnie Armſtrang,
Of gud hempt, ſoft and ſound:
Gude haly pepill, I ſtand ford,
Quhaevir beis hangit in this cord,
Neidis nevir to be dround.
The culum of St Bryddis cow;
The grunttill of Sanct Antonis ſow,

Quhilk

Quhilk bure his haly bell;
Quha evir heiris this bell clink,
Gife me ane duccat for till drink,
He ſall neuir gang to hell,
Withowt he be with Belliall borne.
Maiſteris, trow ye that this be ſcorne? -
Cum, win this pardoun, cum!
Quha luvis thair wyvis not with thair hairt,
I haif power thame to depairt:
Me think yow deif and dum!
Hes nane of yow curſt wickett wyfis,
That haldis you into ſturt and ſtryfis?
Cum, tak my diſpenſatioun.
Off that cummir I ſall mak you quyte,
Howbeit your ſelfis be in the wyte
And mak an fals narratioun.
Cum wyn the pardone; now lat ſee,
For meill, for malt, or for monie,
For cok, hen, guſe, or gryſs,
Off rellikkis heir I haif ane hunder.
Quhy cum ye nocht? this is a wondir;
I trow ye be not wyſs.

SCENE III.

PARDONAR, SOWTTAR, *and* SOWTTAR'S WYFE.

Sowt. Welcum hame, Robine Rome-raker!
Our haly patent Pardonner,
Gif ye haif diſpenſatioun
To pairt me, and my wickit wyfe,
And me delyvir fra ſturt, and ſtryfe;
I mak you ſupplicatioun.
Par. I ſall yow pairt, bot mair demand,
Sa I get money in my hand.
Thairfoir lat ſe thy cunye.

Sowt.

Sowt. I haif na ſylvir, be my lyfe,
Bot fyve ſchilling, and my ſchaping knyfe.
That ſall ye haif bot ſunyie.
Par. Quhat kyn of woman is thy wyfe?
Sowt. Ane quick devill, Syr; a ſtorme of ſtryfe,
Ane frog that fylis the wind.
A felland flagg, a flyrie fuff;
At ilka pant ſcho lattis a puff,
And hes no ho behind.
All the lang day ſcho me diſpyttis;
And all the nicht ſcho flingis and flyttis;
Thus ſleip I neuir a wink.
That cokatrice, that commoun heure,
The mekle devill ma nocht indeure,
Hir ſtubornes and ſtink.
Sowt. Wyfe. Theif, cairle, thy wordis I hard full weill.
In faith my friendſchip thou ſalt feil,
Gif I thé fang.
Sowt. Gif I ſaid echt, dame, be the Rude,
Except ye war baith fair and gude,
God nor I hang.
Par. Fair dame, gif ye wald be ane wowar,
To pairt yow twa I haif ane powar.
Tell on, ar ye content?
Sowt. Wyfe. Ya, that I am, with all my hairt,
Fra that fals hureſone to depairt,
Sa that theiff will conſent.
Cauſſis to pairt I haiff anew,
Becauſs I get na chalmer glew,
I tell yon verraly.
I marvell not, ſa mot I thryve,
Suppoiſs that ſwingeour nevir ſwyve,
He is baith cauld and dry.
Par. Quhat wilt thow gif me for thy parte?

Sowt.

Wyfe. A cuppill of ſarkis, with all my hairt,
t claith in this land.
To pairt ſen ye ar baith content,
irt yow incontinent:
mon do cummand.
l and finall ſentence is,
ow uthers arſis kis.
in thy hoiſs, me think the carle is glaikit,
w not by howbeit ſcho kiſs and ſlaik it.
hir clais, kis hir hoill with your hart.

[*Heir ſall ſcho kiſs, with ſilence.*

I pray yow, Sir, forbid her for to ſ—.

[*Here the Sowttar ſall do the lyk.*

Dame, pas ye to the eiſt end of the toun:
s ye waſt, even lyk a cukald loun.
ce ye baith, with Balialis braid bliſſing!
! ſaw yow evir mair ſorrowles departing?

SCENE IV.

PARDONOUR, WILKIN.

eir ſall his Boy Wilkin *cry off the hill, and ſay,*
Maiſter, Hoaw, quhair ar ye now?
I am heir, Wilkyn widdifow.
Schyr, I haif done your bidding,
aif fund a grit horſs bane,
rar ſaw ye nevir nane,
thone fleſchers midding.
ye may gar the wyffis trow,
e bane of Sanct Brydis cow,
or the fevir cartane.
will ye rewll this relick weill,
ll the wyvis will kiſs and kneill,
this and Dumbartane.
Quhat ſay thay of me in the toun?

Wil.

Wil. Sum ſayis ye ar ane verry loun;
Sum ſayis *legatus natus:*
Sum ſayis ane fals Saracene;
And ſum ſayis ye ar for certane
Diabolus incarnatus.
Bot keip ye fra ſubjectioun
Of that curſt King Correctioun;
For be ye with him fangit,
Becauſs ye ar ane Rome-rakar,
A common publick calſay paikar,
Bot dowt ye will be hangit.
Par. Quhair ſall I luge into the toun?
Wil. With gude kind Chriſtiane Anderſoune,
Quhair ye will be weill treittit.
Gife ony limmir yow demandis,
Scho will defend yow with hir handis,
And womanly debaitt it.
Bawburde ſayis, be the Trinitie,
That ſcho ſall beir yow cumpanie,
Howbeit yow byd ane yeir.
Par. Thow hes done weill, be Goddis moder;
Tak ye the tane, and I the uder,
Sa ſall we mak gud cheir.
Wil. I reid yow ſpeid yow heir,
And mak na langer tarie;
Byd ye lang thair, but weir,
I dreid your weird ye warie.

SCENE V.

PARDONAR, PUIRMAN.

[*Heir ſall the* Begger *riſe, and rax him.*
Peur. Quhat thing was yone that I hard crak and cry?
I haif bene dreveland, and dremand of my ky.
With my richt hand my hale body I ſane;

Sanct

Sanct Bryd, Sanct Bryd, ſend me my ky agane!
I ſe ſtandand yondar ane haly man,
To mak me help, lat me ſe gif he can.
Haly Maiſter, God ſpeid yow, and gud morne!
Par. Welcum to me, thocht thow war at the horne.
Cum, win the pardoun, and then I ſall thé ſane.
Peur. Will that pardoun get me my kye agane?
Par. Cairle, of the ky I haif na thing ado.
Cum, wyn my pardoun; and kiſs my rellikkis to.
[*Heir fall the* Pardonar *ſane him with his rellikkis.*
Now lows thy purſe, and lay doun thy offrand,
And thow ſall haif my pardoun, even fra hand.
With raipis and rellikis I ſall the ſane agane;
Of gut nor gravel, thow ſall neuir haif pane.
Now wyn the pardoun, Lymmar, or thow art lóſt.
Peur. Now, haly Maiſter, quhat ſall that pardoun coſt?
Par. Lat ſee quhat money thow beiris in thy bag.
Peur. I haif ane groit heir, bund into ane rag.
Par. Hes thow nane uder ſilver bot ane grote?
Peur. Gif I haif mair, Syr, cum and rype my cote.
Par. Gif me that grote, man, ſen thow hes na mair.
Peur. With all my hairt, Maiſtar; lo, tak it thair.
Now lat me ſee your pardoun, with your leif.
Par. A thowſand yeir of pardouns I thé geif.
Peur. A thowſand yeir! I will not leif ſa lang.
Delyver me it, Maiſter, and lat me gang.
Par. Ane thowſand yeir I lay upoun thy heid,
With *totiens quotiens*; now mak me na mair pleid.
Thow hes reſſavit thy pardoun now alreddy.
Peur. Bot I can ſe nathing, Schyr, be our Leddy.
Forſuth, Maiſter, I trow I be not wyiſs,
To pay, or I haif ſene my merchandyiſs.
That ye haiff gottyn my grote full fair I rew.
Schyr, quhidder is your pardoun blak or blew?
Maiſter, ſen ye haiff tane fra me my cunyie,

My merchandyſſe ſchaw me withowttyn ſunyie,
Or to the Biſchop I ſall paſs, and pleinyie,
In St Androis, and ſummond yow to thair ſeinyie.
Par. Quhat cravis thow, cairle? Me think thow art not wyiſs.
Peur. I crave my grote, or ellis my merchandyiſs.
Par. I gaif the pardoun for ane thowſand yeir.
Peur. Quhair ſall I get that pardoun, let me heir.
Par. Stand ſtill, and I ſall tell the all the ſtory.
Quhen thow art deid, and goïs to purgatory,
Beand condempit to pane ane thowſand yeir;
Than ſall thy pardoun thé relief, but weir.
Now be content, thou art ane mervellus man.
Peur. Sall I get na thing for my grote till than?
Par. That ſall thow not, I mak it to yow plane.
Peur. Na than, Maiſter, gif me my grote agane.
Quhat ſay ye, Maiſters; Call ye this a gude reſſoun,
That he ſuld promiſe me ane gay pardoun,
And heir reſſaif my money in this ſteid,
Syne mak me na payment till I be deid?
Quhen I am deid, I wait full fickerlie
My ſilly ſawl ſall paſs to purgatory;
Declair me this, now God nor Baliall bind the,
Quhen I am thair, curſt carle, quhair ſall I find the?
Nocht into hevin, but rather into hell:
Quhan thou art thair, thow can not help thy ſell.
Quhen wilt thow cum, my dolours for to beit?
Or I the find, my hippis will get a heit.
Trowis thow, botchour, that I will by blinde lammis?
Gif me my grote, the devill dryte in the gammis.
Par. Swyth, ſtand aback? I trow this man be mangit.
Thow gettis not that, carle, thocht yow ſuld be hangit.
Peur. Gif me my grote, weill bund into my clout;
Or be Goddis breid Robene ſall beir ane rowt.
[*Heir ſall thay fecht togedder; and the* Peurman *ſall caſt doun the buird, and caſt the rellikkis in the water.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter REX, DILIGENCE, GUDE COUNSALL, WANTONNES, PLACEBO, *and* SOLACE.

Dil. Quhat kind of daffin is this all day?
Swyth, ſmaiks, out of the feild, away.
Into ane preſoun put thame ſone,
Syne hang them quhen the play is done.
[*Heir ſall* Diligence *turn toward the pepill, and mak this proclamatioun.*
Dil. Famous peopill tak tent, and ye ſall ſe
The Thrie Eſtaitis of this natioun
Cum to the court, with ane ſtrange gravitie;
Thairfoir I mak yow ſupplicatioun,
Till ye have heard our haile narratioun,
To keip ſilence, and be patient I pray yow:
Howbeit we ſpeik bot adulatioun,
We ſall ſay nathing bot the ſuith I ſay yow.
Gude verteous men, that luifis the veritie,
I wait thay will excuſe our negligence;
Bot vicious men, denude of charitie,
As feinyeit fals flattrand Saracens,
Howbeit they cry on us ane loud vengence,
And of our paſtyme maks ane fals report;
Quhat may we do bot tak in patience,
And us refer unto the faithful ſort?
Our Lord Jeſus, Peter, nor Paull,
Culd not compleis the peopill all,
But ſum were miſcontent;
Howbeit they ſchew the veritie,

Sum

Sum ſaid that it war hereſie
Be thair maiſt fals judgement.
[*Heir ſall the Thrie Eſtaits cum fra the palyeoun, gangand backwart, led be thair vyces.*
Wan. Now braid *benedicite*!
Quhat thing is yon that I ſe?
Luke Solace, my hart.
Sol. Brother Wantonnes, quhat thinks thow?
Yon are the Thrie Eſtaits I trow,
Gangand backwart.
Wan. Backwart, Backwart! Out wallaway?
It is greit ſchame for them, I ſay,
Backwart to gang.
I trow the King Correctioun
Man mak ane reformatioun,
Or it be lang.
Now let us go, and tell the King. [*Pauſa.*
Sir, we have ſene ane mervelous thing
Be our judgement.
The Thrie Eſtaits of this regioun
Ar cummand backwart throw this toun
To the Parliament.
Rex. Backwart, backwart! How may that be?
Gar ſpeid them haiſtelie to me,
In dreid that thay ga wrang.
Pla. Sir, I ſe them yonder cummand,
Thay will be heir evin fra hand.
Als faſt as thay may gang.
Gude Coun. Sir, hald you ſtill and ſkar them nocht,
Till ye perſave quhat be thair thocht,
And ſe quhat men them leids.
And let the King Correctioun
Mak ane ſcharp inquiſitioun,
And mark them be the heids.
Quhen ye ken the occaſioun
That maks them ſic perſuaſioun,

Ye

Ye may expell the caus:
Syne them reform, as ye think beſt,
Sua that the realme may live in reſt
According to God's laws.

[*Heir ſall the Thrie Eſtaits cum, and turne their faces to the King.*

Spir. Gloir, honour, laud, triumph, and victorie,
Be to your michtie prudent excellence!
Heir ar we cum, all the Eſtaits Thrie,
Readie to mak our dew obedience,
At your command with humbill obſervance,
As may pertene to Spiritualitie,
With counſel of the Temporalitie.

Temp. Sir, we, with michtie curage at command,
Of your ſuper-excellent Majeſtie
Sall mak ſervice, baith with our hart and hand,
And ſall not dreid in thy defence to die.
We ar content, but doubt, that we may ſee
That nobile heavenlie King Correctioun,
Sa he with mercie mak punitioun.

Mer. Sir we ar heir your burgeſſis and merchands,
Thanks be to God that we may ſe your face,
Traiſtand we may now into divers lands
Convey our geir, with ſupport of your grace.
For now I traiſt we ſall get reſt and peace;
Quhen miſdoars are with your ſword ore-thrawin,
Then may leil merchands live upon their awin.

Rex. Welcum to me, my prudent Lordis all;
Ye ar my members, ſuppois I be your heid.
Sit down, that we may with your juſt counſall
Aganis miſdoars find ſoveraine remeid.
We ſall nocht ſpair, for favour nor for feid,
With your avice to mak punitioun,
And put my ſword to executioun.

Corr. My tender friends, I pray you with my hart,
Declair to me the thing that I wald ſpeir:

Quhat

Quhat is the caus that ye gang all backwart?
The veritie thairof faine wald I heir.
Spir. Soveraine, we have gane ſa this mony a yeir.
Howbeit ye think we go undecently,
We think we gang richt wonder pleaſantly.
Dil. Sit down my lords into your proper places
Syne let the King conſider all ſic caces.
Sit down, Sir Scribe: and ſit down, Dempſter, to,
And fence the Court as ye were wont to do.
[*Thay ar ſet doun, and* Gude Counſell *ſall paſs to his ſeat.*

SCENE VII.

KING HUMANITIE, CORRECTION, DILIGENCE, JOHNE THE COMMON WEIL, THE THREE ESTAITIS, FLATTRY, FALSET, COVETICE, *and* SARJEANTS.

[*Heir ſall the* Three Eſtaitis *compeir to the Parliament; and the* King *ſall ſay,*
My prudent Lordis of the Thré Eſtaitis,
It is our will, aboif all oydir thing,
For to reforme all thay that makkis debaitis;
Contrair the richt quhilk daylie dois maling.
And thay that dois the Commoun Weill doun thring,
With help and counſall of King Correctioun,
It is our will for to mak puniſſing,
And plane oppreſſouris put to ſubjectioun.
Spir. Quhat thing is this, Sir, that ye have devyſit
Schirs, ye have neid for till be weill advyſit.
Be nocht haiſtie into your executioun;
And be nocht our extreime in your punitioun.
And gif ye pleaſe to do, Sir, as we ſay,
Poſtpone this Parlament till ane uther day.
For quhy? The peopill of this regioun
May nocht endure extreme correctioun.

Corr. Is this the part, my lords, that ye will tak,
To mak no ſupportatioun to correct?
It dois appeir that ye ar culpabill,
That ar nocht to Correctioun plyabill.
Suyith, Diligence, ga ſchaw it is our will,
That everilk man oppreſt geif in his bill.

Dil. All mener of men I warne, that bene oppreſt,
Cum and complene, and thay ſall be redreſt;
For quhy it is the nobill Princis will,
That ilk complener ſall giff in his bill.

Johne. Owt of my gait, for Goddis ſak lat me gae.
Tell me agane, gude maiſter, quhat ye ſae?

Dil. I warne all that bene wranguſly offendit,
Cum and complene, and they ſall be amendit.

Johne. Thankit be Chriſt, that buir the Croun of thorne!
For I was never ſo blyth ſen I was borne.

Dil. Quhat is thy name, fallow, that wald I feill?

Johne. Forſuith they call me Johne the Commoun Weill.
Gude maiſter, I wald ſpeir at you ane thing,
Quhar treſt ye ſall I find that new cumde king?

Dil. Cum oure, and I ſall ſchaw the till his grace.

Johne. Goddis benniefon licht on that luckie face!
Stand by the gait: lat ſe gif I can loup.
I man rin faſt in cace I get ane cowp.

[*Heir ſall* Johnie *run to lowp owr the water.*

Dil. Speid the away, thou tarreis all to lang.

Johne. Syr, be this day I may na faſter gang.

[Johne *to the* Kingis.

Gud day! Gud day! God ſaif baith your Gracis!
Waly, Waly, fa tha twa weill fairde facis!

King. Schaw me thy name, Gud man, I the command.

Johne. Mary, Johne the Commoun-Weill of fair Scotland.

King.

King. The Common Weill has bene amang his fais.
Johne. Yé, Syr, that garris the Commoun Weill want clais.
Rex. Quhat is the cauis the Common Weil is crukit?
Johne. Becaus the Common Wiel has bene overlukit.
Rex. Quhat gars thé luke ſa with ane dreirie hart?
Johne. Becaus the Thrie Eſtaits gangs all backwart.
Rex. Sir Common-Weil, knaw ye the limmers that them leids?
Johne. Thair eanker callours I ken them be the heads.
Cor. Quhome upoun complene ye, or quho maks yow debaitis?
Johne. Syr I complene upoun the King, and all the three Eſtaits.

As for our reverend Faders of Spiritualitie
Thay ar led be Covetyee and Senſualitie.
And, als ye ſe, Temporalitie hes need of correctioun.
Quhilk hes lang tyme bene led be publick Oppreſſioun,
Lo quhair the loun lyis lurkand at his bak!
Get up, I think to ſe thy craig gar a raip crak.
Loe heir is Falfit, and Diſſait, weil I ken,
Leiders of the merchants and ſillie crafts-men,
Quhat mervel thocht the Thrie Eſtaits backwart gang,
Quhen ſic ane vyle cumpanie dwels them amang?
Quhilk hes reulit this reut monie deir dayis;
Quhilk gars John the Common Weil want his warme clais.
Sir, call them befoir yow, and put them in ordour,
Or els John the Common Weil man beg on the bordour.
How, fenzeit Flattry! the feind fart on that face;
Quhen ye war gyddar of the Court we gat littil grace.
Ryis up Falfat, and Diſſait, withowttyn ony ſunyie,
I pray God nor the Divills Dam dryt on thy grunyie.
Behald as the loun luikis even lyk a Thieff.
Mony wicht workman ye brocht to miſcheiff.

My

My Soverane Lord Correctioun, I mak yow ſupplicatioun,
Put thir tryit truikeris from Chriſtis congregatioun.
Cor. As ye haif devyſit, but dowt it ſall be done.
Cum heir annone, my Serjandis, and do your debt ſone.
Put firſt the three pilouris into preſoun ſtrang:
Howbeit ye hang thame, ye do thame na wrang.
1ſt Sarj. Soverane Lord, we ſall obey all your commandis.
Bruder, upoun thir Limmers lay on your handis.
Ryiſs up, Lowry, ye luik even lyk a lurdane,
Your mowth war meit to drink owt ane weſche jurdane.
2d Sarj. Cum heir, Goſſop, cum heir, cum heir.
Your rakles lyff ye ſall repent;
Quhen was ye wont to be ſa ſweir?
Stand ſtill, and be odedient.
1ſt Sarj. Thair is not ane in all this toun,
(Bot I wald nocht this tale was ſaid)
Bot I wald hang him for his goun,
Quhidder he war laird or laid.
I trow this pylour be ſpurgaid,
Thow art ane ſtiff knaiſe I ſtand ford.
Howbeid I ſe thy ſcalp, ſyr, ſkaid;
Put in thyne handis into this cord.
[*Heir ar thay led, and put in the ſtokkis.*
2d Sarj. Put in your leggis into the ſtokkis,
For ye had never ane meiter hois.
Thir ſtewats ſtink as thay war brokkis;
Now ar ye ſikker I ſuppois. [*Pauſa.*
My Lords wee have done your commands.
Sall we put Covetice in captivitie?
Correct. Yea, hardlie lay on him your hands,
Rycht ſa upon Senſualitie.
Spirit. This is my grainter and my chalmerlaine,
And hes my gould, and geir, under hir cuiris.

I mak ane vow to God, I ſall complaine
Unto the Paip how ye do me injuris.
Covet. My Reverent Fathers tak in patience,
I ſall nocht lang remaine from your preſence;
Thocht for ane quhyll I man from you depairt,
I wait my ſpreit ſall remaine in your hart.
And quhen this King Correctioun beis abſent,
Then ſall we twa returne incontinent.
Thairfoir adew.
Spirit. Adew; be Sanct Mavene,
Pas quhair ye will, we ar twa naturall men.
Senſual. Adew, my lord.
Spirit. Adew, my awin ſweit hart.
Now duill fall me that wee twa man depart!
Senſual. My lord howbeit this parting dois me paine,
I traiſt in God we ſall meit ſone againe.
Spirit. To cum againe I pray you do your cure;
Want I yow twa, I may nocht lang indure.

[*Heir ſal the Sergeants chaſe them away, and they ſall gang to the ſeat of Senſualitie.*

Tempor. My lords, ye knaw the Thrie Eſtaits
For Common-weil ſuld mak debaits;
Let now amang us be devyſit
Sic actis, that with gude men be pryſit,
Conforming to the common law;
For of na man we ſould ſtand aw.
And, for till ſaif us fra murmell,
Begone, Diligence! fetch us Gude Counſell,
For quhy he is ane man that knawis
Baith the Cannon and Civill Lawis.
Dilig. Father, ye man incontinent
Paſſe to the Lords of Parliament;
For quhy thay ar determinat all
To do na thing bye your counſall
Gude Counſ. That ſall I do within ſchort ſpace;
Praying the Lord to ſend us grace

For

For till conclude, or we depart,
That thay may profeit efterwart
Baith to the Kirk, and to the King:
I ſall deſyre na uther thing. [*Paſſa.*
My Lords, God glaid the cumpanie.
Quhat is the cauſe ye ſend for me?
Merchand. Sit doun, and gif us your counſell,
How we ſall ſaik the great murmell
Of puir peopill, that is weill knawin;
And as the Common-weill hes ſchawin,
And als wee knaw it is the Kings will,
That gude remeid be put thairtill.
Sir Common-weill! keep ye the bar,
Let nane except yourſelf cum nar.
Johne. That ſall I do, as I beſt can,
I ſall hauld out baith wyfe and man.
Ye man let this puir creature
Support me for till keip the dure.
I knaw his name full ſickerly,
He will complain als weill as I.
Gude Counſ. My wordy Lordis, ſen ye haif taine on hand
Sum reformation to mak into this land,
And als ye knaw it is the Kingis mynd,
Quhilk to the Commoun Weill hes ay bene kind,
Thocht reiff and thift war ſtanchit weill anewch,
Yit ſumthing mair belangis to the plewch.
Now into peace ye ſowld provyd for weiris,
And be ſeur of how mony thowſand ſpeiris
The King may have, quhen he hes ocht ado:
Forquhy, my Lordis, this is my reſſoune to,
The huſbandmen and commonis thay war wount,
Go in the battell, formeſt in the brount.
Bot I haif tynt all my experience,
Withowt ye mak ſum better diligence,

The

The Common Weill mon othir wayis be ſtyllit,
Or be my faith the realme will be begyllit.
Thir peur commounis, daylie as may ſie,
Declynes doun till extreme povertie;
For ſome ar heichtit ſa into thair maill,
Thair wynning will nocht find thame water caill.
How kirkmen heicht thair teindis it is weill knawis,
That huſbandmen noways may hald thair awin.
And now begynnis a plaig upoun thame new,
That gentellmen their ſteadings takkis in few.
Thus mon thay pay grit fairm, or leiff the ſtead;
And ſum ar planely harlit out be the head,
And ar deſtroyit, without God on thame rew.

Pov. Syr, be Goddis breid, that taill is very trew.
It is weill kend I had baith nolt and horſs;
Now all my geir ye ſe upoun my corſs.

Cor. Or I depairt I think to mak gud ordour.

Johne. I pray yow, Syr, begyn then at the Bordour.
For how ſowld we fend us aganis Ingland,
Quhen we can not, within our native land,
Deſtroy our awin Scottis commoun tratour theivis,
That to leill labouriris daily dois myſcheivis.
War I ane king, my Lord, be Goddis woundis
Quhaevir held commoun theivis within their boundis,
Quhairthruch that leill men daily micht be wrangit,
Without remeid thair cheftanis ſuld be hangit,
Quhidder he war ane knycht, ane lord, or laird;
The divill beir me till hell, and he war ſpaird!

Temp. Quhat oydir ennemyiſs hes thow, lat us ken?

Johne. Schyr, I complene upoun all ydill men.
Forquhy, Syr, it is Goddis awin bidding
All Criſtinmen to wirk for thair leving.
Sanct Pawle, that pillar of the kirk,
Sayis to tha wrachis that will not wirk,
And bene to vertowiſs labour laith,
Qui non laborat, non manducet:

This

This being in Inglis toung or leit,
" Quha labouris nocht he ſall not eit."
This bene agane thir ſtrang beggaris,
Fidlaris, pyparis, and pardonaris,
Thir juglaris, jeſtouris, and ydill cuitchouris,
Thir carriers, and thir quentacenfours,
Thir babil-beirars, and thir bairdis;
Thir ſweir ſwengeouris with lordis and lairdis,
Mo than thair rentis may ſuſtene,
Or to thair profeit neidfull bene.
Quhilk bene ay blythiſt of diſcordis,
And deidly feid amang the lordis.
For than thay ſleutchers mon be treitit,
Or ellis thair quarrellis ar undebaitit.
This bene againſt thir grit fat freiris,
Auguſtenes, Carmleits, and Cordelieris,
And all uthers that in cowls bene cled,
Quhilk labours nocht and bene weill fed,
I mein, nocht laborand ſpirituallie,
Not for thair living corporallie,
Lyand in dennis, like idill doggis;
I them compair to weill-fed hoggis.
I think thay do themſelfis abuſe,
Seeing that they the warld refuſe,
Having profeſt ſic povertie,
Syne fleis faſt fra neceſſitie.
Quhat gif thay povertie wald profeſſe?
And do as did Diogenes,
That great famous philoſophour,
Seeing in earth bot vaine labour,
Al utterlie the warld refuſit
And in ane tumbe himſelf incluſit;
And leifit on herbs, and water cauld;
Of corporal fude na mair he wald.
He trottit nocht from toun to toun,
Beggand to feid his carioun;

Fra

Fra tyme that lyfe he did profes
The warld of him was cummerles.
Rycht ſa of Marie Magdalene,
And of Mary the Egyptiane,
And of auld Paull the firſt hermeit;
All thir had povertie compleit.
Ane hundreth ma I micht declair;
Bot to my purpois I will fair,
Concluding ſleuthful idilnes
Againſt the Common-weill expreſſe.

Cor. Quhome upoun ma wilt thow complene?

Johne. Mary, on ma and ma agane.
For the peur pepill cryis with cairis
The infetching of juſtice airis,
Exercit mair for covetyce,
Nor for the puniſſing of vyce.
Ane peggrall theif, that ſteilis ane cow,
Is hangit; bot he that ſteilis ane bow,
With als mekill geir as he may turſs,
That theiff is hangit be the puſſs.
So pykand peggrall theivis ar hangit:
Bot he that all the warld hes wrangit,
A crewill tyrrand, ſtrang tranſgreſſour,
Ane commoun public plane oppreſſour,
By buddis will he obtene favouris:
Of theſaurar, and compoſitouris,
Thocht he 'ſerve grit puniſſioun,
Gettis eſy compoſitioun;
And thruche lawis confiſtoriall,
Prolixt, corrupt, and partiall,
The commoun pepill ar put ſa under;
Thocht thay be peur it is na wonder.

Cor. Gud Johne, I grant all that is trew,
Your infortune full fair I rew.
Or I pairt of this natioun
I ſall mak reformatioun.

And

And als my Lordis Temporalitie,
I yow cummand in tyme that yee
Expell oppreſſioun of your landis,
And als I ſay to yow Marchandis,
And evir I fynd, be land or ſee,
Diſſait into your cumpanie,
Quhilk ar to commoun weill contrair,
I vow to God I ſall not ſpair,
To put my ſword to executioun,
And mak on yow extreme puniſſioun.
Mairover, my Lord Spiritualitie,
In gudly haiſt I will that yie
Lett into few your temporall landis,
To men that labouris with thair handis;
Bot nocht to ane gearking gentill man,
That nowdir will he work, nor can;
Quhairby that pollecé may encreſs.

Temp. I am content, Syr, be the Meſs,
Swa that the Spiritualitie
Lett thairis in few, als weill as we.

Cor. My Spirituall Lordis ar ye content?

Spir. Na, we man tak avyſiment.
In ſic materis for to conclude
Our heſtelly, we think nocht gude.

Cor. Conclude ye not with the commoun weill,
Ye ſal be puneiſt, be ſweit Sant Geill.

[*Heir ſall the Biſchopis cum with the Freir.*

Spir. Syr, we can ſchaw exemptioun
Fra yowr temporall puniſſioun,
The quhilk we purpoiſs to debaitt.

Cor. Wa than ye think to ſtryve for Stait,
My Lordis, quhat ſay ye to this pley?

Temp. My Soverane Lord, we will obey,
And tak your pairt with hairt and hand,
Quhatevir ye pleiſs us to cummand.

[*Heir ſall thay ſit doun and aſk grace.*

Bot

Bot we beſeik yow Soverane
Of all our crymes that ar bygane
To gif us ane full remiſſioun.
And heir we mak to yow condiſſioun
The Commoun Weill for till defend,
From hyneforth till our lyvis end.
Cor. On that conditioun I am content
Till pardoun yow, ſen ye repent,
And Commoun Weill tak be the hand,
And mak with him perpetual band.
[*Heir fall the Lords and Merchands embrace Johne the Commoun-Weill.*]
Johne, haif ye ony ma debaitis
Aganis my Lordis the Spiritual ſtaits?
John. Na, Syr, I dar not ſpeik ane word.
To plene on preiſtis it is na bourd.
Spir. Flyte on thy fill, fule, I deſire thé,
Sa thow ſchaw bot the veretie.
John. Gramercy, than ſall I not ſpair,
Firſt to complene on our Vicair;
The peur cottar lyand lyke to die,
Havand ſma bairnis twa or thrie,
And hes twa ky, but ony mea,
Tha Vicar muſt haif on of thea,
With the gray frugge that happis the bed,
Howbeit the wyfe be peurly cled.
And gif the wyfe de on the morne,
Thocht all the bairnis ſuld be forlone,
The udir cow he cleikis away,
With hir peur coit of raplock gray.
Wald God this cuſtome war put doun,
Quhilk nevir wes foundit be reſſone.
Temp. Ar all thy tailis trew that thow tellis?
Pov. Trew, Syr! the Divill ſtik me ellis.
For, be the haly Trinitie,
That ſame was practik upoun me.

For

For our Vicar, God gif him pyne,
Hes yit thre tydy ky of myne;
Ane for my fader, and for my wife ane uder,
The thrid kow he tuik for Mald my muder.
John. Our Perſone heir he takkis na uthyr pyne,
Bot to reſſaiff hys teindis, and ſpend thame ſyne.
Howbeid he be obleiſt be gude reſſoun
To preiche the Evangill to his parichoun;
But thocht thay want the preiching ſeventyne yeir,
Our Parſone will not want ane ſheiff of beir.
Pauper. Our Biſhops, with their luſtie rokats quhyte,
Thay flow in riches royallie, and delyte.
Lyke paradice bene thair palices and places;
And wants na pleaſour of the faireſt faces:
Als thir prelates hes great prerogatyves;
For quhy? Thay may depairt ay with thair wyves,
Without ony correctioun or damage;
Syne tak ane uther wantoner, but marriage.
But doubt I wald think it ane pleaſant lyfe,
Ay on, quhen I liſt, to part with my wyfe,
Syne tak an uther of far greater beutie:
Bot ever, alace, my lords, that may not be!
For I am bund alace in marriage;
Bot thay lyke rams, rudlie in thair rage,
Unpyſalt rinnis amang the fillie yowis,
Sa lang as kynde of nature in them growis.
Perſon. Thou lies, fals huirſun raggit loun,
Thair is na preiſtis in all this toun
That ever uſit ſic vicious crafts.
Johne. The fiend reſſave thay flattrand chafts!
Sir Domine, I trowit ye had bene dum.
Quhair devil gat we this ill-fairde blaitie-bum?
Perſon. To ſpeik of preiſts be ſure it is na bourds;
Thay will burn men now for rakles words:
And all thay words are heriſie in deid.
Johne. The mekil feind reſave the ſaul that leid!

All that I ſay is trew, thocht thou be greifit;
And that I offer on thy pallet to preif it.
Spir. My lords, why do ye thoil that lurdun loun
Of kirkmen to ſpeik ſic detractioun?
I let yow wit, my lords, it is na bourds
Of prelats for till ſpeik ſic wantoun words.
[*Here Spirituality ſoames and rages.*
Yon villaine puttis me out of charitie.
Temp. Quhy, my lord, ſayis he ocht bot verity?
Ye can nocht ſtop ane puir man for till pleinyie,
Gif he hes faltit ſummond him to your Senyie.
Spir. Yea that I ſall, I mak greit God a vow,
He ſall repent that he ſpak of the kow.
I will not ſuffer ſic words of yon villaine.
Pauper. Than gar gif me my thrie fat ky againe.
Spir. Fals carle, to ſpeik to me ſtands thou not aw?
Pauper. The feind reſave them that firſt devyſit tha law!
Within an hour after my dade was deid,
The vickar had my kow hard be the heid.
Perſon. Fals huirſun carle, I ſay that law is gude,
Becaus it has bene lang our conſuetude.
Pauper. Quhen I am Paip that law I ſall put doun;
It is ane fair law for the pure commoun.
Spir. I mak ane vow thay words thou ſal repent.
Counſ. I yow requyre, my lords, be patient.
Wee came nocht here for diſputations;
Wee came to mak gude reformatiouns.
Heirfoir of this your propoſitioun
Conclude, and put to execution.
Merch. My lords, conclude that all the temporal lands
Be ſet in few to laboreris with their hands,
With ſic reſtrictiouns as ſall be devyſit,
That thay may live, and nocht to be ſuppryſit,
With ane reſſonabill augmentatioun;
And quhen thay heir ane proclamatioun

That

That the Kings grace does mak him for the weir,
That thay be reddie with harnis, bow, and ſpeir.
As for myſelf, my lord, this I conclude.
Counſ. Sa ſay we all, your reſſoun be ſo gude.
To mak an act on this we ar content.
Johne. On that, ſir ſcribe, I tak an inſtrument.
Quhat do ye of the corſ-preſent and kow?
Counſ. I wil conclude nathing of that as now,
Without my lord of Spiritualitie
Thairto conſent, with all this haill cleargie.
My lord biſchop, will ye thairto conſent?
Spir. Na, na, never till the day of judgment.
Wee will want nathing that wee have in uſe;
Kirtil, nor kow, teind lambe, teind gryſe, nor guſe.
Temp. Furſuth, my lordis, I think we ſuld conclude,
Towching this cow ye haif ane conſwetude,
We will decerne heir that the kingis grace
Sall wryte unto the Paipis halyneſs,
With his conſent, be proclamatioun,
Baith corſ-preſent, and cow, we ſall cry doun.
Spir. To that, my lordis, we planely diſaſſent.
Notar, thairof I tak an inſtrument.
Temp. My lord, be him that al the world has wrocht,
We ſet nocht by quhider ye conſent or nocht;
Ye ar bot an eſtait and we ar twa;
Et ubi major pars ibi tota.
Johne. My lords, ye haif richt prudentlie concludit.
Tak tent now how the land is clein denudit
Of gould, and ſilver, quhilk dailie gais to Rome
For buds, mair then the reſt of Chriſtindome.
War I ane king, Sir, be coks paſſioun
I ſould gar mak ane proclamatioun,
That never ane penny ſould go to Rome at all,
Na mair then did to Peter or to Paull.
Do ye nocht ſa heir, for concluſioun,
I gif you all my braid black maleſoun.

Merch.

Merch. It is of treuth, Sirs, be my chriſtindome,
That mekil of our money gais to Rome.
For we merchants, I wait, within our bounds
Hes furneiſt preiſts ten hundreth thouſand punds;
For thair finnance nane knawis ſa weill as wee.
Thairfoir, my lords, devyſe ſome remedie;
For throw thir playis, and thir promotioun,
Mair for denners, nor for devotioun,
Sir Symonie has maid with thame ane band.
The gould of weicht thay leid out of the land.
The Common-weil thair throch bein fair oppreſt;
Thairfoir devyſe remeid, as ye think beſt.

Counſ. It is ſchort tyme ſen ony benefice
Was ſped in Rome, except greit biſchopries;
Bot now for ane unworthie vickarage
Ane preiſt will rin to Rome in pilgramage;
Ane cavell, quhilk was never at the ſcule,
Will rin to Rome, and keip ane biſchops mule;
And ſyne come hame with mony colorit crack,
With ane buirdin of benefeis on his back.
Quhilk bene againſt the law ane man alaine
For till poſſes ma benefeis nor ane.
Thir greit commends, I ſay, withouttin faill
Sould nocht be given bot to the blude Royal;
Sa I conclude, my lords, and ſayis for me,
Ye ſould annull all this pluralitie.

Spir. The Paip has given us diſpenſatiounis.

Counſ. Yea, that is be your fals narratiounis.
Thocht the Paip, for your pleaſour, will diſpenſe,
I trow that can nocht cleir your conſcience.
Advyſe, my lords, quhat ye think to conclude.

Temp. Sir, be my faith I think it very gude
That fra hencefurth na preiſts ſall pas to Rome;
Becaus our ſubſtance thay do ſtill conſume;
For pleyis, and for thair profeit ſingulair,
Thay haif of money maid this realme bair.

And

And als I think it beſt, be my advyce,
That ilk preiſt ſall haif but ane benefice;
And gif thay keip nocht that foundatioun,
It ſall be caus of deprivatioun.

Merch. As ye haif ſaid, my lord, we will conſent.
Scribe mak ane act on this incontinent.

Counſ. My lords, thair is ane thing yit unproponit,
How prelats, and preiſtis aucht to be diſponit.
This beand done wee have the les ado.
Quhat ſay ye, ſirs? This is my counſall, lo,
That or wee end this preſent Parliament,
Of this matter to tak rype advyſement.
Mark weill, my lords, thair be na benefice
Given to ane man bot for ane gude office:
Quha taks office, and ſyne than can nocht use it,
Giver and taker I ſay ar baith abuſit.
Ane biſchops office is for to be ane preichour,
And of the law of God ane publick teachour;
Richt ſa the perſon, unto his parochon,
Of the Evangell ſould leir them ane leſſoun.
Thair ſould na man deſire ſic dignities,
Without he be abill for that office.
And for that caus I ſay, without leiſing,
Thay have thair teinds, and for na uther thing.

Spir. Freind, quhair find ye that we ſuld prechours be?

Counſ. Luik quhat Sanct Paul writes unto Timothie;
Tak thair the buik, let ſe gif ye can ſpell.

Spir. I never red that, thairfoir reid it your ſel.

[*Counſall ſall reid thir wordis on ane buik.*]

Fidelis ſermo, ſi quis Epiſcopatum deſiderat, bonum opus deſiderat, oportet eum irreprehenſibilem eſſe, unius uxoris virum, ſobrium, prudentem, ornatum, pudicum, hoſpitalem, doctorem, non vinolentum, non percuſſorem, ſed modeſtum. That is, This is a true ſaying, If any man deſire the office of a biſhop, he deſireth a worthie worke:

A biſhop therefore muſt be unreproveable, the huſband of one wife, &c.

Spir. Ye temporal men, be him that heryit hell,
Ye ar ovir peart with ſic maters to mell.

Temp. Sit ſtill, my lord, ye neid not for til braull;
Thir ar the verie words of th' Apoſtill Paull.

Spir. Sum ſayis, be him that woare the crowne of thorne,
It had bene gude that Paull had neir bene borne.

Counſ. Bot ye may knaw, my lord, St. Paul's intent.
Schir, red ye never the New Teſtament?

Spir. Na, ſir, be him that our Lord Jeſus ſauld,
I red never the New Teſtment, nor Auld.
Nor ever thinks to do, ſir, be the Rude:
I heir freiris ſay that reiding dois na gude.

Counſ. Till you to reid them I think it is na lack;
For anis I ſaw them baith bund on your back.
That ſamin day that ye was conſecrat.
Sir quhat meinis that?

Spir. The feind ſtick them that wat.

Merch. Then, befoir God how can ye be excuſit,
To haif an office, and wait not how to us it?
Quhairfoir war gifin you all the temporal lands,
And all thir teinds ye haif among your hands?
Thay war givin yow for uther cauſes, I weine,
Nor mummil matins, and hald your clayis cleine.
Ye ſay, to the Apoſtills that ye ſucceed,
Bot ye ſchaw nocht that, into word nor deid.
The law is plain; our teinds ſuld furniſch teichours.

Counſ. Yea, that it ſould; or ſuſteine prudent preichours.

Paup. Sir, God nor I be ſtickit with ane knyfe,
Gif ever our Perſoun preichit in all his lyfe.

Perſ. Quhat devil raks thé of our preiching, undocht?

Paup. Think ye that ye ſuld have the teinds for nocht?

Perſ.

Perſ. Trowis thou to get remeide, carle, of that thing?
Paup. Yea be Gods breid richt ſone—war I ane King.
Perſ. Wald thou of prelats mak deprivation?
Paup. Na: I ſuld gar them keip thair fundation.
Quhat devill is this, quhom of ſould kings ſtand aw
To do the thing that they ſould be the law?
War I ane king, be coks deir paſſioun,
I ſould richt ſone mak reformatioun;
Failyeand thairof your grace ſould richt ſone finde
That preiſts ſall leid yow, lyke ane bellie-blinde.
Johne. Quhat gif King David war leivand in thir dayis?
The quhilk did found ſo mony gay abayis,
Or out of heavin quhat gif he luikit doun,
And ſaw the great abominatioun
Amang thir abeſſes, and thir nunries,
Thair publick huirdomes, and thair harlotries?
He wald repent he narrowit ſa his boundis,
Of yeirlie rent thrieſcoir of thowſand poundis.
His ſucceſſours maks litill ruiſſe, I ges,
Of his devotioun, or of his holines.
Abbaſſe. How dar you, carle, preſume for to declair?
Or for to mell the with ſa heich a mater?
For in Scotland thair did yit nevir ring,
I let the wit, ane mair excellent king.
Of holines he was the verie plant,
And now in heavin he is ane michtfull Sanct;
Becaus that fyftein abbaſies he did found;
Quhair throw great riches hes ay done abound
Into our Kirk, and daylie yet abounds;
Bot kings now I trow few abbaſies founds.
I dar weill ſay thou ar condempnit in hell,
That dois preſume with ſic maters to mell.
Fals huirſun carle, thou art ouir arrogant
To judge the deids of ſic ane halie ſanct.

Johne.

Johne. King James the Firſt, roy of this regioun,
Said that he was ane ſair ſanct to the crown.
I heir men ſay that he was ſumthing blind,
That gave away mair nor he left behind.
His ſucceſſours that halines did repent,
Quhilk gart them do great inconvenient.

Abbas. My lord biſchop, I mervel how that ye
Suffer this carle for to ſpeik hereſie?
For be my faith, my lord, will ye tak tent
He ſervis for to be burnt incontinent.
Ye can nocht ſay bot it is hereſie
To ſpeik againſt our law and libertie.

Spir. *Sancte pater,* I mak yow ſupplicatioun,
Exame yon carle, ſyne mak his dilatioun;
I mak ane vow to God Omnipotent
That byſtour ſal be brunt incontinent.

Flat. Venerabill father, I ſall do your command;
Gif he ſervis deid I ſall ſune underſtand. [*Pauſa.*
Fals huirſun carle, ſchaw furth thy faith.

Johne. Methink ye ſpeik as ye war wraith.
To yow I will na thing declair,
For ye ar nocht my Ordinair.

Flat. Quhom in trowis thou, fals monſter mangit?

Johne. I trow to God to ſe thé hangit.
War I ane king, be coks paſſioun,
I ſould gar mak ane congregatioun
Of all the freirs of the four ordouris,
And mak yow vagers on the bordouris.
Sir, will ye give me audience,
And I ſall ſchaw your excellence,
Sa that your grace will give me leiſe,
How into God that I beleiſe.

Cor. Schaw furth your faith, and feinye nocht.

Johne. I beliefe in God that all hes wrocht;
And creat every think of nocht;

And

And in his ſon our Lord Jeſu,
Incarnat of the Virgin trew,
Quha under Pilat tholit paſſioun,
And deit for our ſalvatioun,
And on the thrid day rais againe,
As halie ſcriptour ſchawis plane.
And als, my lord, it is weill kend
How he did to the heavin aſcend,
And ſet him doun at the richt hand
Of God the father, I underſtand;
And ſall cum Judge on Dumiſday.
Quhat will ye mair, ſir, that I ſay?
Cor. Schaw furth the reſt; this is na game.
Johne. I trow *Sanctam Eccleſiam;*
Bot nocht in thir biſchops nor freiris,
Quhilk will, for purging of thir neiris,
Sard up the ta raw, and doun the uther.
The mekill devill reſave the ſidder!
Cor. Say quhat ye will, ſirs, be Sanct Ann,
Methink Johne ane gude Chriſtian man.
Temp. My lords, let be your diſputatioun;
Conclude with firm deliberatioun,
How prelatis fra thyne ſall be diſponit.
Merch. I think for me evin as ye firſt proponit,
That the kingis grace ſall gif na benefice,
Bot till ane preichour that can uſe that office.
The fillie ſaulis, that bene Chriſtis ſheip,
Sould nocht be givin to gormand wolfis to keip.
Quhat bene the caus of all the hereſies,
Bot the abuſioun of the prelacies?
Thay will correct, and will nocht be correctit,
Thinkand to na prince thay will be ſubjectit.
Quhairfoir I can find na better remeid,
Bot that thir kings man take in thair heid,
That thair be given to na man biſhopries,
Except they preich out throch thair dioſies;

And ilk Perſone preich in his parachon,
And this I ſay for finall concluſion.
Temp. Wee think your counſall is verie gude:
As ye have ſaid wee all conclude.
Of this concluſioun Notar wee mak an Act.
Scrybe. I write all day bot gets never ane plack.
Puir. Ha, my lords, for the Holy Trinitie,
Remember for to reforme the Conſiſtorie;
It hes mair need of reformatioun,
Nor Plutois court, be cokkis paſſioun.
Perſ. Quhat cauſs hes thow, pellour, for to plenyie?
Quhan was thow evir ſummond to thair Senyie?
Puir. Maty! I lent my goſſop my meir to fetche hame coillis,
And he hir drownit into the quarrew hoillis;
And I ran to the Conſiſtrie for to plenyie,
And thair I hapnit amang ane gredy menyie.
Thay gaif me firſt ane thing thay call *citandum*,
Within aucht dayis I got bot *lybellandum*,
Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum*,
In half a yeir I gat *interloquendum*,
And ſyn I gat, how call ye it? *ad replicandum*.
But I cowld nevir ane word yet underſtand him.
And than thay gart me caſt owt mony plakkis;
And gart me pay for four and twenty actis;
Bot or thay cum half gait *ad concludendum*,
The fiend ane plack was left for to defend him.
Thus thay poſtponit me twa yeir with thair traine;
Syne *bodie ad octo* bad me cum agane.
And than thay ruikis thay roupit woundir faſt;
For ſentence-ſylver thay cryit at the laſt.
Off *pronunciandum* thay maid me wounder fane
But I gat never my gud grey meir agane.
Temp. My lords, we mon reforme thir Conſiſtory lawis
Quhais grit defame abone the Hevin blawis.

I wiſt

I wiſt ane man in perſewing a cow,
Or he had done he ſpendit half a bow;
So that the Kingis honour we may avance
We will conclude as they haif done in France;
Lat ſpirituall maters paſs to Spritualitie;
And temporall maters to Temporalitie.
Quho failis in this ſall coiſt thame of thair gude.
Scryb, mak an Act for ſa we will conclude.
Spir. That act, my lordis, planely I declair,
It is aganis our profeit ſingulair.
We will nocht want our profeit, be Sanct Geill.
Temp. Your profeit is againſt the Common-weil;
It ſall be done, my lords, as ye have wrocht,
We care nocht quhidder ye conſent or nocht.
Quhairfoir ſervis then all thir temporal judges,
Gif temporal matters ſould ſeik at yow refuges?
My lord, ye ſay that ye ar ſpiritual,
Quhairfoir mell ye than with things temporal?
As we have done conclude, ſo ſall it ſtand.
Scribe put our Acts in ordour evin fra hand.
Spir. Till all your actis planely I diſſent.
Notar, thairof I tak an inſtrument.

[*Heir ſall* Veritie *and* Chaſtitie *mak thair plaint at the bar.*

Ver. My Soverane, I beſeik your excellence
Uſe juſtice on Spiritualitie;
The quhilk to us hes done great violence,
Becaus we did rehers the veritie.
Thay put us cloſe into captivitie,
And ſa remanit into ſubjectioun,
Into great langour and calamitie,
Till we were fred be King Correctioun.
Chaſt. My lord, I haif great caus for to complane,
I could get na ludging intill this land;
The Spiritual Stait had me ſa at diſdane,
With Dame Senſuall thay have maid ſic ane band.

Amang

Amang them all na friendſhip, Sirs, I fand;
And quhen I cam the nobill nunnis amang,
My luſtie Ladie Priores fra hand
Out of hir dortour durſie ſchō me dang.
Ver. With the advyſe, Sir, of the Parliament,
Hairtlie we mak yow ſupplicatioun,
Cauſe King Correctioun tak incontinent
Of all this ſort examinatioun.
Gif they be digne of deprivatioun,
Ye have power for to correct ſic caſes.
Cheaſe the maiſt cunning clerks of this natioun,
And put mair prudent paſtours in thair places.
[*Heir ſall enter ane* Tailyeour *and ane* Sowtar.
My prudent lordis, I ſay that puir craftſmen
Abufe ſum Prelats ar mair for to commend;
Gar exame them, and ſa ye ſall ſune ken
How thay in vertew Biſchops dois tranſcend
Scribe. Thy life, and craft, mak to thir Kings kend.
Quhat craft hes thou, declair that to me plaine?
Tail. Ane Tailyeour Sir that can baith mak and mend;
I wait nane better into Dumbartane.
Scr. Quhairfoir of tailyeours beirs thou the ſtyl?
Tail. Becaus I wait is nane within ane myl
Can better uſe that craft, as I ſuppois:
For I can mak baith doublit, coat, and hois.
Scr. How call thay you, Sir, with the ſchaping knife?
Sowt. Ane ſowtar, Sir, nane better into Fyfe.
Scr. Tell me quhairfoir ane ſowtar ye ar namit.
Sowt. Of that ſurname I need nocht be aſhamit.
For I can mak ſchone, brotekins, and buittis.
Gif me the coppie of the King's buittis,
And ye ſall ſe richt ſune quhat I can do;
Heir is my laſts, and weill wrocht ledder, lo.
Coun. O Lord my God! this is ane merveious thing
How ſic miſordour in this realme ſould ring!
Sowtars and tailyeours thay ar far mair expert

In

In thair puir craft, and in thair handie art,
Nor ar Prelatis in thair vocatioun.
I pray yow, firs, mak reformatioun.
Ver. Alace, Alace, quhat gars thir temporal Kings
Into the kirk of Chriſt admit ſic doings?
My Lordis, for lufe of Chriſtis paſſioun,
Of thir ignorants mak deprivatioun,
Quhilk in the court can do bot flatter and fleich.
And put into thair places them that can preich.
Send furth, and ſeik ſum devoit cunning clarkis,
That can ſtir up the peopill to gude warkis.
Corr. As ye have done, Madame, I am content.
Hoaw Diligence! pas hynd incontinent,
And ſeik out throw all towns and cities,
And viſit all the univerſities;
Bring us ſum Doctours of Divinitie,
With Licents in the Law and Theologie,
With the maiſt cunning clarks in all this land.
Speid ſune your way, and bring them heir fra hand.
Dil. Quhat gif I find ſum halie provincial,
Or miniſter of the gray freiris all?
Or ony freir that can preich prudentlie,
Sall I bring them with me in cumpanie?
Corr. Cair thou nocht quhat eſtait ſa ever he be,
Sa thay can teich and preich the veritie.
Maiſt cunning clarks with us is beſt beluifit:
To dignitie thay ſall be firſt promuifit.
Quhidder thay be Munk, Channon, Preiſt, or Freir,
Sa thay can preich, faill nocht to bring them heir.
Dil. Than fairweil, Sir, for I am at the flicht.
I pray the Lord to ſend yow all gude nicht.
[*Heir ſall* Diligence *pas to the palyeoun.*
Temp. Sir, we beſeik your ſoverane Celſitude
Of our dochtours to have compaſſioun,
Quhom we may na way marie, be the Rude,
Without we mak ſum alienatioun

Of

Of our land, for thair ſupportatioun.
For quhy? the markit raiſit bene ſa hie,
That Prelats dochtours of this natioun
Ar maryit with ſic ſuperfluitie;
Thay will nocht ſpair to gif twa thouſand pund
With thair dochtours to ane nobill man;
In riches ſa thay do ſuperabund.
Bot we may nocht do ſa, be Sanct Allane.
Thir proud Prelats our dochters fair may ban,
That thay remaine at hame ſa lang unmaryit.
Schir, let your Barrouns do the beſt they can,
Sum of our dochtours I dreid ſal be miſcaryit.
Corr. My Lord, your complaint is richt reaſonabill,
And richt ſa to your dochtours profitabill.
I think, or I pas off this natioun,
Of this mater till mak reformatioun.

End of Act II.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

COMMOUN THIFT, POVERTIE.

Ga by the gait, man, let me gang.
How Divill come I into this thrang?
With ſorrow I may ſing my ſang,
And I be tane.
I haif run, baith nicht and day:
Thruch ſpeid of ſute I gat away.
Bot be I kend heir, walloway,
I will be ſlane.

Pov. Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thrift?

Thift. Hureſone, thay call me Commoun Thift,
For I had nevir na udir chift,
Sen I was borne.
In Ewiſdale was my dwelland place.
Mony wyf gart I cry allace!
At my hand thay gat nevir grace,
Bot ay forlorne.
Sum ſayis ane king is cum amang us,
That purpoiſſis to heid and hang us;
Thair is na grace and he may fang us,
Bot on ane pin.
Ring he, we thieves will get na gude.
I pray God, and the haly Rude,
Sen he had ſmord untill his cude,
And all his kyn.
Get this curſt king me in his grippis,

The

My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis,
The divill I gif thair tung and lippis,
That off me tellis.
Adew! I dar nocht langar tary,
For be I kend thay will me cary,
And put me in ane fery fary;
I ſee nocht ellis.
I raif, be him that herreit hell,
I had almaiſt foryet myſell.
Will na gud fallow to me tell
Quhair I may find
The Erle of Rothes beſt haiknay?
That wes my eirand heir away.
He is richt ſtark, as I heir ſay,
And ſwift as wind.
Heir is my bryddill, and my ſpurris,
To gar him lanſs our feild and furris,
Might I him gett to Ewis durris
I tak na cuir.
Off that horſs micht I get ane ficht,
I haif na dowt yit or midnicht,
That he and I ſowld tak the flicht
Thruch Dyſert muir.
Off cumpanary tell me, bruther,
Quhilk is the richt way to the Struther;
I wald me welcum to my moder
Gif I micht ſpeid.
I wald gif baith my coat and bonnet,
To gett my Lord Lindeſayis broun Jonet:
War we beyond the watter of Annet,
We ſowld nocht dreid.

[*Heir ſall enter* Oppreſſioun,

Quhat now Oppreſſioun, my maiſter deir,
Quhat mekill Devill hes brocht the heir?
Maiſter tell me the cauſs perquier
Quhat is it ye haiff done?

SCENE

SCENE II.

COMMOUN THIFT, OPPRESSIOUN.

Oppr. Forſuith the Kingis Majeſtie
Hes ſet me heir as ye may ſe.
Micht I ſpeik Temporalitie,
He wald releiff me ſone.
I beſeik yow my brother deir
Bot half an hour for to ſit heir;
Ye know that I was nevir ſweir
Yow till defend.
Put in your leg into my place;
And heir I ſweir be Goddis Grace
Yow to releiff within ſchort ſpace,
Syne latt yow wend.
Thift. Than maiſter deir, gif me your hand,
And mak to me ane faithfull band,
That ye ſall cum agane fra hand
Withowttyn faill.
Oppr. Tak thair my hand richt hairtfully;
Als I promit the verely
To giff to the ane cuppill of ky,
In Liddiſdaill.
[*Heir ſall* Commoun Thift *put his feit in the ſtokkis*; *and* Oppreſſioun *ſall ſtiel away and betray him.*
Bruder, tak patience in thy pane,
For I ſweir the be Sanct Fillane
We twa ſall nevir meit agane,
In land nor toun.
Thift. Maiſter, will ye not keip conditioun?
And put me furth of this ſuſpicioun?
Oppr. Na, nevir quhill I get remiſſioun.
Adew my cumpanyeoun.
I ſall cummand the to thy dame.

Thift. Adew than, in the Divillis name.
For to be fals thinkis thow na ſchame?
To leif me in this pane
Thow art ane loun, and that ane lidder.
Oppr. Romand I will go to Baquhidder.
It ſall be Paſche, be Goddis moder,
Or euir we meit agane.
Haif I nocht maid ane honeſt chift
That hes betrafit Commune Thift?
For thair is nocht under the lift
A curſtar corſs.
I am richt ſeur that he and I,
Within this half yeir, craftely
Hes ſtowin ane thowſand ſheip and ky,
By meiris and horſs.
Wald God that I war ſound and haill
Now liftit into Liddiſdaill,
The Merſs ſould fynd me beiff and caill;
Quhat rack of breid?
War I thair lyftit with my lyfe,
The divill ſould ſtyk me with a knyffe,
And evir I cum agane in Fyfe,
Quhill I wer deid.
Adew! I leif the divill amang yow,
That in his fingaris he may fang yow,
With all leill men that dois belang yow,
For I may rew
That ever I cum into this land.
For quhy ye may weill underſtand
I gat na geir to turn my hand,
Yit anis adew!

[*E*

SCE

SCENE III.

[*Heir ſall* Diligence *convoy the thrie Clarks.*

Dil. Sir, I have brocht unto your excellence
Thir famous Clarks of greit intelligence;
For to the common peopill thay can preich,
And in the ſcuillis in Latine toung can teich.
This is ane Doctur of Divinitie;
And thir twa Licents, men of gravitie.
I heir men ſay thair converſatioun
Is maiſt in divine contemplatioun.

Doct. Grace, peace, and reſt from the hie trinitie
Mot reſt amang this gudlie cumpanie!
Heir ar we cumde, as your obedients,
For to fulfill your juſt commandements;
Quhatever it pleaſe your grace us to command,
Sir, it ſall be obeyit evin fra hand.

King. Gud freinds, ye ar richt welcome to us all.
Sit doun all thrie, and geif us your counſall.

Corr. Sir, I give yow baith counſal and command
In your office uſe exercitioun.
Firſt, that ye gar ſearch out, throch all your land,
Quha can nocht put to executioun
Thair office, after the inſtitutioun
Of Godlie lawis, conforme to thair vocatioun;
Put in thair placis men of gude conditioun.
And this ye do without dilatioun.
Ye ar the head, ſir, of this congregatioun,
Preordinat be God omnipotent,
Quhilk hes me ſend to mak yow ſupportatioun;
Into the quhilk I ſal be diligent.
And quhaſaevir beis inobedient,
And will nocht ſuffer for to be correctit,
Thay ſal be all depoſit incontinent,
And from your preſence they ſall be dejectit.

Coun.

Coun. Begin firſt at the Spiritualitie,
And tak of them examinatioun,
Gif they can uſe their divyne dewetie.
And als I mak yow ſupplicatioun,
All they that hes their offices miſuſit,
Of them mak haiſtie deprivatioun.
Sa that the peopill be na mair abuſit.

Corr. Ye are ane Prince of Spiritualitie,
How have ye uſit your office now let ſe?

Spir. My lords, quhen was thair ony Prelats wont
Of their office till ony King mak count?
Bot of my office gif ye wald have the feill,
I let yow wit I have it uſit weill.
For I tak in my count twyſe in the yeir,
Wanting nocht of my teind ane boll of beir:
I gat gude payment of my temporal landis,
My buttock mail, my coattis, and my offrandis;
With all that dois perteine my benefyis.
Conſider now, my lord, gyf I be wyis.
I dare nocht marye contrair the common law,
Ane thing thair is, my lord, that ye may knaw,
Howbeit I dar nocht plainlie ſpouſe ane wyfe,
Yit concubeins I have had four or fyfe.
And to my ſons I have given rich rewairdis;
And all my dochters maryit upon lairdis.
I let yow wit my lord I am na fuill,
For quhy? I ryde upon ane amland muill.
Thair is na temporal lord in all the land
That maks ſic cheir, I let you underſtand.
And als, my lord, I gif with gude intentioun
To divers Temporal Lords ane yeirlie penſioun,
To that intent that thay, with all thair hart,
In richt and wrang ſal plainlie tak my part.
Now have I tould you, ſir, on my beſt wayis
How that I have exercit my offyis,

Corr.

Corr. I weind your office had bene for til preich,
And Goddis law to the peopill teich.
Quhairfoir weir ye that mytour ye me tell?
Spir. I wat nocht, man, be him that herryit hell.
Corr. That dois betakin that ye, with gude intent,
Sould teich and preich the Auld and New Teſtment.
Spir. I have ane freir to preich into my place.
Of my office ye heir na mair quhill Paſce.
Chaſt. My lords, this Abbot and this Priores
Thay ſcorne thair gods; this is my reaſon quhy,
Thay beare ane habite of feinyiet halines,
And in thair deid thay do the contrary.
For to live chaiſt thay vow ſolemnitly:
Bot fra that thay be ſikker of their bowis,
Thay live in huirdome and in harlotry.
Examine them, Sir, how thay obſerve their vowis.
Corr. Sir Scribe, ye ſall at Chaſtitie's requeiſt,
Pas and exame yon thrie in gudlie haiſt.
Scribe. Father Abbot, this Counſal bids me ſpeir,
How ye have uſit your Abbay thay wald heir?
And als thir Kings hes given to me commiſſioun
Of your office for to mak inquiſitioun.
Abbot. Tuiching my office I ſay to yow plainlie,
My monks and I we leif richt eaſilie;
Thair is na monks, from Carrick to Carraill,
That fairs better, and drinks mair helſum aill.
My Prior is ane man of great devotioun,
Thairfoir daylie he gets ane double portioun.
Scribe. My lord, how have ye kept your thré vows?
Abbot. Indeid richt weill, till I gat hame my bows;
In my abbey when I was ſane profeſſor,
Than did I leife as did my predeceſſour.
My paramour is baith als fat and fair
As ony wench into the toun of Air.
I ſend my ſons to Pareis to the ſcuillis;
I traiſt in God that they ſal be na fuillis.

And

And all my dochters I have weill providit.
Now judge ye gif my office be weill gydit.
Scribe. Maiſter Perſone, ſchaw us gif ye can preic[illegible]h?
Perſ. Thocht I preich nocht I can play at the caich[illegible]e.
I wait thair is nocht ane amang you all
Mair ferilie can play at the fute ball;
And for the carts, the tabils, and the dyſe,
Above all perſouns I may beir the pryce.
Our round bonats we mak them now four nuickit,
Of richt fyne ſtuiff, gif yow liſt cum and luik it.
Of my office I have declarit to the:
Speir quhat ye pleis, ye get na mair of me.
Scribe. Quhat ſay ye now, my lady Priores,
How have ye uſit your office can ye ges?
Quhat was the caus ye refuſit harborie
To this young luſtie ladie, Chaſtitie?
Pri. I wald have harborit hir with gude intent,
Bot my complexion thairto wald not aſſent.
I do my office after auld uſe and wount.
To your Parliament I will mak na mair count.

SCENE IV.

Ver. Now caus ſum of your cunning Clarks,
Quhilk ar expert in heavenlie warks.
And men fulfillit with charitie,
That can weill preiche the veritie;
And gif to ſum of them command
Ane ſermon for to mak fra hand.
Corr. As ye have ſaid I am content,
To gar ſum preich incontinent. [*Pauſa.*
Magiſter noſter, I ken how ye can teiche
Into the ſcuillis, and that richt ornatlie;
I pray yow now that ye wald pleaſe to preiche
In Ingliſch toung, land folk to edifie.

Do

Doct. Soverane I ſall obey yow humbillie
With ane ſchort ſermon, preſentlie in this place;
And ſchaw the word of God unfeinyeitlie,
And ſinceirlie, as God will give me grace.
[*Heir ſall the Doctour pas to the pulpit, and ſay,*
Si vis ad vitam ingredi, ſerva mandata.
Devoit peopill, Sanct Paull the preichour ſayis,
The fervent luiſe, and fatherlie pitie,
Quhilk God Almichtie hes ſchawin mony wayis
To man in his corrupt fragilitie,
Exceeds all luiſe in earth ſa far that we
May never to God mak recompence conding;
As quha ſa liſts to reid the veritie,
In halie ſcripture he may find this thing.
Sic Deus dilexit mundum.
Tuiching nathing the great prerogative
Quhilk God to man in his creation lent,
How man of nocht creat ſuperlative
Was to the image of God Omnipotent,
Let us conſider that ſpecial luif ingent
God had to man, quhen our foir-father fell,
Drawing us all, in his loynis immanent,
Captive from gloir in thirlage to the hell.
Quhen Angels fell, thair miſerabill ruyne
Was never reſtorit; bot for our miſerie
The ſun of God, ſecund perſon divyne,
In ane pure virgin tuke humanitie;
Syne for our ſake great harmis ſuffered he,
In faſting, walking, in preiching, cauld and heit;
And at the laſt ane ſchameful death deit he,
Betwix twa theifis on croce he yeild the ſpreit.
And quhair an drop of his maiſt precious blude
Was recompence ſufficient and conding
Ane thouſand warlds to ranſom fra that wod
Infernal feind, Satan; notwithſtanding
He luifit us ſa, that for our ranſoning

He ſched furth all the blude of his bodie;
Riven, rent, and ſair wondit, quhair he did hing,
Naild on the croce on the Mont Calvary.

Et copioſa apud eum redemptio.

O cruel death, be thé the venemous
Dragon, the Devill infernal loſt his pray;
Be thé the ſtinkand, mirk, contageous,
Deip pit of hell mankynd eſcaipit fray.
Be thé the port of Paradice alway
Was patent maid unto the heavin ſa hie,
Opinnit to man, and maid ane reddie way
To gloir eternal with the Trinitie.

And yit for all this luife incomparabill
God aſkis nó rewaird fra us againe,
Bot luife for luife; in this command, bot fabill,
Conteinit ár allhalie the lawis ten,
Baith al and new, and commandiments ilk ane.
Luife bene the ledder, quhilk hes bot ſteppis twa,
Be quhilk we may clime up to lyfe againe,
Out of this vaill of miſerie and wa.

Diliges Dominum tuum, Deum tuum, ex toto corde tuo, et proximum tuum ſicut teipſum; in his duobus mandatis, &c.

The firſt ſtep ſuithlie of this ledder is
To luife thy God, as the fountaine and well
Of luife and grace; and the ſecund, I wis,
To luife thy nichtbour as thou luifis thi ſell.
Quha tynis ane ſtep of thir twa gais to hell,
Bot he repent, and turne to Chriſt anone.
Hauld this na fabill, the halie Evangell
Bears in effect thir wordis everie one.

Si vis ad vitam ingredi, ſerva mandata, &c.

Thay tyne thir ſteps, all thay quhaevir did ſin
In pryde, invy, in ire, and lecherie;
In covetice, or ony extreme win,
Into ſweirnes, or into gluttanie;

Or

Or quha dois nocht the deids of mercie,
Gif hungrie meit, and gif the naikit clayis.—
Perſ. Now walloway, thinks thou na ſchame to lie?
I trow the devill a word is trew thou ſayis.
Thou ſayis thair is bot twa ſteppis to the heavin,
Quha failyies them man backwart fall in hell.
I wait it is ten thouſand mylis, and ſevin,
Gif it be na mair I do it upon thy ſell.
Schort leggit men I ſe, be Bryddis bell,
Will nevir cum thair, thay ſteppis bene ſa wyde;
Gif thay be the words of the Evangell
The Spirituall men hes miſter of ane gyde.
Abbot. And I belief that cruikit men and blinde
Sall never get up upon ſa hich ane ledder.
By my gude faith I dreid to ly behinde,
Without God draw me up into ane tedder.
Quhat and I fall, than I will break my bledder.
And I cum thair this day the devill ſpeid me,
Except God make me lichter nor ane fedder,
Or ſend me doun gude widcok wingis to flie.
Perſ. Cum doun daſtart, and gang ſell draiff,
I underſtand nocht quhat thow ſaid;
Thy words war nather corne nor caiff,
I wald thy toung againe war laide.
Quhair thou ſayis pryde is deidlie ſin,
I ſay pryde is bot honeſtie;
And covetice of warldlie win
Is bot wiſdome, I ſay for me.
Ire, hardineſs, and gluttonie;
Is nathing ellis but lyfis fude;
The natural ſin of lecherie
Is but trew luife; all thir ar gude.
Doct. God and the Kirk has given command
That all gude Chriſtian men refuſe them.
Perſ. Bot war thay ſin, I underſtand,
We men of Kirk wald never uſe them.

Doct. Brother, I pray the Trinitie
Your faith and charitie to ſupport,
Cauſand you knaw the veritie,
That ye your ſubjects may comfort.
To your prayers, peopill, I recommend
The rewlars of this nobill regioun,
That our Lord God his grace mot to them ſend
On treſpaſſours to mak punitioun;
Prayand to God from feindis yow defend,
And of your ſins to gif yow full remiſſioun.
I fay na mair to God I you commend.

SCENE V.

[*Heir* Diligence *ſpyis the Freir roundand to the Prelats.*

Dil. My lords, I perſave that the Spiritual ſtait
Be way of deid purpois to mak debait;
For be the counſall of yon flattrand freir
Thay purpois to mak all this toun on ſteir.

1ſt Licent. Traiſt ye that thay will be inobedient
To that quhilk is decreitit in Parliament?

Dil. Thay ſe the Paip with awfull ordinance
Makis weir againſt the michtie King of France;
Richt ſa thay think that Prelats ſuld nocht ſonyie
Be way of deid defend their patrimonie.

1ſt Lic. I pray the, brother, gar me underſtand
Quhair ever Chriſt poſſeſſit ane fut of land.

Dil. Yea that he did, father, withouttin faill,
For Chriſt Jeſus was King of Iſraell.

1ſt Lic. I grant that Chriſt was king abuife all kings,
Bot he mellit never with temporal things;
As he hes plainlie done declair himſell,
As thou may reid in his halie Evangell;

" Birds

"Birds hes their neſtis, and tods hes their den;
"Bot Chriſt Jeſus, the Saviour of men,
"In all this warld hes nocht ane penny braid,
"Quhairon he may repois his heavenlie head.
Dil. And is that trew?
Lic. Yes, brother, be Allhallows;
Chriſt Jeſus had na propertie, bot the gallows.
And left not, quhen he yeildit up the ſpreit,
To by himſelf ane ſimpill winding ſcheit.
Dil. Chriſtis ſucceſſours, I underſtand,
Thinkis na ſchame to have temporal land.
Father, thay have na will, I you aſſure,
In this warld to be indigent and puir.
Bot, ſir, ſen ye are callit ſapient,
Declair to me the caus with trew intent
Quhy that my luſtie ladie Veritie
Hes nocht bene weill treatit in this cuntrie?
Batch. Forſuith quhair Prelats uſes the counſall
Of beggand freirs, in mony regioun,
And thay Prelats with Princis principal,
The veritie but doubt is trampit doun;
And Common-weil put to confuſioun:
Gif this be trew to yow I me report.
Thairfoir, my lords, mak reformatioun
Or ye depairt, hairtlie, I yow exhort.
Sirs, Freirs wald never yit, I yow aſſure,
That ony Prelats uſit preiching;
And prelatis tuke on them that cure
Freirs wald get nathing for their fleiching:
Thairfoir I counſall yow, fra hand,
Gar baneiſs yone freir out of this land;
And that incontinent.
Do ye nocht ſa, withowttyn weir,
He will mak all this toun on ſteir,
I knaw his fals intent.

Yone

Yone flattrand knavis, withowttyn fabill,
I think thay are nocht profitabill
For Chriſtis Religioun.
To begin reformatioun
Mak of thame deprivatioun,
This is my opinion.

1ſt Sarj. Syr, pleiſs ye that we twa invaid thame?
And ye ſall ſe us ſone degrade thame
Of coill, and chaplarie.

Corr. Paſs on, I am richt weill content.
Syne baneiſs thame incontinent
Out of this cuntré.

1ſt Sarj. Cum on, Syr Freir, and be nocht fleyit;
The king our maiſter mon be obeyit,
Bot ye ſall haif na harme.
Gif ye wald travaill fra town to town,
I think this hude, and heavie gown,
Will hald your wame ouir warme.

Flatt. Now quhat is this, thir monſtouris menis?
I am exemit fra kingis and quenis,
And fra all human law.

2d Sarj. Tak ye the hud, and I the gown.
This lymmar luikis als lyk ane loun,
As ony that euir I ſaw.

1ſt Sarj. Thir Freirs to chaip puniſſioun,
Haldis thame at thair exemptioun,
And no man will obey.
Thay ar exemit, I yow aſſeure,
Fra Paipis, Kingis, and Empreour,
And that makkis all the pley.

2d Sarj. On Domeſday, quhen Chryſt ſall ſay
Venite, Benedicti;
The Freiris will ſay, withowt delay,
Nos ſuimus exempti.

[*He*

[*Heir ſall thay ſpulyie* Flattry *of the Freiris habite.*

Gude Coun. Syr, be the Haly Trinitie,
This ſamen is fenyeit Flatterie,
I ken him be his face.
Belevand for to get promotioun,
He ſaid that hys name was Devotioun;
And ſo begyld your Grace.

1ſt Sarj. Cum on my Ladie Priores,
We ſall leir yow to dance,
And that within ane lytill ſpace,
Ane new pavin of France.

[*Heir ſall thay ſpoilye the* Priores, *and ſche ſall have ane kirtil of ſilk under hir habit.*

Now brother, be the Meſſe
Be my judgement I think
This halie Priores
Is turnit in ane cowclink.

Pri. I gif my freinds my maliſun,
That me compellit to be ane Nun,
And wald nocht let me marie;
It was my freindis greadines
That gart me be ane Priores.
Now hartlie them I warie.
Howbeit that Nunnis ſing nichts and days,
Their hart waits nocht quhat thair mouth ſays,
The ſuith I yow declair.
Makand yow intimatioun,
To Chriſtis congregatioun
Nunnis ar nocht neceſſair.
Bot I ſall do the beſt I can,
And marie ſum gude honeſt man,
And brew gude aill and tun.
Mariage, be my opinioun,
It is better religioun
As to be Freir or Nun.

1ſt Sarj.

1ſt Sarj. Cum on, Syr Flattry, be the meſs,
We ſall leir yow to daunce,
Within any bonny littill ſpace,
Ane new paven of Fraunce.
Flatt. My Lord, for Goddis ſaik lat nocht hang me,
Howbeit thir widdyfows wald wrang me.
I can mak na debait,
To win my meit at plewch nor harrowis.
Bot I ſall help to hang my marrowis,
Baith Falſat, and Diſſait.
Corr. Than paſs thy way, and graith the gallowis,
Syne help for to hang up thy fallowis;
Thow gettis na udder grace.
Flatt. Off that office I am content.
Bot our Prellattis I dreid repent
Be I fleimde from thair face.

[*Heir ſall* Flattry *paſs to the ſtokkis, and ſit beſya his marrowis.*

Diſs. Now Flattry, my awld cumpanyeoun
Quhat dois yone King Correctioun?
Knawis thow nocht his entent?
Declair till us of thy novellis.
Flatt. Yeill all be hangit, I ſe nocht ellis,
And that incontinent.
Diſs. Now Walloway! will he gar hang us?
The Divill brocht yon curſt king amang us,
For mekill ſturt and ſtryfe.
Flatt. I had bene put to deid amang yow,
Had nocht I tuik on hand till hang yow,
And ſo I ſavit my lyfe.
I heir thame ſay thay will cry doun
All freiris and preiſtis of this regioun,
Sa far as I can feill;
Becaus thay ar not neceſſar.
And als thay ar all haill contrar
To Johne the Common Weill.

[*Heir*

[*Heir ſal the Kings and the Temporal Stait round togider.*

Cor. With the advice of King Humanitie
Heir I determine with rype advyſement,
That all thir prelats ſall deprivit be;
And be decreit of this preſent Parliament
That thir thre cunning clarkis ſapient
Immediatlie thair places ſall poſſes,
Becaus that thay have bene ſa negligent,
Suffring the word of God for till decres.

King Hum. As ye have ſaid but doubt it ſall be done;
Pas to and mak this interchainging ſone.

[*The Kings ſervants lay hands on the thrie Prelats, and ſays,*

Wantoun. My lords, we pray you to be patient,
For we will do the Kings commandement.

Spir. I mak ane vow to God and ye us handill,
Ye ſall be curſt and graggit with buik and candil;
Syne we ſall pas unto the Paip, and pleinyie,
And to the devill of hell condemne this meinyie.
For quhy? Sic reformation, as I weine,
Into Scotland was never hard nor ſeine.

[*Heir ſall they ſpuilye them with ſilence, and put thair habits on the thrie Clarks.*

Merch. We marvell of yow, paintit ſepulturis,
That was ſa bauld for to accept ſic curis,
With glorious habite rydand upon your muillis;
Now men may ſe ye are bot verie fuillis.

Spir. We ſay the Kingis war greiter fuillis nor we,
That us promovit to ſa greit dignitie.

Abbot. Thair is ane thouſand in the kirk, but doubt,
Sic fuillis as we, gif thay war weill ſocht out:
Now, brother, ſen it may na better be,
Let us ga ſoup with Senſualitie.

[*Heir ſall thay pas to Senſualitie.*

Spir.

Spir. Madame, I pray you mak us thrie gude cheir,
We cure nocht to remaine with yow all yeir.
Senf. Pas fra us, fuillis; be him that has us wrocht,
Ye ludge nocht heir, becaus I knaw yow nocht.
Spir. Sir Covetice, will ye alſo miſken me?
I wait richt weill ye wil baith gif and lend me.
Speid hand my freind, ſpair nocht to break the lockis,
Gif me ane thouſand crouns out of thy box.
Cov. Quhairfoir, Sir fuill, gif you ane thouſand crouns?
Ga hence, ye ſeime to be thrie very louns.
Spir. I ſe nocht els, brother, withouttin faill
Bot this fals world is turnit top ouir taill.
Sen all is vaine that is under the lift,
To win our meat we man make uther ſchift;
With our labour except we mak debait,
I dreid full ſair we want baith drink and meat.
Perf. Gif with our labour we man us defend,
Then let us gang quhair we war never kend.
Spir. I wyte thir freirs that I am thus abuſit,
For by thair counſal I have bene confuſit;
Thay gart me trow it ſuffyſit, alace,
To gar them plainlie preich into my place.
Abbot. Alace, this reformation I may warie,
For I have yit twa dochtirs for till marie;
And they are baith contractit, be the Rude,
And waits nocht how to pay thair tocher gude.
Perf. The devill mak cair for this unhappie chance,
For I am young, and thinks to pas to France,
And tak wages amang the men of weir,
And win my living with my ſword and ſpeir.

[*The Biſchop, Abbot, Perſone, and Priores, depairts altogeder.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Counſ. Or ye depairt, Syr, off this regioun,
Gif Johne the Commoun Weill ane gay garmoun
Becaus the Commoun Weill hes bene our luikit;
That is the caus that Commoun Weill is cruikit.
With ſingular profeit he hes bene ſa ſuppryſyt,
That he is baith cauld, naikit and diſgyſit.
Cor. Als ye haif ſaid, fader, I am content.
Sargeands gif Johne ane new habuilyement,
Of ſattyne damais, or of velvuyt fyne,
And gif him place into our parliament ſyne.
[*Heir ſal thay cleith Johne the Commoun Weill gorgeouſlie, and ſet him doun amang them in the Parliament.*
All virtouſs pepill, yow may be rejoſit,
Sen Commoun Weill hes gottyn ane gay garmoun.
And ignorantis owt of the kirk depoſyt.
Devoit doctoris, and clarkis of renoun,
And Gud Counſall, with Ledy Veritie,
Ar profeſt with our Kingis Majeſtie.
Bliſt is that realme that hes ane prudent king,
Quhilk does delyt to heir the veritie,
Puniſſing tham quhilk planely dois maling
Contrar the Commoun Weill, and Equetie!
Thair may na pepill haif proſperitie,
Quhar ignorance hes the dominioun,
And Commoun Weill be tirrandis trampit doun.
Now Maiſters, ye ſall heir incontinent,
At great leyſour, in your preſence proclamit
The Nobill Actis of our Parliament,
Of quhilks we neid nocht for to be aſchamit.
Cum heir, Trumpet, and ſound your warning tone
That every man may knaw quhat we have done.

[*Heir ſall* DILIGENCE, *with the Scribe, and the Trumpet, pas to the pulpit and proclaime the Actis.*

The Firſt Act.

It is devyſit be thir prudent Kingis,
Correctioun, and King Humanitie,
That thair Leigis, induring all their ringis,
With the avyce of the Eſtaitis Thrie,
Sall manfullie defend and fortifie
The Kirk of Chriſt, and his religioun,
Without diſſimulance or hypocriſie,
Under the pain of their punitioun.

2. Als thay will that the Actis honourabill,
Maid be our Prince in the laſt Parliament.
Becaus thay ar baith gude and profitabill,
Thay will that everie man be diligent
Them till obſerve, with unfeinyeit intent.
Quha diſobeyis inobedientlie
Be thair lawis, but doubt they ſall repent,
And painis conteinit thairin ſall underly.

3. And als, the Common-weill for til advance,
It is ſtatute that all the temporal landis
Be ſet in few, efter the forme of France,
Till verteous men, that labours with thair handis,
Reſonabillie reſtrictit with ſic bandis,
That thay do ſervice nevertheles.
And to be ſubject ay under the wandis;
That riches may with policie incres.

4. Item, this prudent Parliament hes devyſit,
Gif lordis hold under thair dominioun
Theifis, quhairthroch puir pepill bene ſuppriſit,
For them thay ſall make anſweir to the croun,
And to the puir mak reſtitutioun,
Without thay put them in the judges handis,
For thair default to ſuffer punition;
Sa that na theifis remaine within thair landis.

5. To

5. To that intent that juſtice ſould incres,
It is concludit in this Parliament,
That into Elgin, or into Innerneſſe,
Sall be ane ſute of Clarkis ſapient,
Togidder with ane prudent Preſident,
To do juſtice in all the Norther Airtis
Sa equallie without impediment,
That thay neid nocht ſeik juſtice in thir pairtis.

6. With licence of the Kirkis halines,
That juſtice may be done continuallie,
All the maters of Scotland, mair and les,
To thir twa famous Saits perpetuallie
Sal be directit. And becaus men ſeis plainlie
That wantoun Nunnis ar na way neceſſair,
Till common-weil nor yit to the glorie
Of Chriſtis Kirk, (thocht thay be fat and fair,)
And als that fragill ordour feminine
Will nocht be miſſit in Chriſts religioun,
Let thair rents ufit be till ane better fyne,
For common-weill of all this regioun.
And ilk Senature from thair erectioun,
For the uphalding of his gravitie,
Sall have fyve hundreth mark of penſioun.
And alſo bot ſwa ſall their nummer be:
Into the North ſaxteine ſall thair remaine;
Saxtein richt ſa in our maiſt famous toun
Of Edinburgh, to ſerve our Soveraine,
Choſen without partiall affectionn
Of the maiſt cunning clarks of this regioun;
Thair Chancellar choſen of ane famous Clark,
Ane cunning man of great perfectioun,
And for his penſioun have ane thouſand mark.

7. It is devyſit in this Parliament,
From this day furth na mater Temporall,
(Our new Prelats thairto hes done conſent,)
Sall cum befoir Judges Conſiſtoriall,

Quhilk

Quhilk hes bene ſa prolixt and partiall
To the great hurt of the communitie.
Let Temporall men ſeik Judges Temporall,
And Spritual men to Spritualitie.

8. Na benefice beis giffin, in tyme cumming,
Bot to men of gude eruditioun,
Expert in the Halie Scripture, and cunning,
And that thay be of gude conditioun,
Of public vices but ſuſpitioun;
And qualefiet richt prudentlie to preich
To thair awin folk, baith into land and toun,
Or ellis in famous ſcuillis for to teich.

9. Als becaus of the great pluralitie
Of ignorant preiſtis, ma than ane legioun,
Quhairthroch of teichours the heich dignitie
Is vilipendit in ilk regioun,
Thairfoir our Court has made proviſionn
That na Biſchops mak teichours in tyme cumming,
Except men of gude eruditioun,
And for Preiſtheid qualefeit and cunning.

Siclyke as ye ſe, in the borrows town,
Ane tailyeour is nocht ſufferit to remaine,
Without he can mak doublet, coat, and gown;
He man gang till his prenteiſchip againe.
Biſchops ſould nocht reſſave (methink certaine)
Into the kirk, except ane cunning Clark:
Ane idiot preiſt Eſay compaireth plaine
Till ane dum dogge, that can nocht byte nor bark.

10. From this day furth ſe na Prelats pretend,
Under the paine of inobedience,
At Prince or Paip to purchaſe ane commend,
Againe the law becaus it dois offence.
Till ony Prieſt we think ſufficience
Ane benefice. For to ſerve God withall
Twa Preſacies ſall na man have from thence,
Without that he be of the blude Royall.

11. Item this prudent Counſall has concludit,
Sa that our haly Vickars be nocht wraith,
From this day furth thay ſal be cleane denudit
Baith of corſ-preſent, cow, and umeſt claith;
To puir commons becaus it hath done ſkaith.
And mairover we think it lytill force,
Howbeit the Barrouns thairto will be laith,
From thencefurth thay ſall want thair hyrald-hors.

12. It is decreit that in this Parliament
Ilk Biſchop, Miniſter, Priour, and Perſoun,
To the effect thay may tak better tent
To ſaulis under their dominioun,
Efter the forme of their foundatioun,
Ilk Biſchop in his Dioſie ſall remaine;
And everilk Perſone in his parachoun,
Teiching their folk from vices to refraine.

13. Becaus that clarkis our ſubſtance dois conſume
For bils and proces of their prelacies,
Thairfoir thair ſall na money ga to Rome,
From this day furth for any benefice,
Bot gif it be for greit Archbiſchopries.
As for the reſt na money gais at all,
For the increſſing of their dignities,
Na mair nor did to Peter nor to Paull.

14. Conſidering that our Preiſtis, for the maiſt part,
Thay want the gift of Chaſtitie we ſe,
Cupido hes ſa perſt them throch the hart,
We grant them licence and frie libertie,
To prevent ſcandal in the Communitie.
That thay may have fair virgins to thair wyfis,
And ſa keip matrimoniall chaſtitie,
And nocht in huirdome for to leid thair lyfis.

15. This Parliament richt ſa hes done conclude,
From this day forth our Barrouns temporall
Sall na mair mix thair nobil ancient blude
With baſtard bairns of Stait Spirituall.

Ilk

Ilk ſtait amang thair awin ſelfis marie ſall.
Gif nobils marie with the Spritualitie,
From thyne ſubject thay ſal be, and all
Sall be degraithit of thair Nobilitie;
And from amang the Nobils cancellate,
Unto the tyme thay by thair libertie,
Rehabilit be the civill magiſtrate.
And ſa ſall marie the Spritualitie;
Biſchops with Biſchops ſall mak affinitie,
Abbots and Priors with the Priores,
As Biſchop Annas in ſcripture we may ſe,
Maryit his dochter on Biſchop Caiphas.
Now have ye heard the Actis honorabill
Devyſit in this preſent Parliament;
To Common-weill we think agreabill
All faithfull folk ſould heirof be content,
Them till obſerve with hartlie trew intent.
I wait nane will againſt our Acts rebell,
Nor till our law be inobedient,
Bot Plutois band, the potent prince of hell.

SCENE VII.

[*Heir ſall the* Puirman *cum befoir the* King *and ſay,*

Puir. I gif yow my braid benneſoun,
That has givin Common-Weill a gown;
I wald nocht for ane pair of plackis
Ye had nocht maid thir nobill Actis.
I pray to God, and ſweit Sanct Geill,
To gif you grace to uſe them weill;
Wer thay weill keipit I underſtand
It war great honour to Scotland;
It had bene als gude ye had ſleipit,
As to mak acts and be nocht keipit.
Bot I beſeik yow, for All-hallowis,
Gar hang Diſſait, and all his fallowis;

And

And baneiſs Flattry off the town,
For thair was nevir ſic ane loun.
That beand done I hald it beſt
That every man go tak his reſt.
Corr. As thow hes ſaid, it ſall be done.
Swyth Sarjands hang yone ſwingeours ſone.
[*Heir ſall the Sarjands lowiſs thame firſt of the ſtokkis, and leid thame to the Gallowis.*
1ſt Sarj. Cum heir, Sir Theif; cum heir, cum heir.
Quhen war ye wont to be ſa ſweir?
To hunt cattell ye war ay ſpeidy;
Thairfoir ye ſall waif in ane widdy.
Thift. Man I be hangit? Allace! Allace!
Is thair nane heir may get me grace?
Yit or I de gif me ane drink.
1ſt Sarj. Fy hurſone cairle, I feill ane ſtink.
Thift. Thocht I wald not that it war wittin
Schyr, in gud faith I am beſcitten.
To wit the veretie gif ye pleiſs,
Lous doun my hois, put in your neis.
1ſt Sarj. Thow art ane lymmar, I ſtand ford.
Slip in thy heid into this cord,
For thow had neuer ané metar tippit.
Thift. Allace! this is ane fellone rippit!
The widdifow wardannis tuik my geir,
And left me nowdir horſs nor meir,
Nor erdly gud that me belangit:
Now Walloway! I mon be hangit!
Repent your lyvis, all plane oppreſſouris,
All ye miſdoars and tranſgreſſouris,
Or ellis ga chuſe yow gude confeſſouris;
And mak yow forde.
For, gif ye tary in this land,
And cum undir Correctionis band,
Your grace ſall be, I undirſtand,
Ane gud ſhairp cord.

Adew

Adew my brethir Annan theivis,
That holpit me in my miſcheivis;
Adew Groſars, Nikſonis, and Bellis,
Oft haif we fairne owt thruch the fellis.
Adew Robſonis, Hanſlis, and Pyilis,
That in our craft hes mony wylis.
Lyttlis, Trumblis, and Armeſtrangis;
Adew all theivis that me belangis!
Tailyeouris, Curwings, and Elwandis,
Speidy of fute, and ſlicht of handis:
The Scottis of Ewiſdaill, and the Graimis,
I haif na tyme to tell your namis.
With King Correctioun be ye fangit,
Beleif richt ſeur ye will be hangit.

1ſt Sarj. Speid hand man with thy clitter clatter.

Thift. For Goddis faik, man, lat me mak watter.
Howbeid I haif bene cattell-gredy,
It ſchamis to piſche into a widdy.

[*Heir fall* Flattry *bang* Thift, *or his figour*

2d Sarj. Cum heir, Diſſait, my companyeoun.
Saw evir man lykar ane loun
To hing upoun ane Gallowis?

Diſs. This is anewcht to mak me mangit.
Divill fell me, that I mon be hangit,
Lat me ſpeik with my fallowis.
I trow, wanfortoun brocht me heir.
Quhat mekill fiend maid me ſa ſpeidy?
Sen it was ſaid it is ſevin yeir,
That I ſould waiſ into a widdy;
(Quhen I leird, my maiſteris, to be greidy.
Adew, for I ſe na remeid.
Se quhat it is to be evyll deidy.

2 Sarj, Now in this helter ſlip thy heid.
Stand ſtill, methink ye draw abak.

Diſs. Allace, maiſter, ye hurt my crag.

2d Sarj

2 *Sarj.* It will hurt bettir, I woid ane plak,
Richt now, quhen ye hing on ane knag.
Diſs. Adew, my maiſteris marchand men!
I haif ye ſervit, as ye ken,
Trewly, baith air and lait.
I ſay to yow, for concluſioun,
I dreid ye gang to confuſioun,
Fra tyme ye want Diſſait.
I leird you, merchandis, mony a wyle,
Upalands wyfis for to begyle,
Upoun the mercat day.
And gart thame trew your ſtuff was gude,
Quhen it wes rottin, be the Rude;
And ſweir it was not ſway.
I was ay roundand in your eir;
And lerid yow for to ban and ſweir,
Quhat your geir coiſt in France,
Howbeit the Devill a word was trew.
Your craft gif King Correctioun knew
Wald turne yow to miſchance.
I lerid yow wylis mony fauld,
To mix the new wyne with the auld,
That faſſone was na folly.
To ſell richt deir, and by gude chaip;
And mix ry meill amang the ſaip,
And ſaffrone with oyl-dolie.
Forget not okar, I counſall yow,
Mair nor the Vicar dois the cow,
Or Lordis thair doubill maill.
Howbeit your elwand be to ſcant,
Or your pound nocht twa uncis want,
Think that bot lytill faill.
Adew the grit clan Jameſoun,
The blude royall of Clappertoun,
I was ay to yow trew.
Baith Anderſone, and Paterſone;

Abone thaim all Thome Williamſone
My abſens ye will rew.
Thome Williamſone, it is your pairt
To pray for me with all your hairt,
And think upon my werkis;
How I leird you ane gud leſſoun,
For to begyle, in Edinburch toun,
The biſchop and his clerkis.
Ye young Marchands may cry allace,
Lucklaw, Welands, Carneroſs, Douglace,
Yon curſt king ye may ban.
Had I levit bot half an yeir,
I ſould haif leird yow craftis perqueir
To begyle wyffe and man.
How may ye Marchandis mak debait,
Fra tyme ye want your man Diſſait,
For yow I mak grit cair.
Without I ryiſs fra deid to lyve,
I wait weill ye will nevir thryve,
Farthar nor the fourt air.

[*Heir ſall* Diſſait *be hangit, or ellis his figour.*

1ſt Sarj. Cum heir, Falſet, and menſs the gallowis,
Ye man hing up amang your fallowis,
For your cancart conditioun.
Mony ane trew man haif ye wrangit;
Thairfoir but dowt ye ſall be hangit,
But mercy or remiſſioun.

Fal. Allace! mon I be hangit to?
Quhat mekill Divill is this ado?
How cum I to this cummer?
My gud maiſteris, ye Craftiſmen,
Want ye Falſat full weill I ken
You will die all for hunger.
Ye men of craft may cry Allace;
Quhen ye want me, ye want your Grace,
Thairfoir put into wryte

M

My leſſonis that I did you leir ;
Howbeit the Commounis ene ye bleir,
Count ye not that a myte.
Find me ane wobſtar that is leill,
Or ane wakar that will not ſteill,
(Thair craftines I ken ;)
Or ane millar that hes na falt,
That will ſteill nowder meill, nor malt,
Hald thame for halie men.
At our fleſchouris tak ye na greif,
Thocht thay blaw lene muttone and beif,
To gart ſeme fatt and fair ;
Thay think that practik but ane mow.
Howbeit the Devill a thing it dow,
To thame I leirit that lair.
I leird Talyouris, in every toun,
To ſchaip fyve quarteris fra a goun
In Anguſs and in Fife.
The Upland Taylyeouris I gaif gud leive
To ſteil a filly ſtump, or ſleive
To Kittok his awin wyff.
My gud maiſter Andro Fortoun,
Of Tailyeouris that may weir the croun,
For me he will be mangit :
Talyeour Beverege, my ſon and air,
I wait for me will rudely rair,
Fra tyme he ſe me hangit.
The bairſit deikin Jamie Raff,
Quha nevir yit bocht kow nor caff,
Becaus he cannot ſteill ;
Willy Caidyoch will mak na pleid,
Howbeit hys wyff want beif and breid,
Get he gud barmie aill.
To the browſtaris of Cowpar toun
I leif my braid blak maleſoun,
Als hairtelly as I may.

To

To mak thin aill thay think na fait
Of mekill burne and lytill malt,
Agane the mercat day.
And thay can mak withowttyn dowt
A kind of aill thay call harnis-out;
Wait ye how thay mak that?
A curtill quene, a laidlie lurdane,
Off ſtrang weſche ſheill tak a jurdane
And ſettis in the gyle-fat.
Quha drinkis of that aill, man or page,
It will gar all his harnis rage;
That jurdane I may rew,
It gart my heid rin hiddy-giddy.
Schyrs, God nor I dé in a widdy
Gif this taill be nocht trew.
Speir at the Sowttar Geordy Sillie,
Fra tyme that he hes filld his belly,
With this unhelſum aill.
Tha all the baxtaris will I ban,
That mixes breid with duſt and bran,
And fyne flour with beir meill.
Adew, my maiſteris, wrichtis and maſounis
I neid not leir yow ony leſſonis;
Yow knaw my craft perqueir.
Adew blakſmiths, and lorimeris,
Adew the ſtinkand cordineris,
That ſellis the ſchone ouer deir.
Goldſmyths fairweill, abone thame all,
Remember my memorial
With many ane ſyttil caſt.
To mix ſet ye not by twa prenis
Fyne ducat gold with hard gudlynis,
Lyk as I leird yow laſt.
Quhen I was lugit Upaland,
The ſchipherdis maid with me ane band
Richt craftelie to ſteill.

That

Than did I gif ane confirmatioun
Till all the ſchipherdis of this natioun,
That thay ſowld neuir be leill;
And ilk ane to reſſett ane udder;
I knaw fals ſchipherdis fifty fudder
War all thair canteleinis kend.
How thay mak thair conventiounis
On mountanis far fra ony townis;
God lat thame nevir mend.
Amang craftiſmen it is ane wounder
To find ten leill amang ane hunder;
The trewth I to yow tell.
Adew I man na langer tary:
I mon paſs to the king of Fary,
Or ellis ſtraicht way till hell.

[*Heir ſall he luik up to his marrowis, that ar hangand, and ſay,*

Waes me for thé, gud Commoun Thift!
Was nevir man maid mar honeſt ſchift
His leivin for to win.
Thair wes nocht ane in Liddiſdaill
That ky mair craftelly could ſteill,
Quhar thow hingis on that pin.
Sawthan reſſaiff thy ſawle, Diſſait!
Thow was to me ane faithfull mait,
And als my fadar' bruder.
Duill fell the ſilly marchand men!
To mak thame ſervice weill I ken
Sall nevir get ſic an uder.

[*Heir ſall* Flattry *faſten the cord about his nek; and thairafter* Falſat *ſall ſay,*

Gif ony man liſt for to be my mait,
Cum follow me, for I am at the gait.
Cum follow me, all cative covetouſs kingis,
Reivaris but richt of uthers realmis and ringis.

Together

Together with all wrangous conquerouris;
And bring with yow all publick oppreſſouris;
With Pharo, King of the Egyptiens;
With him in hell ſall be your recompence.
All crewll ſcheddaris of blude innocent;
Cum follow me, or ellis rin and repent.
Prelatis that hes ma benefeis nor thrie,
And will not preiche nor teiche the veretie;
Withowt at God in tyme thay cry for grace,
In hidouſs hell I ſall prepair thair place.
Cum follow me, all fals corruptit juges,
With Ponce Pylat I ſall prepair your luges.
All ye officiallis that partis men with thair wyvis;
Cum follow me, or ellis ga mend your lyvis;
With all fals ledaris of the Conſtry law:
With wantone ſcrybis, and clarkis intill ane raw;
That to the puir maks mony partiall trane,
Syne *bodie ad octo*, gars thame cum agane.
And ye that takkis rewaird at baith the handis,
Ye ſall with me be bund in Bellialls bandis.
Cum follow me all curſt unhappy wyfis,
That with your gudmen dayly flyttis and ſtryfis;
And quyetly with rebaldis makkis repair,
And takkis na cure to mak ane wrangus air.
Ye ſall in hell rewairdit be, I wene,
With Jeſabell of Iſraell the quene.
I haif ane curſt unhappy wyf myſell,
Wald God ſche war befoir me into hell.
That biſmair war ſcho thair, withowttyn dowt,
Owt of hell the divill ſche wald ding owt.
Ye mareit men evin as ye luif your lyfis
Let never preiſtis be hamelie with your wyfis.
My wyffe with prieſtis ſcho doith me grit unricht;
And maid me nyne tymes cukald in ane night.
Fairweill, for I mon to the widdy wend;
For quhy Falſat maid neuir ane bettir end.

[Heir

[*Heir ſall* Flattry *hing him up, and not his figure; and a kae ſall be caſtin up, as it were his ſawle.*

Flatt. Haif I nocht chaippit the widdy weill?
Yea, that I haif be ſweit St. Geill;
For I had nocht bene wrangit,
Becauſs I ſervit, be All-hallowis,
To haif bene merchillit with my fallowis,
And heich abone thame hangit.
I maid far ma faltis than my maitis;
I begyl all The Thrie Eſtaits,
With my ypocreſie.
Quhen I haid on the freiris hude,
All men beleivyt that I wes gude;
Now juge ye gif I lie.
Tak me ane rakles rubriatour,
Ane theiff, ane tirrand, or ane traitour,
Off every vyce the plant;
Gif him the habit of ane frier,
The wyvis will trow withowttyn weir
He be ane very fantt.
I knaw the cowll and ſkaplarie
Generis moir hait nor cheretie;
Thocht thay be blak or blew,
Quhat halines is thair within?
Ane woulf cled in ane wedders ſkin?
Juge ye gif this be trew.
Since I haif chaipit this firie farie,
Adew! I will na langar tary
To cummer yow with my clatter,
Bot I will with ane humill ſpreit
Ga ſerve the Hermeit of Lareit,
And leir him for till flatter.

End of the PLAY.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

DILIGENCE.

FAMOUS peopil, hartlie I yow requyre,
This lytil ſport to tak in patience:
We traiſt to God, and we leif ane uther yeir,
Quhair we have failit, we ſall do diligence
With mair pleaſure to mak yow recompence.
Becaus we have bene ſum part tedious,
With mater rude, denude of eloquence;
Likewyſe perchance to ſum men odious.
Now let ilk man his way avance;
Let ſum ga drink, and ſum ga dance.
Menſtrel blaw up ane brawl of France,
Let ſe quha hobbils beſt.
For I will rin incontinent
To the tavern, or euer I ſtent,
And pray to God omnipotent
To ſend you all gude reſt.

THE

THE DROICHIS PART OF THE PLAY.

Such is the title in the BANNATYNE MS. *of the following* "littil interlude;" *which, with every appearance of probability, has been aſcribed to* SIR DAVID LINDSAY, *and may have been introduced ſomewhere in the preceding play, although no particular connection be apparent. At that time ſurely no other dramatic compoſition of Scotland could be dignified with the title of* THE PLAY. *The* Genius of Wealth *is here repreſented under the character of a blind pigmy, or one of that diſtinct race of beings called by the ancient Northern nations* Duerghar, *or* Droichs. *They were a kind of leſſer divinities, or demons, who inhabited the wild rocky mountains, and excelled in the manufacture of weapons that were held to be proof againſt all force and fraud. Their ſwords in particular are frequently mentioned in old Iſlandic poems:*

Sel thu mer ur *hauge,*
Hardan maekir,
Than er Suafurflama
Slogu Duergar.

Literally thus:

Give me your ſword,
Of hard workmanſhip,
That for Suafurlam
Was beat out by the Dwarfs.

Since the author refers FYN-MACKOWLL *and other heroes of* OSSIAN *to this claſs of beings, we may conſider the poem partly as a ſpecimen of the abſurd legends that were repeated concerning them in the days of* SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

I.

Hiry, hary, hubbilſchow,
Sé ye not quha is cum now,
Bot yit wait I nevir how,
With the quhirle-wind?
A ſargeand out of Soudoun land,
A gyane ſtrang for to ſtand,
That with the ſtrength of my hand
Bereis may bind.

II.

Bot yit I trow that I vary,
I am bot ane blynd Hary,
That lang hes bene with the fary,
Farlyis to fynd;
And yit gif this be not I,
I wait it is the ſpreit of Gy,
Or ellis Fle be the ſky,
And lycht as the lynd.

III.

Quha is cum heir, bot I,
A bauld buſteous bellomy,
Amang you all to cry a cry,
With ane michty ſoun?
That generit am of gyanis kynd,
Fra the ſtrong Hercules be ſtrynd,
Of all the occident and Ynd,
My elderis woir the croun.

IV.

My foir grandſyr, hecht Fyn-Mackowll,
That dang the devill, and gart him yowll;
The ſkyis rainid quhen he wald yowll,
He trublit all the air.

He gatt my gud-ſyr Gog Magog;
He, quhen he danſit, the warld wald ſchog;
Ten thowſand ellis yied in his frog,
Of Heland plaidis, and mair.

V.

And yit he wes of tendir yowth;
But eftir he grew mekle at fowth,
Ellevin myle wyd mett wes his mowth,
His teith wes ten myle ſquair.
He wald upoun his tais upſtand,
And tak the ſtarnis doun with his hand,
And ſett thame in a gold garland
Aboif his wyfis hair.

VI.

He had a wyfe was mekle of clift;
Her heid was heichar nor the lift;
The hevin reirdit quhen ſcho wald rift;
The laſs was nathing ſklendir:
Scho ſpatt Loch-Loumond with her lippis;
Thunder and fyre-flawght flew fra her hippis;
Quhen ſcho wes crabbit, the ſone thold clippis;
The feynd durſt nocht offend hir.

VII.

For cawld ſcho tuk the ſevir tartane,
For all the claith in France and Bartane,
Wald not be to hir leg a gartane,
Thocht ſcho was young and tendir:
Upoun a nicht heir in the north,
Scho tuke the gravall, and ſtaild Craig-Gorth,
And piſchit the grit walter of Forth;
Sic tyd ran eftirhend her.

VIII.

Yit ane thing writtin of hir I find,
In Yrland quhen ſcho blew behind,
On Norway coiſt ſcho raiſit the wynd,
And grit ſchippis drownit thair.

Scho

Scho fiſchit all the Spainyie ſeyis,
With her ſark-lap betwixt her theyis;
Thré dayis ſailing betwixt her kneyis
It wes eſtemid, and mair.

IX.

The hingand brayis on adir ſide,
Scho powtterit with hir lymmis wide:
Laſſes micht leir at hir to ſtryde,
Wald ga to luvaris lair.
Scho merkit to the land with mirth;
Scho piſchit five quhailis in the Firthe,
That croppin war hir geig for girth,
Walterand amang the wair.

X.

My fader, mekle Gow Macmorne,
Owt of his moderis wame was ſchorne;
For littilnes ſcho was forlorne,
Siche an a kemp to beir:
Or he of aige was yeiris thré,
He wald ſtop over the Occraine ſie;
The mone ſprang neuir abone his knè;
The hevins had of him feir.

XI.

Ane thowſand yeir is paſt fra mynd,
Sen I was generit of his kynd,
Far furth in the deſartis of the Ynd,
Amang lyoun and beir.
Worthie King Arthour and Gawane,
And mony a bawld berne of Bartane,
Ar deid, and in the weiris ar ſlane,
Sen I cowld weild a ſpeir.

XII.

Sophie and the Sowdoun ſtrang,
With weiris that hes leſtit lang,
Owt of thair boundis hes maid me gang,
And turne to Turky tyte.

T

he King of Francis grit army,
es brocht in derth in Lumbardy,
ıat in the cuntré he and I
Can nocht dwell baith perfyte.

XIII.

vadrik, Denmark, and Norraway,
'or in the Steiddis I dar nocht ga;
hair is nothing bot and ſlae,
Cut throppillis, and make quyte.
'rland for evir I haif reffuſit,
.ll wyis-men will hald me excuſit,
or nevir in land quhair Eriche was uſit,
To dwell had I dellyte.

XIV.

haif bene formeſt evir in feild,
ınd now ſa lang I haif borne the ſcheild,
'hat I am crynit in for eild
This littill, as ye may ſie.
haif bene banneiſt undir the lynd
'his lang tyme, that nane could me fynd,
)uhill now with this laſt eiſtin wynd,
I am cum heir perdie.

XV.

Ty name is WELTH, thairfoir be blyth,
am cum comfort you to kyth;
uppois wrechis will waill and wryth,
All darth I ſall gar dré;
'or certanelie, the treuth to tell,
cum amang you for to dwell,
'ar fra the ſound of Curphour bell,
To dwell thinks nevir me.

XVI.

Jow ſen I am ſuche quantetie
)f gyanis cum, as ye may ſie,
)uhair will be gottin a wyfe to me
Of ſicklyk breid and hicht?

In

In all this bowre is nocht a bryde,
Ane hour, I wait, dar me abyde;
Yit trow ye ony heir beſyde,
Micht ſuffir me all nicht.

XVII.

Adew; fairweill; for now I go,
Bot I will nocht lange byd you fro;
Chryſt yow conſerve fra every wo,
Baith maidin, wyf, and man.
God bliſs thame, and the haly rude,
Givis me a drink, ſa it be gude;
And quha trowis beſt that I do lude,
Skink firſt to me the kan.

St. 1. l. 1. "Hiry, hary, hubbilſchow." Theſe are words expreſſing hurry and confuſion. Hiry, hary, ſeems to be a corruption of the French *haro*, or the cry *a l'aide;* like *hueſium* in our old laws, and *hue* in Engliſh. Hubbilſchow is ſtill uſed with us for uproar.

St. 4. l. 1. "Fyn Mackowll." Better known in this age under the moderniſed name of Fingal. Concerning this perſonage, whether real or imaginary, there are innumerable legends in the Highlands of Scotland. He is more celebrated as a giant than as the hero of Oſſian.

—— l. 2. "That dang the devill." This may allude to the conteſt with the ſpirit Loda. Here let me obſerve, that to doubt of Fingal and Temora being ancient compoſitions, is indeed a refinement in ſcepticiſm. They contain various alluſions to the manners of other times, which have eſcaped the obſervation of Mr Macpherſon himſelf.

St. 7. l. 6. "Craig-Gorth." It has been conjectured that Car-Gorth in Aberdeenſhire is here meant. I ſhould rather ſuppoſe it to be Craig-Forth, in the neighbourhood of Stirling.

St. 13. l. 2.—4. "Nor in the ſteiddis I dar nocht ga;
"Thair is nothing bot and ſlae,
"Cut thropillis, and make quyte."

Steides. The ſtates or government of the Netherlands. *Bot and ſlae.* The words *bot and*, corrupted from the Low Dutch *buitand*, i. e. without or beſides, often occur in our popular ballads. Theſe lines allude to that ſcene of cruelty begun by Charles V. and perfected by Philip II. in the

the Netherlands. *Make quyte* is an obſcure expreſſion; it probably means, "to get rid of obnoxious perſons."

St. 15. l. 7. "*Curphour* bell." The *couvre feu*, and, by corruption, *urfeu*. This bell was rung in boroughs at nine in the evening, act 144. parliament 13. James I. The hour was changed to ten, at the ſolicitation of the wife of James Stewart, the favourite of James VI.

St. 17. In this ſtanza there is a ſtrange mixture of grave and ludicrous. With us, before the Reformation, religious offices were farcical, and farces religious. On the continent, wherever the Roman Catholic worſhip has not been refined, the ſame aſſemblage of diſcordant ideas prevails.

*** The whole of theſe notes are by Lord Hailes.

CHRYSTIS

This ludicrous picture of ancient manners appears anonymouſly in the MAIT. MS. *but with the ſignature* "Quod King James the Firſt" *in the* BANNATYNE. *From an unlucky blunder, however, which* BANNATYNE *has committed in the next poem but one, by writing* James the Fyift, *or as ſome read it* Fyrſt, *inſtead of* James the Fourth, *his authority in this particular inſtance has been queſtioned, from a ſuſpicion that he has here alſo committed the ſame miſtake. Vulgar tradition, before the* BANN. MS. *was heard of, had given the poem to* James the Fifth; *and, as ſuch it had been publiſhed in the firſt and ſecond editions,* 1691 *by* Biſhop Gibſon, *and* 1708 *by* James Watſon, *both of them perſons who were likely to have the beſt information upon the ſubject. The* BANN. MS. *falling at laſt into the hands of* Allan Ramſay, *he publiſhed an edition of the poem under the name of* James the Firſt; *whoſe claim to it has of late been ſtrenuouſly ſupported by* W. Tytler, Eſq. *in his* "Poetical Remains of James I." *His arguments are chiefly directed againſt certain obſervations which the accurate and learned* Lord Hailes *had introduced in his* Remarks on the Statutes of James the Firſt.

"*The reader will obſerve,*" *ſays his Lordſhip,* "*that I* "*ſpeak doubtfully of* James I. *being the author of* "Chriſt's Kirk on the Green. Allan Ramſay, *in his* "*edition in* 1724, *ſays that* 'it is *taken from an old* "*manuſcript collection of poems written* 150 *years ago,* "*where it is found that* James, *the firſt of that name,* "*King of Scots, was the author; thought to be wrote*

"*while*

" *while that brave and learned prince was unfortunate-*
" *ly kept priſoner in England by* Henry V.' *The au-*
" *thority of a MS. (continues* Lord Hailes,) *written*
" *more than a century after the death of* James I.
" *proves nothing. Both* Bellenden *and* Major *report*
" *that* James I. *wrote verſes.* Major *has preſerved the*
" *firſt words of ſome of his poems; but neither of*
" *them ſay any thing of* Chriſt's Kirk on the Green;
" *which, however, was a great and voluminous work for*
" *thoſe days. That* James I. *wrote this poem during*
" *his captivity, is exceedingly improbable. Educated*
" *from his early youth in England, he could not be ac-*
" *quainted with the manners of the Scottiſh Commons,*
" *nor with the language of the vulgar.*"

Theſe arguments of Lord Hailes *remain ſtill in conſi-derable force, notwithſtanding all that* Mr Tytler *has brought forward againſt them. He urges in particular that* James I. *compoſed this poem with a view to encour-age Archery by the force of ridicule. It contains, indeed, two or three ſarcaſtic ſtanzas; but what effect could theſe produce among an illiterate peaſantry at a time, when, probably, not one in a thouſand of them could read? Print-ing was not introduced in Scotland for nearly a hundred years after the return of* James I. *from England; and it was not until the reign of* James IV. *that an Act of Parliament was made, ordaining the great land-holders to ſend their* ELDEST *ſons to ſchool;* " ſwa *that if they ſhould become ſcheriffes or judge ordinaries, they might have knawledge to read and expound the written laws to the puir ignorant people.*"

It is true, as Mr Tytler *ſays, that the uſe of the bow in war was laid aſide in the reign of* James V.; *but it continued, nevertheleſs, to maintain its ground as an exerciſe or amuſement. Among the ſports exhibited at St. Andrews during the forty days feſtival in* 1538, Lindſay of Pitſcottie, *poſſibly an eye-witneſs, mentions*

Juſting, Archery, &c. It has already been obſerved that Sir David Lindſay's *poem entitled the* Juſting of Barbour and Watſon, *was probably written upon that occaſion. It bears, moreover, a moſt ſtriking reſemblance in language, manner, and cataſtrophe to* Chriſt Kirk on the greene. *For example, in ſimilarity of phraſe,*

C. K.—Was nevir ſene ſic danſing and deray.
Juſt. —Was nevir ſene ſic juſting in no landis.

C. K.—Hys lymmis wes lyk twa rokkis.
Juſt. —Thow thinks my lymmis lyk rokkis.

C. K.—Thay ran upon uder lyk rammis.
Juſt. —Than ran thay to lyk rammis.

C. K.—Bet on with barrow trammis.
Juſt. —Be lyk twa barrow trammis.

Juſt. —James had bene ſtrikken doun.
C. K.—To eird he duſchit doun.

Juſt. —He trowit the man was ſlain.
C. K.—And for deid he preiſit (*trowit*) him.

Juſt. —For feirnes fell in ſown.
C. K.—And courit him out o ſown, &c. &c.

Some of theſe expreſſions being rather uncommon, the coincidence is the more remarkable; to account for which, it is not enough to ſay that one of the poems is an imitation of the other. They ſeem to have a more intimate connection, or to ſpring as it were from the very ſame root. If the Juſting of Barbour and Watſon *be a farcical account of one of the feſtival days at St Andrews,*

it

it ſeems highly probable that Chriſts Kirk on the greene *is a ſimilar account of another of them: And ſince* James V. *certainly was a writer of verſes, as we know from the undoubted teſtimony of his correſpondent* Sir David Lindſay, *(ſee page* 162.*) it appears, upon the whole, that in this inſtance we are ſafer to truſt to vulgar tradition than to the* ipſe dixit *of* Bannatyne, *who ſeems to have had but an indiſtinct notion of our different kings of the name of* James.

Here it deſerves to be mentioned, that although Mr Pinkerton, *(whoſe judgment few will venture to call in queſtion,) aſcribes the poem to* James I. *in his* "Liſt of Scotiſh Poets, 1786," *he does not once mention it in his hiſtory of that Monarch,* 1797. *Add to this the ſuffrages of* Dr Piercy *and* Mr Ritſon, *two moſt accurate and indefatigable inquirers.*

The repetition, at the end of ſeveral of the ſtanzas, both in the BANN. *and* MAIT. MSS. *of the words* "that day," *is a circumſtance which ſeems alſo to favour this conjecture with reſpect to the particular occaſion.*

I.

WAs nevir in *Scotland* hard nor ſene
Sic danſing nor deray,
Nowthir at *Falkland* on the grene,
Nor *Pebillis* at the play,
As wes of wowaris, as I wene,
At *Chryſt-kirk* on ane day;
There come our Kitteis weſchin clene,
In new kirtillis of gray,
Full gay,
At Chryſtis kirk on the grene.

II.

To dans thir damyſellis thame dicht,
Thir laſſes licht of laitis;

Thair

Thair gluves wer of the raffel richt,
Thair ſchone wer of the ſtraitis.
Thair kirtillis wer of lincum licht,
Weill preſt with mony plaittis;
Thay wer ſa nyſs quhan men thame nicht,
Tha yſqueilit lyk ony gaittis,
Sa loud,
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

III.

Of all thir madynis, myld as meid,
Was nane ſa gympt as *Gillie*;
As ony roſe hir rude was reid,
Hir lyre wes lyk the lillie:
Fow yellow yellow wes hir heid,
Bot ſcho of lufe ſo fillie;
Thocht all hir kin had ſworn hir deid,
Sche wald haif bot ſweit *Willie*
Allane,
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

IV.

Scho ſkornit *Joke* and ſkrippit at him;
And murgeonit him with mokkis;
He wald haif lufit, ſche wald nocht lat him,
For all his yellow lokkis.
He chereiſt hir, ſcho bad ga chat him,
Sche compt him nocht twa clokkis;
Sa ſchamfullie ane ſchort goun ſat him,
His lymmis wer lyk twa rokkis,
Scho ſaid,
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

V.

Stevin come ſteppand in with ſtendis,
Na rynk mycht him arreiſt;
Platefutt he bobbit up with bendis,
For *Mald* he maid requeiſt.
He lap quhill he lay on his lendis;
Bot ryſand he was preiſt

Quhyll

Quhyll he hoſtit at bayth the endis,
For honour of the feiſt
That day,
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

VI.

Thome Lutar wes thair menſtral meit;
O Lord as he culd lanſs!
He playit ſa ſchill, and ſang ſa ſweit
Quhill *Towſie* tuik ane tranſs.
Auld lychtfutts than he did forleit,
And counterfutin Franſs,
He him avyſit as man diſcreit
And up the Moreiſs-danſs
He tuik
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

VII.

Than *Robene Roy* begouth to revell,
And *Dowſie* to him druggit:
Lat be, quo *Yok*; and callit him Javell,
And be the taill him tuggit.
The kenſie cleikit to the cavell:
Bot, Lord, than how thay luggit.
Syne pairtit *naithlie* with ane nevell,
God wait gif hair was ruggit
Betwene thame
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

VIII.

Ane bent ane bow, ſic ſturt couth ſteir him,
Grit ſkayth war to haif ſkard him,
He cheſit a ſlane as did affeir him;
The toder ſaid, dirdum-dardum;
Throw bayth the cheiks he thocht to cheir him,
Or throw the chafts haif chard him,
Bot be ane myle it came nocht neir him,
I can nocht tell quhat mard him
Thair
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

IX.

IX.

With that ane freynd of his cryit, fy!
And up ane arrow drew,
He forgeit it ſa fowrwuſly,
The bow in ſtenders flew.
Sà was the will of God, trow I,
For had the tré been trew,
Men ſaid, that kend his archerye,
Than he had ſlane anew
That day
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

X.

Ane haiſtie henſour, callit *Harie*,
Quha was an archer heynd,
Tilt up ane tackle withouten tary,
That turment ſo him teynd.
I wait nocht quhidder his hand culd varie,
Or the man wes his freynd,
Bot he chapeit throw the michts of Marie
As man that na ill meynd
That tyme,
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

XI.

Ane yaip yung man that ſtude him neiſt
Louſit of ane ſchot with yre:
He ettlit the berne in at the breiſt;
The bolt flew our the byre.
Ane cryit, fy! he had ſlaine ane prieſt
Ane myle beyond ane myre;
Than bow and bag fra him he keiſt,
And fled als ferſs als fyre
Of flint;
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

XII.

Than *Lowrie* as ane lyoun lap,
And ſone ane ſlane culd fedder;

He

He hecht to perſs him at the pap
Thairon to wed ane weddir;
He hit him on the wame ane wap,
It buft lyk ony bledder.
Bot ſua his fortoun wes and hap,
His doublet wes of ledder
And ſauft him
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

XIII.

The buff ſa bouſteouſly abaiſit him,
To the erd he duſchit doun;
The tother for deid he preiſit him,
And fled out of the toun.
The wyffs come furth, and up thay paiſit him,
And fand lyf in the loun,
Than with thré routis ſone thay raiſit him,
And couerit him out of ſwoune
Agane,
At Chriſtis kirk, &c.

XIV.

With forks and ſlales thay lait grit flapppis,
And flang togidder lyk friggis;
With bougars of barnis thay beft blew cappis,
Quhill thay of bernis maid briggis;
The reird rais rudelie with the rappis,
Quhen rungs wes laid on riggis;
The wyffs come furth with cryis and clappis!
"Lo quhair my lyking liggis"
Quo thay,
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

XV.

Thay girnit, and lait gird with granis,
Ilk goſſop uder greivit;
Sum ſtraik with ſtings; ſum gadderit ſtanis,
Sum fled and weil eſcheuit.

The

The menſtral wan within ane wanis,
That day full weil he previt,
For he come hame with unbirſt bainis,
Quhair fechtars wer miſchevit
For evir
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

XVI.

Heich *Hutchoun* with ane hiſſil ryſs
To red can throw thame rummil,
He muddlit thame doun lyk ony myſs:
He was na baty-bummil.
Thoch he was wicht he wes nocht wyiſs,
With ſic jangleurs to jummil,
For fra his thowme thay dang ane ſklyſs,
Quhill he cryit *barla-fummil!*
I'm ſlane
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

XVII.

Quhen that he ſaw his blude ſa reid,
To flé micht na man lat him;
He weind it had bene for ald feid,
And thocht ane cryit, haif at him.
He gart his feit defend his heid,
The fair fairar it ſat him,
Quhill he was paſt out of all pleid,
He ſuld bene ſwyft that gat him
Throw ſpeid
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

XVIII.

The town Soutar in *beirth* was bowdin;
His wyf hang in his waiſt:
His body was with blude all browdin,
He granit lyk ony gaiſt;
Hir glittĕrand hair that wes full gowdin
Sa hard in luif him laiſt,

That

That for hir ſaik he was na yowdin
Sevin myle that he was chaiſt,
And mair
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

XIX.

The Millar was of manlie mak,
To meit him was na mowis,
Thair durſt na ten cum him to tak,
Sa noytit he thair nowis.
The buſchment haill about him brak,
And bikkerit him with bowis;
Syn traytourlie behind his bak
Thay hewit him on the howis
Behind
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

XX.

Twa that wer heidmen of the heird
Ran apoun uder lyk rammis;
Than followit feymen, richt unaffeird,
Bet on with barrow trammis.
And quhair thair gobbis wer ungeird,
Thay gat upon the gammis,
Quhyll bludy berkit was thair berd,
As thay had wirreit lammis
Maiſt lyk,
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

XXI.

The wyffs keiſt up ane hiddwous yell
Quhen all thir yunkeris yokkit;
Als ferſs as ony fyre flauchts fell
Freiks to the field thay flokkit.
The cairlis with clubs culd uder quell,
Quhyll blude at breiſts out-bokkit.
Sa rudely rang the commoun bell,
Quhyll all the ſteipill rokkit
For rerde
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

XXII.

Quhyn thay had beirit lyk baitit bullis,
And brane-wode brynt in bailis,
Thay wox als mait as ony mulis
That mangit wer with mailis.
For faintneſs tha forfochin fulis
Fell doun lyk flauchtir-failis,
Quhan freſche men come, and hailit the dulis,
And dang thame doun in dailis
Bedene
At Chryſtis kirk, &c.

XXIII.

Quhen all wes done, *Dik* with ane aix
Cam furth to fell ane fudder;
Quoth he, " Quhair ar yon hangit ſmaiks
Rycht now wald ſlane my bruder?"
His wyf bad him ga hame, *Gib Glaiks*,
And ſua did *Meg* his muder:
He turnit and gave them bayth thair paikis;
For he durſt ding na udir,
Men ſaid,
At Chryſtis kirk on the grene.

No ſmall pains have been taken to give here a correct edition of this celebrated poem. The moſt conſiderable of the various readings from the BANN. MS. and from Mr Pinkerton's edition of the MAITLAND, ſhall now be laid before the reader.

Chriſts-Kirk. If there was no church at, or village near St. Andrews, called Chriſts-kirk, or Croſs-kirk, the author has perhaps given that name to the college church of St Salvator, a term which he might think unfit for a popular poem.

St. 1. *Falkland*, a ſmall town in Fife, which fell into the poſſeſſion of the Crown by the forfeiture of Murdoch, Earl of Fife, *anno* 1425, and was erected into a Royal burgh by James II. in 1458. So that in the reign of James I. probably it was not a place worthy of being diſtinguiſhed in the manner we find it in this poem. The royal family might occaſionally

occaſionally reſide there, but the charter of James II. proceeds upon a ſtatement of the inconveniences ſuſtained by the Nobility who came to viſit him, for want of inn-keepers and victuallers.

Peblis at the Play. According to Lord Hailes, this expreſſion refers to a more modern æra than that of James I. But, whatever may be the antiquity of the ſports of Beltyne-fair at Peebles (on the firſt of May,) there is every reaſon to believe that they conſiſted chiefly of dancing round the May-pole, and weapon-ſchawing, or ſhooting with the bow and arrow. Beltane-fair muſt alſo have been, at that time, a great day for engaging ſervants, the hiring days at Selkirk in March, (O. S.) and at Hawick in May, not having been eſtabliſhed even in 1599, as appears from an Edinburgh Kalendar for that year, prefixed to Smith's edition of Knox's pſalms. Of courſe many a lad and laſs went thither to "pledge their love and truth," as may indeed be gathered from the word Beltyne, or Beultyne; it being evidently compounded of the Dan. *bole*, to court or make love; or Belg. *boel*, a miſtreſs or ſweet-heart; and Dan. *tiden*, time. It was their *belling time*, or wooing ſeaſon. *See Gloſſary.*

It muſt, therefore, have been ſome extraordinary occurrence, or concourſe of people at Chriſts-kirk, that could give occaſion to its being compared to the Play at Peblis, or to the ſports at the November fair of Falkland; and not ſurely a country wedding, as Allan Ramſay ſeems to have imagined, from the turn which he has given to the poem in his ſupplement. Since there really was an exhibition of Archery at St. Andrews on the occaſion mentioned, we may well believe it was ſomewhat a-kin to the tournament of Barbour and Watſon.

Some curious readers may perhaps be gratified with the following complete liſt of the Fairs held in Scotland in 1599:—

In *January*, Glaſgow.—*February*, none.—*March*, St Mananis, Dunbarton, Langton, Weſt Wemyſs.—*April*, none.—*May*, Peebles, (the celebrated *Beltyne*, or *May-day*,) Kinnochar.—*June*, Lauder, St Johnſtoun.—*July*, Linlithgow, Pittenweem, Cupar in Fife, Lanark, Auld Roxburgh.—*Auguſt*, Innerkeithen, St Andrews, Dunbarton, Selkirk, Dunblane, Dundee, Linlithgow. Kincairn of Neil, St Johnſtoun.—*September*, Striviling, Dundee, Jedburgh, Craill, Linlithgow, Haddington, Leſlie, Air—*October*, Aiton in the Mers, Peebles, Lauder, Kinroſs, Rugland.—*November*, Edinburgh, FALKLAND, (to which Fair I ſuſpect the 3d line of "*Chriſt's Kirk*" alludes, rather than to any poem or ballad,) Dunbar, Cupar in Fife, Hamilton, Dunfermling, St Andrews, St Johnſtoun, Peebles, Chirnſide.—*December*, Aberdeen, Weſt Wemyſs.

St. 1. l. 7. *Kitties in thair.* MAIT. MS. *Kittie in hir.* The young women, ſays Callendar, may have been called Kitties, from their playfulneſs like kittens; as the Dutch have *katteſpel*, ludus hoſtilis, and in ſome of the preceding poems, *Kitties* mean looſe women; whence *kutty-ſtool.* In Iſlandic *kæte* ſignifies 'chearfulneſs.'

St. 2.

St. 2. l. 3. *Reffal*, rae-fell, doe skin. Line 4. *Braits*, probably not Morocco leather from the Straits of Gibraltar, but a kind of coarse woollen cloth, which we find mentioned by that name in several of the old English statutes. Neither probably does *Lincum*, or *lynkome* signify any cloth manufactured at Lincoln, but merely "linen;" which must also be meant by *linkom twyne* in our old Scottish song of *Robeyn's Jok*; unless we are to suppose that the bride-groom's shirt was of the same stuff as the woodman's woollen jacket of "Lincolne green," in Spencer (Faerie Queen VI. II. 5.) Besides, no one will believe that kyrtles of woollen cloth could be "weill prest with mony plaits;" but a plaitted linen shirt is a common phrase to this day. By Act 71 of James I. *anno* 1426, it was ordained, under a severe penalty, that "na hemp, *lint*, &c be put near the fire, or abone the low;" so that linen may have been pretty commonly manufactured in Scotland; while, on the other hand, from 24th Henry VIII. cap. 4. it appears that the English brought "all or most of their linen cloth from other countries."

St. 3. l. 7. *Had sworn hir deid.* MAIT. "suld have bene deid."

St. 4. *Skrippit.* BANN. skraipit. KNOX in his history says, "the Queen skroppit at him." Line 3. *Luffit.* MAIT. "luffit hir," which is better, if luffit here means (not loved, but) praised, as Isl. *lofa*, laudo; *lofian*, laudare. Line 7. *Schort goun.* Till the French taught us to wear our clothes short, the gown covering the knees was universally worn in Scotland. In an incursion of the Scots into England, Barbour represents them as being much surprised at the short dress of the English army. The importation at this time of two Queens with their attendants from France in the space of twelve months, must have contributed not a little to the introduction of French fashions. Line 8. *Rokkis*, distaffs. The line before quoted from Lindsay's "*Justing of John Barbour*," looks somewhat like an answer to this.

St. 5. *Towsie*, surely the name of a woman. Line 5. *Lycht-futts*, quick dances; as if the poet had said, "He (the minstrell) left off playing Scottish reels, and, like a polite piper, in compliance with the French fashion, or in compliment to the Queen and her retinue, blew up the Morice dance. The MAIT. reads, "up the Moreis dance scho (viz. Towsie) tuik."

St. 6. l. 3. *Renk* or *rynk*. Notwithstanding the A. S. *rinc*, vir fortis, the word in this place may signify merely ring, boundary, or limits of the dancing ground; as it sometimes also signifies "race, course, and race ground." *Plat-futt*, the name of another dance. See an ancient list vol. I. p. 380. Gavin Douglas mentions, double *frangillis*, *gambottis*, *rounds*, *morisis*, *reland*. *Pavene*, or *pavcyne*, occurs frequently.

St. 7. l. 2. *Dowsie.* BANN. Downy; MAIT. Dowie; Gibson's edition Towsie. I suppose her the same lady mentioned in stanza 5th, but

but her name ſpelt a little differently, to favour the alliteration with "druggit." Line 3. *Quo Jok.* MAIT. "quoth ſcho." Line 5. *He turnit and cleikit* BANN. "The kenſy cleikit." Kenſie, from A. S. *kene*, audax, and the termination *ſie*. *Javell*, perhaps jape-well, a chattering noiſy buffoon. *Cavell*, Mr Callendar contends ought to be kevel or gevel, from Gothic, *gafflack*, jaculi genus, but now ſignifying an iron crow or lever: probably rather a corruption of "karle," ruſtic fellow. If, however, the MAIT, "quo ſcho" ſhould be preferred to "quoth Jok," *cavell*, by an eaſy ſtretch, may be drawn from Gael. *capul*, equa, filłok, young woman. Line 7. *Naithlie*, BANN. "her manly." A. S. *niithas* ſignifies 'homines,' and by ſome tranſcriber may have been tranſlated 'manly,' but the true reading was probably *naithlie*, from A. S. *nithelice*, or Dan. *naidlig*, contentiouſly, ſpitefully, which agrees better with both the ſenſe and ſound. MAIT. reads "thair plai thane."

St. 9. l. 3. *Fourwuſly*, furiouſly. MAIT. "ferflye," for forſilie, or forsfullie. *Forgit*, preſſed; a corruption of "forced;" according to Callendar, from Iſl. *fergia*, premere, compingere.

St. 10. l. 1. *Henſour*. Celt. *beini*, ſtrong young man. A. S. *hine*, heinſman, ſervus, famulus, domeſticus, a family ſervant. In "The Houlat," the Red-breaſt is called the *heins-man*, probably in this ſenſe, from the familiarity of its diſpoſition.

St. 12. l. 4. *To wed ane weddir*. Surely not to wager or pledge a wedder, as explained by Mr Tytler; but, to lodge or fix a barb or *witter*, ſpelt "wedder" for the ſake of alliteration. "Witter," a barb, probably originates from AS. *atter*, or Welch *gwydder*, venenum; becauſe, it might often prove equally fatal with poiſon; or more ſimply from AS. *wither*, contra. Wed or weld, from AS. *weallan*, coquere, to incorporate or blend intimately, as if by boiling.

St. 13. Not in the BANN. MS. is here given from Mr Pinkerton's edition of the MAIT. Thoſe of Biſhop Gibſon, Watſon, and Callendar, are evidently faulty.

St. 14. l. 2. *Lyk friggis*, like freiks. MAIT. "with friggie," which ſeems obſcure.

St. 15. l. 4. *Weil eſchevit*, well eſcaped. BANN. "ill miſchevit," ſorely wounded. Line 5. *Ane wanis*, a wunning, or dwelling houſe. BANN. "within twa wainis," that is, ſays Mr Callendar, between two waggons. What ſort of waggons had we in thoſe days? From Act 59 of James II. 1456, we find that great merchandiſe was tranſported "in karris and ſleddes," the former of which (ſtill uſed) have the wheels and axle-tree fixed together; the latter have neither wheels nor axle-tree. The Saxon *waegen*, carrum, is ſuppoſed to have been a milita-

ry

ry baggage cart with four wheels, which could not well be uſed in a hilly country, deſtitute of roads.

St. 16. l. 9. *I am ſlane.* MAIT. "Jouris," and in the 6th line "jacouris" for *jangleuris.*

St. 17. l. 4. is l. 6. in the BANN. and has *farar* inſtead of *fairer.*

St. 18. l. 1. *Beirth*, burden, incumbrance, charge. BANN. has "grief," and to correſpond with it, *bowdin* has been explained "ſwoln;" but the want of alliteration is a ſtrong objection. MAITLAND reads *breif*, which alſo appearing erroneous, I have ventured to change it to *beirth*, as a MS. th, if written ſomewhat after the Saxon manner, might eaſily be miſtaken for the letter f. *Birth* or *beirth* occurs in Gawin Douglas; and ſynonimous words are Dan. *byrde*; Gael. *beirt*; Belg. *burde*; and A. S. *berthen.* *Bodin*, a moſt common word in the ſenſe of "furniſhed or provided," (Dan. *buin*; Iſl. and Sw. *boen*, *bodd*,) has been written *bowdin*, to rhime better with *gowdin*, golden; yowdin, or according to the MAIT. *goldin*, "tardy," from A. S. *ieldand*, *ieldean*, differrens; *yelding*, mora; and laſtly with browdin, probably not embroidered, but clotted, beſmeared, from A. S. *brode*, concretio.

St. 19. l. 4. *Nowitit*, noyted, annoyed their *nowis*, or noſes. Mr Tytler has ſubſtituted "powis," which would have been preferable, had the former word been *powtit.*

St. 20. l. 1. *Heids-men.* Both MSS. read "herds-men," but the other word is ſo common among ſuch perſons as are here deſcribed, that I could not reſiſt the alteration, eſpecially as it is ſufficiently alliterative. Line 3. *Than followit fey-men*, i. e. keepers of *fey*, ſheep-herds. MAIT. inſtead of theſe words has "with forſy freitis." In one inſtance Gawin Douglas uſes *frake* for ſome kind of noiſe, but not ſuch as here is meant.

St. 21. l. 5. *Carlis.* MAIT. "cavels," which is merely uſing the corruption inſtead of the proper word. Line 9. *Rerde.* BANN. "reid."

St. 22 l. 1. *Beirit*, brayed, clamoured. Line 2. *Brane-wode*, brenne-wood, wood for burning in *bales*, or bale-fires; now corrupted into bane or bone-fires. They were uſed as ſignals of an approaching hoſtile army; eſpecially from the Borders northward, "when thair was anie wittering of a great Engliſh hoaſt." Dan. *braende*, fire-wood; and *braende-torf*, turf for fuel; ſo that *braen-wode* may have been a very common expreſſion. Line 3. *Wox as mait.* MAIT. "were as meik." Line 5. *Faintneſs.* MAIT. "fatneſs." Line 7. *Halit the dulis.* The etymology is difficult, but the meaning plain. In the game of *golf*, as anciently played, when the ball reached the mark, the winner, to announce his victory, called, Hail dule! Line 8. Probably means "tumbled about, or overſet thoſe who had placed themſelves round the bale-fires."

To

To favour the alliteration, a few antiquated words have been dragged into this poem; but, upon the whole, the language is not older than that of Sir David Lindſay.

As to the two additional ſtanzas which were publiſhed by Biſhop Gibſon, they are interpolations, beyond a doubt; and of modern date.

*** Two ſongs, the *Gaberlunyie-man* and the *Jolly Beggar* have alſo been aſcribed to James V. but upon no authority more ancient than the Tea-Table Miſcellany of Allan Ramſay, firſt publiſhed in 1724.—They are more likely to have been written *of* James V. than *by* him; and probably a century or more after his death. A Scottiſh farmer's daughter ſleeping *in ſheets*, and her father wearing a *hat*, muſt have been phenomena in the reign of James V. An Engliſh Act of Parliament, *anno* 1551, (twenty years after the ſuppoſed date of the *Gaberlunyie-man,)* mentions the manufacture of hats as juſt beginning to be carried on in Norwich, and ſeemingly no where elſe; and another Act, (of the year 1565,) proceeds upon a complaint from the makers of woollen caps, or bonnets, againſt the innovation of "hats, and other *ſtrange* commodities." Surely they could not be known in Scotland before that time. The word "hat" occurs in Chaucer, but chiefly in deſcriptions of the dreſs of eccleſiaſtical perſons, where it probably denotes an article which could have been of very little uſe to a farmer. For the antiquity of the *Jolly Beggar*, there appears no better authority.

THE

THE FREIRS OF BERWIK, A TALE.

[*This admirable Tale, which appears anonymouſly in both of the ancient Manuſcripts, is thought by* MR PINKERTON *to be a work of* DUNBAR; *but the language ſeems more modern; at any rate, more delicate than what probably would have been uſed by* DUNBAR *in a performance of this ſort. From its mentioning the Monaſteries of Berwick as in full ſplendor, we may, however, ſuppoſe it to have been written before the diſſolution, which took place in the year* 1539; *and apparently by the author of the* Prieſts of Peblis. ALLAN RAMSAY, *without any acknowledgement, gave it to the world in a modern dreſs under the title of the* Monk and the Miller's Wife. *The copy for this edition is compiled from* MR PINKERTON'S 1786, *collated with the* BANNATYNE MS. *which contains numberleſs variations.*]

AS it befell, and hapinit into deid,
Upon ane rever the quhilk is callit Tweid;
At Tweidis mouth thair ſtands ane noble toun,
Quhair mony lordis hes bene of grit renoune,
And mony a lady bene fair of face,
And mony ane freſche luſty galand was.
Into this toune, the quhilk is callit Berwik,
Apoun the ſey, thair ſtandis nane it lyk,
For it is wallit weill about with ſtane,
And dowbil ſtankis caſtin mony ane.

And

And ſyne the caſtell is ſo ſtrang and wicht,
With ſtaitelie towrs, and turrats hé on hicht,
With kirnalis wrocht craftelie with all;
The portculis moſt ſubtellie to fall,
Quhen that thame lift to draw thame upon hicht,
That it may be into na mannis micht,
To win that hous by craft or ſubtiltie.
Quhairfoir it is maiſt fair alluterrlie;
Into my tyme, quhairever I have bein,
Moſt fair, moſt gudelie, moſt pleſand to be ſene.
The toun, the caſtel, and the pleaſand land;
The ſea wallis upon the uther hand;
The grit Croce kirk, and eik the Maſon dew;
The Jacobine of the quhyt hew,
The Carmeletis, and the monks eik
Of the four ordours war nocht to ſeik;
Thay wer all into this toun dwelling.
So hapinit it in a May morning,
That tua of thir quhyt Jacobine freiris,
As thai wer wount and uſit mony yeiris,
To paſs amang thair brether upaland,
Wer ſend of thame beſt practiſit and cunnand.
Freir Allane and freir Robert the udder:
Thir ſyllie freyrs with wyfis weil cowld gludder;
Richt wounder weil pleſit thai all wyvis.
And tell thame tailis of halie Sanctis lyvis.
Quhill, on ene tyme, thai purpoſt till paſs hame;
Bot weyrie tyrit was and wet Freir Allane,
For he was auld, and micht not now travel,
And als he had ane littil ſpyce of gravel.
Freyr Robert was young, and wounder hait of blude;
And by the way he bure bayth clothis and hude,
And all the geir; for he was ſtrang and wicht.
Be that it drew near toward the nicht;
As thai war cummand to the toun weill neyr.
Freyr Allan ſaid than, 'Gude brother deir,

'It is ſo layt I dreid the yett be cloſit;
'And I am tyrit, and verry evil diſpoſit
'To luge out of the toun; bot gif that we
'In ſum gude hous this nycht mot herbryt be.'
Swa wunnit thair ane woundir gude hoſtillar
Without the toun, intil ane fair manar;
And Symon Lawder was he callit be name.
Ane fayr blyth wyfe he had, of ony ane;
Bot ſcho was ſumthing dynk, and dengerous.
Thir ſillie freyris quhen thay cum to the houſe,
With fair hailſing and bekking curtaſlie,
To thame ſcho anſerit agane in hie.
Freyr Robert ſpeirit efter the gudman,
And ſcho agane anſwerit thame than;
'He went fra hame, God wait, on Wedniſday,
'Into the cuntré, to ſe for corne and hay,
'And uther thingis, quhairof we have neid.'
Freyr Allane ſaid, 'I pray grit God him ſpeid,
'And ſauf him ſound in till his travale.'
Freyr Robert ſaid, 'Dame fill ane ſtoip of aile,
'That we may drink, for I am wondir dry.'
With that the wyf went furth richt ſchortly;
And fild the ſtoip, and brought in breid and cheiſs:
Thay eit, and drank, and ſat at thair awin eiſs.
Freyr Allane ſaid to the gudwyf in hy,
'Cum heir, fayr dame, and ſit yow doun me by.
'And fill this ſtoip agane, ainis to me;
'For er we pairt full weill payit ſall ye be.'
The freirs woxe blyth, and mirrie tales culd tell;
And ewin ſo thai hard the prayar bell
Of thair awin abbay; and than thai war agaſt,
Becaus thai wiſt the yetts war lokit faſt,
That thai micht nocht fra thyn get enterie.
The gudwyf than thai pray, for charité,
To grant thame herberie thair that ane nicht.
And ſcho to thame gaif anſwer on grit hicht,

'The

gudman is fra hame, as I yow tauld;
God waitis gif I dar be ſo bauld
ıarbrie freyris into this hous with me.
ıt wald Symon ſay? Ha *benedicite!*
›w I durſt neir luik him in the face.
deir Lady Mary keip fra ſic cace!
ſaif me out of perel, and fra ſchame!'
auld freyr Allane ſaid, 'Na fair dame,
Godis luif heir me what I ſall ſay;
ye us out, we will be deid or day.
way is evil, and I am tyrit and wett;
l, as ye knaw, it is now ſa lait,
t to our abbay we may nocht get in;
cauſs us perreiſs bot help, ye wald haif grit ſyn.
ırfoir of verry neid we mon byd ſtill,
l us commit haillie to your will.'
ŗudwyf luikit at the freyris tuay;——
at the laſt, to thame thus can ſcho ſay;
byd nocht heir, be him that us all coft,
gif ye liſt to lig up in yon loft
: quhilk is wrocht into the hallis end,
ſall find ſtray; and clayths I ſall you ſend;
ıilk gif ye liſt, pas on bayth on feir;
on no wayis repair will I haif heir.'
r madin than ſcho ſendis on befoir,
bad thame wend withoutin wordis more.
· war full blyth to do as ſcho thame kend:
up thay wend, richt in the hallis end,
ane loft was maid for corne and hay.
maid thair bed, and ſyn went but delay;
cloſit the trap, and thai remenit ſtill
the loft, and had nocht all thair will.
r Allane liggis doun as he beſt micht.
: Robert ſayd, 'I hecht to walk this nicht:
ıa wait perchance ſum ſport I may eſpy?'
in the loft I lat the freyris ly.

And

And of this fayr wyff I will tellyne mair.
Scho was full blyth that thai war cloſin thair,
For ſcho had made ane tryſt, that ſamyn nicht,
Freyr Johne hir luffis ſupper for to dicht.
Thairfoir ſcho wald nane uther cumpany;
Becaus freyr Johne all nicht with hir ſould ly:
Quhilk duelland was within that nobill toun;
Ane gray freyr he was of greit renoun.
He governit all the haly abbaſy:
Silver and gold he had aboundantlie;
He had ane previe poſtroun of his awin,
That he micht uſché, quhen him liſt, unknawin.
Thus into the toun I will him leven ſtill,
Bydand his tyme; and turne agane I will
To this fayr wyf, how ſcho the fyre culd beit:
And thriſtit on fat capouns on the ſpeit;
And fat cunyngs to the fyre can lay,
And bade hir madin, in all the haſte ſcho may,
To flawme, and turne, and roſt thame tendyrlie.
Syn till hir chalmer ſcho is went in hie.
Scho cleithis hir in ane kirtil of fyne reid;
Ane quhyt curchey ſcho puttis upon hir heid.
Hir kyrtil was of ſilk, her keyis gingling ſyne,
Within ane proud purs the reid gold did ſchyne.
On ilkane fyngar ſcho weirit ringis tuo:
Scho was als proud as ony papingo.
The burde ſcho cuverit with claith of coſtlie grein,
The napry aboif wes wounder weill beſene.
Than but ſcho went to ſie gif ony come,
Scho thocht full lang to meit hir lufe freir Johnm.
And ewin ſo freyr Johne knokit at the yet.
His knok ſcho knew; and in ſcho culd him lat,
And wylcumit him in all hir beſt maneir.
He thankit hir: and ſaid, 'My awin luif deir,
'Thair is ane pair of boſſis, gude and fyne,
'Thay hald ane galloun-full of Gaſkon wyne.

'And

'And als ane payr of pertrikis new ſlane;
'And als ane creill full of breid of mane.
'This have I brocht to yow, my ſueit luif deir:
'Thairfoir I reid now that we mak gude cheyr.
'Sen it is ſo that Symon is fra hame;
'I will tak ye hameliar heir now, dame.'
Scho ſayis, 'Ye ar weill mayr welcum heir,
'Than Symon is, quhen that ye liſt appeir.'
With that ſcho ſmylit wounder luſtelie:
He thriſtis hir hand agane full previlie.
Thus at theyr ſport I will thame levin ſtill,
Bydand their tyme; and turne agane I will
To tell yow of thir ſillie freyris tuay,
That liggit in the loft amang the ſtray.
Freyr Allane ſtill into the loft can ly.
Freyr Robert had a little jeloſy;
For in his hart he had ane perſavin.
And throw the burde he maid, with his botkin,
A lytil hole on ſic a wayis maid he,
All that they did thair-doun he mycht weill ſe:
And micht heir all that ever thay culd ſay.
Quhon ſcho was proud, richt wounder freſche and gay
Scho callit him baith hert, lemman, and luve,
Lord God, gif than his curage wes aboif.
So prelat lyk ſat he intill his cheyre!
Scho rounis than ane piſtil in his eyre;
Thus ſportand thame, and makand melodie.
And quhen ſcho ſaw the ſupper was reddie,
Scho gois, and coveris the burde anone;
And ſyne the payr of boſſis hes ſcho tone,
And ſet thame doun upon the burde him by.
And ewin with that thay hard the gudman cry.
He knokit at the yet and cryit faſt.
Fra thay him knew, thay war all ſayr agaſt.
And als freyr Johne was in a fellone afray;
And ſtertis up faſt, and wald have bene away.

Bot

Bot all for nocht he micht na way get out.
The gudwyf ſpak than, with ane viſage ſtout,
'Yon is Symon that makis all this fray,
'That I micht now have thocht was weill away.
'I ſall him quit, an I leif half a yeir,
'That hes merrit us in this maneir.
'Becaus for him we may not byd togidder;
'I ſair repent as now that we come hidder.
'For gif we war weil, he had bene away.'
"Quhat ſall I do, allace;" the freyr can ſay.
"Into this caſe, lord, how ſall I me beir?
"For I am ſchent and Symon fynd me heir.
"I dreid me ſair, and he cum in this innis,
"And fynd me heir, that I los both my quhynnis."
'Perchance,' ſcho ſayis, 'all cumis for the beſt.'
'I mon you hyd till he be brocht till reſt;
Ane kneddin troche, that lay intill ane nuke,
Wald hald ane boll of flour quhen that ſcho buik,
Rycht intill it ſcho gart him creip in hy,
And bad him lurk thair verry quyetly.
Syne to hir madin ſpedilie ſcho ſpak,
'Ga to the fyre, and the meitis fra it tak.
'Be biſy als, and ſlokin out the fyre.
'Go cleir the burde; and tak awa the chyre.
'And lok up all into yon almory;
'Bayth meit, and drink, baith wyne and ale put by.'
The cunnyngs, caponis, and wyld fowlis fyne;
The mane breid als thow hyd it with the wyne.
That being done, thow ſoupe the hous clein,
That no liknes of feiſt-meits heir be ſein.
Than ſyn withoutten ony mair delay,
Scho caſtis of her haill freſche array.
And bounit hir richt till hir bed anone:
And tholit him knok his fill, Symon.
Quhen he for knoking, tyrit was, and cryit;
About he went onto the tother ſyd,

Till

Till ane windo wes at hir beddis heid;
And cryit, 'Aleſoun awalk for Goddis deid!'
And ay on Aleſoun faſt couth he cry.
And at the laſt ſcho anſwert crabbitlie,
'Say quha be this that knawis ſa weill my name?
'Go hens,' ſcho ſays, 'for Symon is fra hame.
'And I will herbry no gaiſtis heir, perfay.
'Thairfoir I pray yow to wend on your way;
'For at this time ye may nocht lugit be.'
Than Symon ſaid, "Fair dame, knaw ye nocht me?
"I am your Symon, and huſband of this place."
'Ar ye my ſpous Symon?' ſcho ſaid, 'Allace!
'Throw miſknawlege almaiſt I had miſ-gaine:
'Quha wend that ye ſa late wald have cum hame?'
Scho ſtertis up, and gettis licht in hy;
And oppinit than the yet full haiſtily.
Scho tuik fra him his geir, at all devyiſs:
Syne welcomit him on maiſt hairty wyiſs.
He bad the madin kindil on ane fyre.
"And graith me meit, and tak ye all thy hyre."
The gudwyf ſaid richt ſchortlie, 'Ye me trow,
'Heir is na meit that ganeand is for yow.'
"How ſa fair dame? Ga get me cheis and breid;
"And fill the ſtoip; hald me na mair in pleid;
"For I am tyrit, and verry wett and cauld."
Than up ſcho rais, and durſt nocht mair be bauld:
Bot coverit the burde; thairon ſet meit in hy;
And ſyn cauld meit ſcho brocht delyverlie:
Ane ſowſit fute, and nolt ſcheip heid, haiſtely;
And fillit the ſtowp; and fenyet to be blyth.
Than ſatt he doun, and ſwoir, "Be Allhallow
"I fayr richt weill, had I but ane gud fallow.
"Dame eit with me, and drink gif that ye may."
Said the gudwyf, 'Devill inche cun I;—nay.
'It war mair meit into your bed to be,
'Than now to ſit deſyrand cumpanie.'

The

The freyris tua, that in the loft can ly,
Thay hard him weill deſyrand cumpany.
Freyr Robert ſaid, 'Allane, gud brother deir,
'I wald the gudman wiſt that we war heir!
'Quha wait perchance ſum better wald he fayr!
'For ſickerlie my hart will ewir be fair
'Gif yon ſcheip heid with Symon birneiſt be;
'And ſa mekill gud cheir in yon almorie.'
And with that wourd he gave ane hoiſt anone.
The gudman heird, and ſpeirit, "Quha is yon?
"Methink that thair is men into yon loft."
The gudwyf anſwerit, with wourdis ſoft,
'Yon ar your awin freyris brether tuay.'
Symon ſaid, "Tell me quhat freyrs are thay?"
'Yon is freyr Robert, and fillie freyr Allane,
'That all this day has gane with meikle pane.
'Be thay cam heir it was ſa verray lait,
'Curfew was roung, and cloſit was thair yait.
'And in yon loft I gave thame harborye.'
The gudman ſaid, "Sa God have part of me,
"Thay freiris tua ar hartlie wylcum hidder,
"Ga call thame doun, that we may drink togidder."
The gudwyf ſaid, 'I reid yow lat thame ly.
'Thay had levir ſleip, nor ſit in cumpanie.
'To drink, and dot, it ganis nocht for thame.'
"Lat be, fair dame, thay wourdis ar in vane.
"I will thame have, be Goddis dignitie!
"Mak no delay, bot bring thame doun to me."
The gudman ſaid unto his madin thone,
"Go pray thame bayth to cum till me annone."
And ſone the trap the maydin openit than,
And bad thame bayth cum doun to the gudman.
Freyr Robert ſaid, 'Fair madin, be Sanct Jame,
'The gudman is full deirlie wylcum hame.
'And we ſall cum anone, ye may him ſay,
'Him for to pleis in all that euer we may.'

And

And with that wourde thai ſterte up bayth anone,
And doun the trop delyverly ar gone:
Syne halſit Symon als ſone as thay him ſe;
And he agane thame wylcumt hartfullie.
He ſaid, "Cum ben, my awin brether deyr!
"And ſit you doun, ye bayth, beſyd me heir.
"For I am now alane, as ye may ſe;
"Thairfoir ſit doun, and beir me companie,
"And tak your part of ſic gude as we have."
Freyr Allane ſaid, 'Schyr, I pray God yow ſave!
'Heir is aneuche forſuth of Goddis gude.'
Than Symon anſwerit, Be the halie rude,
"Yit wald I gif ane croun of gold for me
"For ſum gude meit and drink amang us thre."
Freyr Robert ſaid, 'Quhat meitis wald ye crave?
'Or quhat drink deſire ye for to have?
'For rycht mony ſundry practiks ſeir
'Beyond the ſey in Paris did I leir,
'Quhilk I wald preif, ſchir, glaidlie for your ſaik,
'And for your damys, that harbrie cuth us maik.
'I tak on hand, and ye will counſale keip,
'That I ſhall gar yow have, or that ye ſleip,
'Of all the beſt that is in this cuntrey;
'And Gaſkane wyne, gif ony in it be;
'Or, be thair ony within ane hundreth myle,
'It ſall be heir within ane lytil quhyle.'
The gudman mervalls meikill of this taill;
And ſaid, "My hart will neir be haill,
"Bot gif ye preif that practik, or we pairt,
"Be quhatkin ſcience, nigromanſy, or airt."
Freyr Robert ſaid, 'Of this ye have no dreid;
'For I can do ſer mair, and thair be neid.'
Than Symon ſaid, "Freyr Robert, I yow pray,
"For my ſaik that ſcience ye wald aſſay
"To mak us ſport." And than the freyr uprais,
And tuke his buik, and to the flure he gayis.

And turnis it our, and reidis ane lyttil ſpace;
Syne to the eiſt he turnit evin his face,
And maid ane croce; and than the freyr cuth lout,
And to the weſt he turnit him evin about:
Than to the north he turnt, and lukit doun:
And tuke his buke and ſaid ane orifoune.
And ay his e was on the almery,
And on the trouche, quhar that the freyr cuth ly.
Than ſat he doun, and kaiſt abak his hude;
He girnit, and he glourit, he gapt as he war woid.
And quhylum ſat ſtill in ane ſtudying;
And quhylum on his buik he was reyding.
And quhylum bayth his handis he wald clap;
And uther quhylis wald he glour and gaip.
And on this wyſe he yeid the hous about,
Weil twys or thrys; and ay the freyr cuth lout
Quhen that he came ocht neir the almerye.
Thairat our dame had wounder grit invy;
For in hir hart ſcho had ane perſaveing
That he had wit of all hir governing:
Scho ſaw him gif the almerie ſic ane ſtraik.
Ontill hirſelf ſcho ſaid, 'Full weill I wait
'I am bot ſchent; he knawis all my thocht.
'Quhat ſall I do? Alace that I was wrocht!
'Get Symon wit it war my undoing.'
Be that the freyr hes left his ſtudeing;
And on his feit he ſtertis up full ſture,
And come agane, and ſaid, "All-haill my cure
'Is done. Anone and ye ſall have plentie
'Of meit and wyne, the beſt in this cuntrie.
'Quhairfoir, fair dame, get up delyverlie,
'And gang belyf unto yone almerie,
'And oppin it; and ſe ye bring us ſyne
'Ane pair of boſſis full of Gaſkan wyne,
'Thay hald ane gallonn and mair, that wait I weill:
'And bring us als the mayne breid in the creil.

'Ane

'Ane pair of cunnyngs, fat and het pypand,
'And ane pair of capouns ſall ye bring fra hand;
'Ane pair of pertriks, I wait thair is no ma.
'And eik of pluvaris ſe that ye bring us twa.'
The gudwyf wiſt it was na variance:
Scho knew the freyr had ſene hir govirnance.
Scho wiſt it was no bute for to deny:
With that ſcho yeid unto the almory.
And opent it, and than ſcho fand richt thoir
All that the freyr had ſpokin of befoir.
Scho ſtert abak, as ſcho war in effray;
And ſanyt hir; and ſmyland cuth ſcho ſay;
'Haly Benedicite! Quhat may this mene!
'Quha evir afoir hes ſic ane fairlie ſene?
'Sa grit a mervill as now hes happint here!
'Quhat ſall I ſay? He is ane haly freyr!
'He ſaid full ſuth of all that he did ſay.'
Scho brocht all furth, and on the burde cowd lay,
Bayth meit, and breid, and wyne, withouttin moir;
The capouns, cunnyngs, as ye have hard before,
Pertrikis and pluvaris befoir thame has ſcho brocht.
The freyr knew, and ſaw thair wantit nocht;
Bot all was furth brocht, evin at his devyiſs.
Fra Symon ſaw it oppinnit on this wyiſs,
He had greit wounder; and ſueiris by the mone,
"Freyr Robert has richt weil his devoir done.
"He may be callit ane man of greit ſcience,
"So ſuddanlie that all this purviance
"Hes brocht us heir, all throw his ſubtilté,
"And throw his arte, and his philoſophie.
"It was in richt gude tyme that he came hidder.
"Now fill the cop that we may drink togidder;
"And mak us cheir after this langſum day;
"For I have ridding a wounder wilſum way.—
"Now God be lovit, heir is ſufficiance
"Ontill us all, thro his wyſe governance!"

And

And with that wourde thay drank all round about
Of the gude wyn; and ay thay playit cop out.
Thay eit, and drank; and maid richt mirrie cheir
With ſangis loud, bayth Symon and the freyr;
And on this wyſe the lang nicht thay our draif;
Thay wantit nothing that thay deſyre to craif.
Than Symone ſaid to the gudwyf in hy,
" Cum heir fair dame, and ſett yow down me by;
" And tak part of ſic gude as we haif heir,
" And hairtly, I yow pray, to thank the freir
" Off his wondir grit befineſs and cure
" That he hes done to us upoun this flure;
" And brocht us meit and drink haboundantlie;
" Quhairfoir of richt we oucht mirry to be."
Bot all thair ſport quhen thai wer maiſt at eiſs,
Ontill our dame it micht hir nothing pleis.
Uther thing now was more intill hir thocht;
Scho wes ſo red, hir hart was all on floucht,
Leſt throw the freyr ſcho ſuld diſcoverit be.
To him ſcho lukit oft tymis effeiritlie,
And ay diſpairit in hir hart was ſcho,
That he had witting all hir purveynce to.
Thus ſatt ſcho ſtill, but wiſt in uther waine;
Quhat euir thay ſay, ſcho lute them all allane.
Bot ſcho drank with thame into cumpany
With feinyeit cheir, and hert full wo and hevy.
Bot thay wer blyth aneuch, God wait, and ſang,
For ay the wyne was raiking thame amang.
Quhill at the laſt thay waxit blythe ilkone,
Than Symon ſaid onto the freyr anone,
" I marvale meikle how that this may be!
" Into ſchort tyme that ye, ſo ſuddainlie,
" Hes brocht us heir ſo mony danteis deyr!"
' Thairof have ye nocht fairlie,' quoth the freyr;
' I have ane page, full previe, of my awin;
' Will cum to me quhen that I liſt, unknawin;

' And

" And bring to me ſic thing as I wald have,
' Quhat I ſo liſt, me neidis nocht to crave.
' Quhairfoir be blyth, and tak in pacience;
' And traiſt weill I ſall do diligence,
' Gif that yow liſt, or lykis to have more,
' He ſall it bring, and that I ſall ſtand fore,
' Incontinent that ſamyn ſall ye ſe.
' Bot I proteſt that ye keip it previe;
' Lat no man wit that I can do ſic thing.'
Than Symon ſaid, ' I ſweyr be hevinis king
" It ſal be kepit counſale, as for me.
" Bot, brother deir, your ſervand wald I ſee,
" Gif that ye pleis, that we may drink togidder;
" For I want nocht gif ye may ay cum hidder,
" Quhen that we liſt, or lyk ſic feiſt as this."
Than Robert ſays, ' Sua have I hevynnis blis,
' Yow to haif the ſicht of my ſervand,
' It can nocht be, ye ſall weill underſtand;
' Nor may ye ſe him graithlie in his awin kynd,
' Bot ye annone ſowld go out of your mynd.
' He is ſo fowll and ugly for to ſe,
' I dar nocht aunter for to tak on me
' To bring him hidder heir into your ſicht,
' And naimly now, ſo lait into the nicht.
' Bot gif it war on ſic a maner wyiſs,
' Him to tranſlait into ane uther gyſe,
' Fra his awin kind intill ane ither ſtait.'
Than Symon ſayd, " I mak na mair debait.
" How ewir ye will, it lykis weil to me.
" Bot, brother deir, fain wald I him ſe."
Freyr Robert ſaid, ' Sen that your will is ſo,
' Tell onto me, withouttin wourdis mo,
' Into quhat ſtait ye liſt that he appeir.'
Than Symon ſaid, " In lyknes of ane freyr.
" In quhyte habite, ſic as yourſelf can weir:
" For colour quhyt it will to no man deir.

" And

" And ewill ſpreitts quhyte colour ay will ſe."
Freyr Robert ſaid, ' I ſay it may nocht be
' That he appeir intill our habite quhyt.
' For till our ordour it war grit diſpyt,
' That ony ſic unwourthy wicht as he
' Into our habite ony man ſuld ſe.
' Bot, gif it pleſis yow that ar here,
' Ye ſall him ſe in lyknes of ane freyr,
' In habite blak, it was his kynd to weir.
' Into ſic wys that he ſall no man deir,
' Sua that ye do as I ſall you devys,
' To hald you clois, and rewle you on this wys.
' Quhat ſua it be that outhes ye ſe or heir,
' Ye ſpeik nothing nor yit ye mak no ſteir:
' Bot hald ye clois, quhil I have done my cuir.
' And, Symon, ye man be upon the flure
' Neir beſyd me, with ſtaff into your hand,
' Have ye no dreid, I ſall you ay warrand.'
Than Symon ſaid, " I conſent that it be ſua."
Than up he ſtert, and tuik ane libberla
Intill his hand, and on the flure he ſtert,
Sumthing effrayt, thoch ſtalwart was his hert.
Than Symon ſaid onto Freyr Robert ſone,
" Now tell me, maiſter, quhat ye will have done."
' Nathing,' he ſaid, ' bot hald ye clois, and ſtill;
' And quhat I do ye tak guid tent thairtill.
' And neir the dure ye hyd ye prevelie;
' And quhen I bid you ſtryk, ſtryk hardelie:
' Into the nek ſe that ye hit him richt.'
" I warrand that," quoth he, " with all my micht."
Thus on the flure I leif him ſtandand ſtill,
Bydand his tyme; and turne agane I will
Till freyr Robert, that tuik his buik in hy,
And turnit our the levis biſſely,
Ane full lang ſpace, and quhen he had done ſwa,
Towart the troch, withoutten wordis ma

He

He gaiſs belyfe, and on this wyiſs ſaid he,
'Ha! how! Hurlbaſs, now I conjure thé
'That up thow ryſe, and ſyne to me appeir,
'In habite blak, in lyknes of ane freyr.
'Out fra this trouche, quhair that thow dois ly,
'Thow rax thee ſone, and mak us no tary:
'Thow turne out of the trouche, that we may ſee;
'And ſyn till us thow ſchaw thé openlie.
'And in this place ſe na man that thow greif;
'Bot draw thy handis bayth into thy ſleif,
'And pow thy cowl down owttour thy face;
'Thow may thank God thow gettis ſic a grace.
'Thairfoir thow turſs thé to thy awin reſett,
'So this be done, and mak na mair debait.
'In thy depairting, ſie thow mak no deray
'Unto no wycht, bot frely paſs thy way.
'And in this place ſé that thow cum no moir,
'Bot I command thé, and als charge as befoir.
'And owr the ſtane, ſe that ye ga gude ſpeid.
'Gif thow dois not, to thy awin perill beid.'
With that the freyr under the trouche that lay
Raxit him ſone, but his hart was in effray;
Than off the trouche he tumblit owr the ſtane,
And to the dure he ſchapis him to be gane:
With ewill cheyr, and dreyrie countenance,
For never befoir him happint ſic ane chance.
Bot quhen freyr Robert him ſaw gangand by,
Than on Symon full lowdly couth he cry,
'Stryk, ſtryk hardelie, for now is tyme to thé.'
With that Symon ane felloun flap leit flie;
With his burdoun he hit him in the nek;
He was ſo fers he fell attour the ſek,
And brak his heid upon ane muſtard ſtane.
Be that the freyr attour the ſtayr was gane,
In ſic ane wys he miſſit hes the trap;
And in ane myre he fell, ſic wes his hap,

Was

Was fourtie fute on breid, under the ſtayr:
Yet gat he up with cleithing nathing fair,
Full drerilie upon his feet he ſtude,
And throw the myre full ſmoitly than he yude.
And on the wall he clame full haiſtely
Was maid about, and all with ſtanis dry.
Of that eſchape in hart he wes full fane.
Now he ſall be richt layth to come agane.'
With that freyr Robert ſtert about, and ſaw
Quhair that the gudman lay ſo wounder law
Apon the fluir; and bleidand was his heid.
He ſtert till him, and went he had bene deid;
And claucht him up, withouttin wourdis mair,
And to the dure delyverly him bayr.
And, for the wynd was blawand in his face,
He ſone ourcome, intill ane lytill ſpace.
And ſyn the freir has franit at him faſt
'Quhat alit yow to be ſo ſair agaſt?'
He ſaid, "Yon freir has maid me in effray."
'Lat be,' quoth he, 'the werſt is all away;
'And mak mirrie, and ſe ye murne na mair;
'Ye have him ſtriken quite out our the ſtayr.
'I ſaw him ſkip, and the ſuth can tell,
'Evin owr the ſtayr intill ane myre he fell.
'Lat him now ga; he is ane graceleſs gaiſt:
'And to your bed ye bowne to tak your reſt.'
Thus Symon's heid upon the wall was brokin;
And owr the ſtayr freyr Johne in myre has loppin,
And tap owr tail he fyld wes wounder ill:
And Aleſoune on na wayiſs gat hir will.
This is the ſtory that happint of that freir.
No moir thair is, bot Chriſt us keip moſt deir.

There

There are but few words in this poem that require any more particular explanation than what may be found in the Gloſſary; and, to put down *all* the variations of the BANN. MS. from Mr Pinkerton's edition of the MAIT. would occupy at leaſt half as much room as the poem itſelf. Suffice it to ſay, that the BANN. has in general been preferred, chiefly becauſe it does not run ſo ſmooth as the MAIT.—a pretty ſure mark of ſuperior antiquity. It ſeems alſo more correct; and conſequently is more intelligible. The recovery of a conſiderable number of additional lines in various parts of the Tale, will afford no ſmall gratification to the curious reader.

It is neceſſary to remark, that Mr Pinkerton ſeems to be miſtaken in the profeſſion of the landlord. According to every appearance, Symon Lawder (BANN. "Lawrear") is not a farmer, but an inn-keeper or *hoſtellar*. A farmer, in thoſe days, was by no means likely to have occaſion for hay and corn in the month of May; nor to go *into the country* to buy neceſſaries; nor is it credible that his wife would be clothed in ſilk and ſilver ſtuff, with the "red gold ſhining through her proud purſe;" nor, laſtly, that ſhe would have hearkened to the offer of payment from the poor friars for their two pots of ale, without a diſdainful rejection. The whole of her gaudy trappings beſpeak her the miſtreſs of an inn; and the knedding trough that held a boll of meal conveys a good idea of the extent of her buſineſs.

James I. upon his return from England in 1424, found it neceſſary, among his very firſt acts, to ordain that, "in all burrow townes and "throuch-fares, there ſhould be hoſtillares havand ſtables and chalmers, "and bread and aile, and all uther ſude, als well to horſe as men, for "reaſonable price, after the chaipes of the countrey." In what manner travellers were accommodated before that period, we may partly gueſs from the ſtatute of David II. (about 1360) which enacted that, "quhen "onie travellers cum at evin, before nicht, to onie mans houſe in thair "way, thay ſall deſyre herberie fra him; but thay ſall not deſyre meat "nor drink violentlie, or above his power, but ſall receave willingly "quhatever the maiſter of the land gives or commands to be given to "them. And gif onie, quha be ordenaunce of the Lord of the ground "is commanded to receave ſtrangers in herberie, caſts furth or ejects "onie of them to the dore, and cauſes them to faſt without the houſe, "he ſall give to his maiſter *ane Cow*" From this we learn, that hoſtelries were at that time unknown in Scotland; and that ſtrangers were not admitted within the gates of the maiſter of the ground, but were billeted upon his dependents, who appear to have lived around him, not properly as farmers, but as *houſe-bound men*; that is, men who for the conſideration of a houſe, and liberty of paſturage for a few cattle,

tle, were obliged to entertain all way-faring people, as well as to labour his ground; whence the term *houſe-bound*, or *hus-bund* man came gradually to be ſynonimous with "labourer;" in ſeveral of the other languages of Gothic origin, *huſbonda*, or *bonda*. To this day, in the South of Scotland, a cotter, or cottager, who engages to labour in harveſt, inſtead of paying rent to the farmer, is ſaid to be *bund* for his *houſe*.

This mode of entertaining ſtrangers, appears to have been ſeverely felt by the huſband-men in the twelfth century; for the 38th ſtat. of King William, *anno* 1165, ordains that "both kirkmen and *huſband* men "in future ſall be kept fra all oppreſſions and hurdings, (all that is im-"plied by *ab omni jugo & onere ſervitutis,*) with the quhilk thay have "bene trubled in tyme bygane; and that na man be herberit upon "them to the deſtruction of them and their gudes." The ſame practice, however, muſt have continued with little or no interruption until *hoſtallers* or inn-keepers were introduced by James I. In order to eſtabliſh theſe with greater facility, he prohibited burgeſſes "to lodge ſtrangers "or travellers fra time that the hoſtillaries be made, under the pain of "forty ſhillings." The reader will excuſe the length of this note, when he is informed that the compoſition of the words *huſband* and *huſbandman* ſeems to have been *a ſtumbling block* to the etymologiſts. Junius goes near to make it ſignify a maſon, from the Dutch *bowen*, to build; while others have thought the word implied "men who were bound to the houſe, or to the land," like the ſlaves of Poland or Ruſſia. *See Gloſſary.*

Mane bread, and bread of *mane*, occurring in this Tale, is ſaid by the learned editor of the Maitland Poems, to ſignify the chief bread, the *main* bread; as we ſay the *main* point, *main* chance, &c. from Iſlandic *magn*, vis, potentia; and the author of a dictionary called Promptuarium Parvulorum, it ſeems, tranſlates *payne mayne*, panis vigoris; having, no doubt, the ſame Northern word in his view. This definition, however, is not ſatisfactory; for ſtill the queſtion recurs, Why was it called Bread of Might? *Main*, *mayne*, or *magn*, affords no ground to ſuppoſe that either eggs, milk, or butter entered into the compoſition: nor is it probable that Chaucer would have called it *pain de mayne*, if he had known the word to be of Northern origin: nor would Lindſay of Pitſcottie have claſſed it between wheat bread and ginger bread, if it poſſeſſed no other excellence but *main* or ſuperior whiteneſs. I think it muſt rather mean Almond biſcuit; in Fr. *pain d'amand;* Belg. *amandel* biſkuyt; Germ. *mand bred*; an article which we may well ſuppoſe was not wanting at the Earl of Athole's ſplendid entertainment to James V.; particularly as Lindſay mentions "cunning baxters, with confections and druggs for their deſerts."

ALEXANDER

This elegant writer having been educated at Oxford, and ſpent almoſt his whole life in England: or, at leaſt, not having returned into Scotland, it remained long a queſtion among biographers, to which of the two countries he belonged. The editors of the Biographia Britannica ſeem now to have decided the point in favour of the latter country, upon the teſtimony of a co-temporary author, Dr. William Bulleyn, *who lived many years in the northern counties of England, and ſeems to have been well acquainted with* Barclay *and his writings. In a dramatic dialogue which he publiſhed in* 1564, *he takes occaſion to deſcribe a certain column, where the Muſes are repreſented ſitting at the foot of Parnaſſus, ſurrounded by Greek, Roman, and Engliſh poets.* Barclay *is there introduced "in a hoopyng ruſſet long coat, with "a prettie hood in his neck, and fine knots upon his gir-"dle, after* Francis's *tricks.* He was born beyond the "cold river Tweed; *and lodged upon a ſweet bed of "camomile, under the cinnamon tree; about him many "ſhepherds and ſheep, with pleaſant pipes; greatly ab-"horring the life of courtiers, &c." This evidence ſeems concluſive: but the ſame editors obſerve farther, that "as much might indeed have been gathered from an at-"tentive peruſal of* Barclay's *own works." In one paſſage he laments the death of his Mœcœnas, or patron,* MORTON; *with reſpect to whom, the firſt conjecture leads us naturally to a nobleman of that name, viz.* John, *the ſecond Earl.—In another piece, written when* Barclay *muſt have been young, he introduces ſuch a fervent encomium upon* James IV. *as could have come only from the pen of ſome one who was well acquainted with the perſon and character of that Monarch, and eager*

to

to apologiſe for the poverty of his kingdom; neither of which can be ſuppoſed of an Engliſhman who had juſt returned from finiſhing his education upon the continent, and about the age of 25 had tranſlated into Engliſh verſe a work of 500 folio pages, in which this paſſage occurs. Scotland therefore ſeems to have the honour of giving birth to one of the firſt and greateſt refiners of the Engliſh language; for the works of Barclay, *in ſmoothneſs of verſification, and correctneſs of phraſeology, ſurpaſs thoſe of his co-temporaries much farther than he himſelf was ſoon afterwards ſurpaſſed by* Surry. *By the way, there is ſome ground to ſuſpect, from* Barclay's *firſt original Eclogue, that he lay under ſome particular obligations to the Duke of* Norfolk. *It appears to have been finiſhed about the year* 1517; *within four years after the battle of Flowden; and* Hawarde, *(the Admiral,) is there repreſented as having "contended to "entre by worthy acts of Chivalrie, into the Toure of "Vertue and Honour!" Probably* Barclay *did not think fit to return to his native country after having written ſuch a flattering eulogy on one of the family of the* Howards.

Barclay *produced only one other original compoſition, which is here, for the firſt time, claſſed among the works of his countrymen and co-temporaries, and merits attention, from its being the* First Eclogue *that appeared in England, in the language of the country, although ſixty years poſterior to* Henderſon's *Paſtoral of* Robene and Makyne. *His tranſlations are, Three other Eclogues,* "On the Miſeries of Courteours," *from the Latin of* Eneas Sylvius, *afterwards* Pope Pius II. "The Mirrour of good Manners," *(about* 1527,) *from* Dominyke Mancyn; *both of which are ſometimes found in the ſame volume with his earlieſt and greateſt work,* "The Ship of Fools," *tranſlated about* 1507 *from the* "Navis Stultifera" *of* Seb. Brandt;

Brandt; *in the argument to which*, Barclay *mentions himſelf as belonging to the College of* St Mary-Otorie, *(in the county of Devon); and in that of the* "Mirrour," *as Prieſt and Monk of Ely.* Willis, *in his* Hiſtory of Mitred Abbies, *reports, that in* 1546, Barclay *being then Doctor of Divinity, was preſented to the Vicarage of Much-Badew, in the county of Eſſex: So that our author ſeems to have underſtood how to temporiſe with the changes of religion which took place about that period. He is ſaid to have died in the year* 1552, *and to have been buried in the church of Croydon, in Surry.*

EGLOGUE OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY, ENTITULED AMINTAS AND FAUSTUS, OF THE DISPUTATION OF CITIZENS AND MEN OF THE COUNTREY.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN colde January when fire is comfortable,
And that the fieldes be nere intollerable,
When ſhepe and paſtours leaveth fielde and folde,
And draw to cotes for to eſchue the colde;
What time the verdure of ground and every tree,
By froſt and ſtormes is private of beautee,
And every ſmall birde thinketh the winter longe,
Which well appeareth by ceaſing of their ſonge.
At this ſame ſeaſon two herdes freſhe of age
At time appointed met both in one cotage,
The firſt hight Fauſtus, the ſeconde Amintas,
Harde was to knowe which better huſbande was,
For eche of them both ſet more by his pleaſour
Then by aboundaunce of riches or treaſour.
Amintas was formall and proper in his geare,
A man on his cloke ſhould not eſpye a heare,

Nor

Nor of his clothing one wrinkle ſtande a wry,
In London he learned to go ſo manerly.
High on his bonet ſtacke a fayre brouche of tinne,
His purſes lining was ſimple, poore and thinne:
But a lordes ſtomake and a beggers pouche
Full ill accordeth, ſuche was this comely ſlouch.
In the towne and citie ſo longe ietted had he,
That from thence he fled for det and povertie,
No wafrer, taverne, alehouſe or taverner,
To him was there hid while he was hoſteler.
Firſt was he hoſteler, and then a wafrer,
Then a coſtermonger, and laſt a taverner;
About all London there was no proper prim
But long time had bene familier with him;
But when coyne fayled, no favour more had he,
Wherfore he was glad out of the towne to flee.
But ſhepheard Fauſtus was yet more fortunate,
For alway was he content with his eſtate.
Yet nothing he had to comfort him in age,
Save a milch cowe and a poore cotage.
The towne he uſed, and great pleaſour he had
To ſee the citie oft time while he was lad.
For milke and butter he thither brought to ſell,
But never thought he in citie for to dwell;
For well he noted the mad enormitie,
Envy, fraude, malice and ſuche iniquitie
Which reigne in cities, therefore he led his life
Uplande in village without debate and ſtrife.
When theſe two herdes were thus together met,
Having no charges nor labour them to let,
Their ſhepe were all fure and cloſed in a cote,
Themſelves lap in litter pleaſauntly and hote.
For coſtly was fire in hardeſt of the yere,
When men haue moſte nede then euery thing is dere.
For paſſing of time and recreation,
They both delited in communication;

Namely

Namely they pleaded of the diverſitie
Of rurall huſbandes and men of the citie.
Fauſtus accuſed and blamed citizens,
To them imputing great faultes, crime and ſins:
Amintas blamed the rurall men agayne,
And eche of them both his quarell did maynteyne;
All wrath deſpiſed, all malice and ill will
Cleane layde apart, eche did rehearſe his ſkill:
But firſt Amintas thus to ſpeake began,
As he which counted himſelfe the better man,

THE

AMINTAS.

THE winter ſnowes, all covered is the ground,
The north wind blowes ſharpe and with ferefull ſound,
The long iſe ſicles at the ewis hang,
The ſtreame is froſen, the night is cold and lang.
Where botes rowed nowe cartes have paſſage,
From yoke the oxen be loſed and bondage.
The ploweman reſteth avoyde of buſineſſe,
Save when he tendeth his harnes for to dreſſe;
Mably his wife ſitteth before the fire
All blacke and ſmoky clothed in rude attire,
Sething ſome grewell, and ſturring the pulment
Of peaſe or frument, a noble meat for Lent.
The ſummer ſeaſon men counted nowe laudable
Whoſe fervour before they thought intollerable,
The froſty winter and wether temperate
Which men then prayſed they nowe diſprayſe and hate.
Colde they deſired, but nowe it is preſent
They braule and grutche, their mindes not content.
Thus mutable men them pleaſed can not holde,
At great heat grutching, and grutching when it is colde.

FAUSTUS.

All pleaſour preſent of men is counted ſmall,
Deſire obtayned ſome counteth nought at all;
What men hope after that ſemeth great and deare,
At light by diſtaunce appeareth great and cleare.

AMINTAS.

Eche time and ſeaſon hath his delite and toyes;
Loke in the ſtretes beholde the little boyes,

Howe

Howe in fruite ſeaſon for joy they ſing and hop,
In Lent is eche one full buſy with his top,
And nowe in winter, for all the greevous colde,
All rent and ragged a man may them beholde.
They have great pleaſour, ſuppoſing well to dine,
When men be buſied in killing of fat ſwine,
They get the bladder and blowe it great and thin,
With many beanes or peaſon put within;
It ratleth, ſoundeth, and ſhineth clere and fayre.
While it is throwen and caſte up in the ayre,
Eche one contendeth and hath a great delite
With foote and hande the bladder for to ſmite;
If it fall to grounde they lifte it up agayne;
This wiſe to labour they count it for no payne,
Renning and leaping they drive away the colde.
The ſturdie plowmen luſtie, ſtrong and bolde
Ouercommeth the winter with driving the foote ball,
Forgetting labour and many a grevous fall.

FAUSTUS.

Men labour ſorer in fruiteles vanitie
Then in fayre workes of great utilitie;
In ſuche trifles we labour for domage,
Worke we deſpiſe which bringeth advauntage.

AMINTAS.

Touching their labour it can not me diſpleaſe,
While we be in reſt and better here at eaſe
In the warme litter, ſmall payne hath little hire;
Here may we wallow while milke is on the fire;
If it be crudded, of bread we nede no crome,
If thou bide, Fauſtus, thereof thou ſhalt have ſome.

FAUSTUS.

Winter declareth harde nede and povertie,
Then men it feleth which have neceſſitie.
Truely Amintas I tell thee mine intent,
We fonde yong people be muche improvident,

We ſtray in ſummer without thought, care or hede,
Of ſuche thinges as we in winter ſhall have nede.
As ſoone as we heare a bagpipe or a drone,
Then leave we labour, there is our money gone.
But when the north winde with ſtormes violent
Hath brought colde winter poore wretches to torment,
And voyde of leaves is every bough and tree,
That one may clerely the empty neſtes ſee.
Then is all our woll and lambes gone and ſolde,
We tremble naked and dye almoſt for colde;
Our ſhoulders all bare, our hoſe and ſhowes rent,
By rechleſſe youth thus all is gone and ſpent.
This commeth for want of good proviſion,
Youth dayneth counſell, ſcorning diſcretion.
When pouertie thus hath caught us in hir ſnare,
Then doth the winter our mad folly declare.
Nowe truely Amintas I tell to thee my mate,
That towne dwellers live greatly more fortunate;
And ſomewhat wiſer be they alſo then we,
They gather treaſour and riches in plentie;
They ſpoyle the lambes and foxes of their ſkin
To lap their wombes and fat ſides therein;
In luſt, in pleaſour, and good in aboundaunce
Paſſe they their liues, we have not ſuffiſaunce.

AMINTAS.

The men of the earth be fooles eche one,
We poore ſhepheardes be not to blame alone;
More folly vexeth the men of the citie,
I graunt us ouerſene, they madder be then we.
Though I long ſeaſon did in the citie dwell
I favour it not, troth dare I boldly tell.
Though citizens be of living reprovable,
Yet fortune to them is muche more favourable.
Fortune to them is like a mother dere,
As a ſtepmother ſhe doth to us appeare.

Them

Them ſhe exalteth to honour and richeſſe,
Us ſhe oppreſſeth in care and wretchedneſſe.
What is vayne fortune but thing vituperable!
An unhappy madneſſe, unworthy and unſtable!

FAUSTUS.

No doubt Amintas let me be fortunate,
And then ſhall I ſoone become a great eſtate;
My coyne ſhall encreaſe, then ſhortly ſhall I be
Called to office to governe a citie;
All men ſhall heare me and geve to me credence,
The commontie bare head ſhall do me reuerence;
All other rulers, lowe men and commontie
Shall gladly deſire to have adviſe of me.
If I be happy and fortune on me ſmile,
Thus ſhall I aſcende and mounte within a while,
Aſke thou of Cornix, declare to thee he can,
Howe coyne more then cunning exalteth every man.

AMINTAS.

O Fauſtus Fauſtus, thou erres from the way,
This is not fortune, full little do ſhe may.
Though I myſelfe rehearſed but lately,
That fortune hath might a man to magnifie,
I kept the opinion of witleſſe commontie,
And grounded myſelfe on none aucthoritie.
It is not fortune which graunteth excellence,
True honour is wonne by vertue and ſaptence.
If men get honour by worldly pollicy,
It is no honour, but wretched miſery.
God maketh mightie, God geveth true honour
To godly perſons of godly behavour.
God firſt diſpoſed and made diuerſitie
Betwene rude plowmen and men of the citie,
And in what maner Cornix thine owne mate
As we went talking recounted to me late.

FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS.

What tolde thee Cornix, tell me I thee pray;
He had good reaſon ſuche thinges to convay,
His wit was pregnaunt, no reaſon did he want,
But truth to declare his money was but ſcant.
But what then? ſome man hath plentie of cunning
Which hath of riches ſmall plentie, or nothing.

AMINTAS.

In hearing my tale if thou have thy delite,
Then take ſome labour, for howe is good reſpite.
Fauſtus ariſe thou out of this litter hote,
Go ſee and viſite our wethers in the cote.
Ariſe, go and come, thou art both yong and able,
After great colde heate is more comfortable.
Go man for ſhame, he is a ſlouthfull dawe
Which leaveth profite for pleaſour of hote ſtrawe.

FAUSTUS.

Thinke not, Amintas, that Fauſtus hath diſdayne;
Go do thy pleaſour, I ſhall refuſe no payne.
Loke here Amintas, Lorde benedicite,
The colde ſnowe reacheth higher then my knee.
Scant may the houſes ſuche burthen well ſuſteyne,
Leſſe hurte is tempeſt and ſodayne ſtorme of rayne;
On toppe of the chimney there is a heape of ſnowe
So hye extending our ſteple is more lowe.
The ſnowe is ſo white, and the ſunne ſo bright,
That playnly Amintas amaſed is my ſight.

AMINTAS.

Geve to the beaſtes good rowen in plentie,
And ſtoppe all the holes where thou canſt faultes ſee.
Stop them with ſtubble, eft daube them with ſome clay
And when thou haſt done, then come agayne thy way.
Nought is more noyſome to flocke, cotage nor folde,
Then ſoden tempeſt and unprovided colde.—
What nowe already frende Fauſtus here agayne!
By ſhort concluſion bad worke apeareth playne.

Thy

Thy coming agayne me thinke is all to ſoone
Ought to have ended, or profite to have done.

FAUSTUS.

This comberous wether made me more diligent.
I ran all the way both as I came and went;
And there I ſped me and toke the greater payne,
Becauſe I lightly would be with thee agayne,
After great colde it is full ſwete, God wot,
To tumble in the ſtrawe or in the litter hot.
Nowe be we Fauſtus in hay up to the chin,
Fulfill thy promiſe, I pray thee nowe begin.
Tell the beginning of the diverſitie
Betwene rurall men and men of the citie,
I knowe the reaſon and talking of Cornix,
But ſince I him ſawe be paſſed yeres ſixe.
His jocunde jeſtes made me ofte time full glad,
Our firſt acquayntaunce was when I was a lad:
Now ſpeake my Amintas, and I ſhall holde me ſtill
Till thou have ended and ſpoken all thy will.

AMINTAS.

This great difference and firſt diverſitie
Betwene rurall men and them of the citie,
Began in this wiſe as Cornix to me tolde,
Whiche well coulde common of many matters olde.
Firſt when the worlde was founded and create,
And Adam and Eve were ſet in their eſtate,
Our Lorde conjoined them both as man and wife,
To live in concorde the ſeaſon of their life,
And them commaunded mankinde to multiply,
By generation to get them progeny.
They both obeyed this ſwete commaundement
With faythfull heartes and labour diligent.
But would to Jeſu they had bene wiſe and ware
From that fatall fruit which kindled all their care.
But to my purpoſe: firſt Eve had children two,
A ſonne and a daughter, our Lorde diſpoſed ſo.

And

And ſo, yere by yere, two twins ſhe brought,
When man aſſiſteth, God worketh not for nought.
By ſuche maner theſe two did them apply,
The worlde to fulfill, encreaſe and multiply.
At the laſte our Lord at ende of fiftene yere
To Eve our mother did on a time appeare,
And in what maner nowe heare me, Fauſtus:
Adam on the fielde foorth with his wethers was,
His flocke then he fed without all dread and feare,
Then were no wowers him nor his wife to deare.
He was not troubled that time with jelouſie,
Then was no body to do that villany,
No horned kiddes were living at that time;
Long after this began this curſed crime.
Then was no cucko betwene the eaſt and weſt
To lay wrong egges within a ſtraunge neſt.
Then none ſuſpected the living of his wife,
Wedlocke was quiet and pleaſaunt without ſtrife.
But after when people began to multiply
Then fyrſt was kindled the flame of jelouſy;
For that man committeth ſore dredeth he againe,
Fraude feareth falſhode, ſuſpecting oft in vayne.
A thefe ſuſpecteth all men of felony
Breakers of wedlocke be full of jelouſy.
And therfore all ſuche as with the ſworde do ſtrike,
Feare to be ſerved with the ſcaberd like.
Thus while that Adam was pitching of his folde,
Eve was at home, and ſat on the threſholde,
With all hir babes and children hir about,
Eyther on hir lappe, within or els without.
Nowe had ſhe pleaſour them colling and baſſing;
And eft was ſhe buſy them louſing and kembing,
And buſy with butter for to annoynt their necke,
Sometime ſhe muſed them pleaſauntly to decke.
In the meane time while ſhe was occupied,
Our Lorde drawing nere ſhe ſodenly eſpied,

Anone

Anone ſhe bluſhed, revolving in hir minde,
That if our Lorde there ſhould all thoſe babes finde
So ſoone engendred, ſuppoſe he nedes muſt,
That it was token of to great carnall luſt.
And all aſhamed, as faſt as euer ſhe might,
She haſted and hid ſome of them out of ſight.
Some under hay, ſome under ſtrawe and chaffe,
Some in the chimney, ſome in a tubbe of draffe.
But ſuche as were fayre, and of their ſtature right,
As wiſe and ſubtill reſerved ſhe in ſight.
Anone came our Lorde unto the woman nere,
And hir ſaluted with ſwete and ſmiling chere,
And ſaide: O woman! let me thy children ſee.
I come to promote eche after his degree.
Firſt was the woman amaſed nere for drede;
At laſte ſhe commaunded the eldeſt to procede,
And gaue them comfort to haue audacitie;
Though they were bolder, and doubted leſſe than ſhe.
God on them ſmiled, and them comforted ſo,
As we with whelpes and birdes uſe to do;
And then at the laſte, to the moſte olde of all,
He ſaide: Have thou ſcepter of rowme imperiall;
Thou art the eldeſt, thou ſhalt have moſt honour,
Juſtice requireth that thou be Emperour.
Then to the ſeconde he ſaide: It is ſeming
That thou be vaunced to the honour of a king.
And unto the thirde he gaue ſuche dignitie,
To gide an army, a noble duke to be,
And ſaide: Have thou here harde yron and armour;
Be thou in battayle a head and governour.
And ſo foorth to other, as they were in degree,
Eche he promoted to worthy dignitie.
Some made he earles, ſome lordis, ſome barons,
Some ſquires, ſome knightes, ſome hardy champions;
And then brought he foorth the cepter and the crown,
The ſworde, the pollax, the helme and haberjown;

The

The ſtreamer, ſtandard, the ghetton and the mace,
The ſpeare and the ſhielde, nowe Eve had great ſolace;
He gave them armour, and taught them pollicy
All thing to governe concerning chivalry.
Then made he judges, majors and governours,
Marchauntes, ſhiriffes, and other protectours;
Aldermen, burgeſſes, and other in degree,
After the cuſtome of court and of citie.
Thus all the children then being in preſence,
He ſet in honour and rowme of excellence,
Oft time revolving and turning in his minde
The caduke honours belonging to mankinde.
In the meane ſeaſon, Eve very joyfull was
That all theſe matters were brought ſo well to paſſe;
Then flewe ſhe in haſte for to have pleaſour more,
And them preſented whom ſhe had hid before,
And unrequired, preſenting them, ſaide ſhe,
O Lorde! theſe alſo my very children be.
Theſe be the fruite alſo of my wome,
Did for ſhamefaſtneſſe within my houſe at home.
O Lorde moſte mightie, hye father, creatour!
Withſave to graunt them ſome office of honour.
Their heere was rugged, poudred all with chaffe;
Some full of ſtrawes, ſome other full of draffe;
Some with cob webbes and duſt were ſo arayde,
That one beholding on them might be afrayde.
Blacke was their colour, and bad was their figure,
Uncomely to ſight, miſhapen of ſtature.
Our Lorde not ſmiled on them to ſhewe pleaſaunce,
But ſaide to them thus with troubled countenaunce:
Ye ſmell all ſmoky, of ſtubble and of chaffe;
Ye ſmell of the grounde, of wedes, and of draffe;
And after your ſent, and tedious ſavour,
Shall be your rowmes and all your behavour.
None can a pitcher turne to a ſilver pece,
Nor make goodly ſilke of a gotes fleece;

And

And harde is alſo to make withouten fayle
A bright two hande ſworde of a cowes tayle.
No more will I make, howebeit that I can,
Of a vile villayne a noble gentleman.
Ye ſhall be plowmen and tillers of the grounde,
To payne and labour ſhall ye alway be bounde.
Some ſhall kepe oxen, and ſome ſhall hogges kepe,
Some ſhall be threſhers, ſome other ſhall kepe ſhepe.
To digge and to delve, to hedge and to dike,
Take this for your lot, and other labour like.
To drudge and to drivell in workes vile and rude,
This wiſe ſhall ye live in endleſſe ſeruitude,
Reaping and mowing of fodder, graſſe and corne;
Yet ſhall towne dwellers oft laugh you unto ſcorne.
Yet ſome ſhall we graunt to dwell in the citie,
For to make puddinges, and butchers for to be,
Coblers or tinkers, or els coſtarde jaggers,
Hoſtelers or daubers, or droupy water laggers,
And ſuche other ſorte whoſe dayly buſineſſe
Paſſeth in workes and labour of vileneſſe;
To ſtoupe and to ſweate, and ſubject to become,
And neuer to be ridde from bondage and thraldome.
Then brought our Lord to them the cart and harowe,
The gade, the whip, the mattoke & the whelebarowe,
The ſpade, the ſhouell, the forke and the plough,
And all ſuche tooles, then bad he them be tough,
And neuer to grutche at labour nor at payne,
For if they ſo did, it ſhould be thing in vayne.
Thus ſaide the father and Lorde omnipotent,
And then he aſcended up to the firmament.
Thus began honour, and thus began bondage,
And diuerſitie of citie and village,
And ſervile labour firſt in the worlde began,
Demaunde of Cornix, declare the truth he can,
This tolde me Cornix which wonned in the fen,
I truſt his ſaying before a thouſande men.

FAUSTUS.

Is this the matter prayſed of thee ſo ſore?
A ſtrawe for fables, I ſet by them no ſtore!
It were a marvell if Cornix matter tolde
To laude of ſhepheardes, or plowmen to upholde.
He dwelled in the towne, and helde with the citie,
Till nede him moved, as it hath driven thee,
When none of you doth dare to the towne reſorte,
Among us ſhepheardes yet finde ye here comfort;
So both thou and he be greatly for to blame,
To eate our vitayle, and then to hurt our name.
The yong men of townes to mocke us have a giſe,
Naught els can they do, ſave lies to deviſe.
This vayne invention and fooliſhe fayned fable
Agaynſt rurall men they have delite to bable,
And nought they aſhame, as blinde wretches unwiſe,
Of God Almightie ſuche leaſinges to deviſe.
This ſcorvy ſcoffing declareth openly
Agaynſt rurall men rebuke and injury.
But thou art ſo rude, thy paunch is ſo fatte,
Agaynſt thine owne ſelfe thou buſy art to chatte,
Allthof this ſame jeſt is thy rebuke and blame,
Thy dulled reaſon can not perceyve the ſame.
But I ſhall prove thee that rurall people be
More wiſe and noble then they of the citie;
And that the citie is full of fraude and ſtrife,
When we in village have good and quiet life.

AMINTAS.

I pray thee Fauſtus herefore be thou not wroth,
To have diſpleaſour of thee I were right loth;
I thought no mauger, I tolde it for a bourde;
If I had knowen, I would have ſaid no worde:
But ſay thy pleaſour, nowe tell foorth thy ſentence,
And I ſhall heare thee with ſober pacience.

FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS.

I ſhall not deny our payne and ſervitude,
I knowe that plowmen for the moſt part be rude.
Now ſhall I tell thee high matters true and olde,
Which curteous Candidus unto me once tolde.
Nought ſhall I forge, nor of no leaſing bable,
This is true hiſtory, and no ſurmiſed fable.
At the beginning of thinges firſt of all,
God made ſhepheardes, and other men rurall;
But the firſt plowman and tiller of the grounde
Was rude and ſturdie, diſdayning to be bounde.
Rough and ſtubborne, and Cayn men did him call;
He had of mercy and pitie none at all.
But like as the grounde is dull, ſtony and teugh,
Stubborne and heavy, rebelling to the pleugh.
So the firſt plowman was ſtrong and obſtinate,
Frowarde, ſelfe willed, and mover of debate:
But the firſt ſhepheard was meke and nothing fell,
Humble as a lambe, and called was Abell.
A ſhepe geveth milke, and little hath of gall,
So this good Abell had none ill will at all.
No ſhepheard founde him injurious nor wrong,
Induring his life while he was them among;
And ofte of his flocke made he good ſacrifice,
Of calfe or lambes, ſuche as were moſte of price;
And of fat wethers the beſt not ſpared he,
To honour our Lorde, and pleaſe his deitee.
Thus had he favour with God omnipotent,
So pleaſing our Lorde, that to this time preſent,
From firſt beginning of earth and man mortall,
God hath had favour to people paſtorall,
And poore ſhepheardes, their cotes folde and ſhepe,
Angels have come for to defende and kepe.
Some ſhepheardes were in lande of Aſſerye,
Which after have bene promoted very hye,

So

So that from cotes and houſes paſtorall,
They have aſſended to dignitie royall.
Charges and labour ſo doth my reaſon blinde,
That call their names can I not unto minde;
Yet let me ſtudie avoyding perturbaunce,
So may I call them unto remembraunce.
Lo now I have them, Abrahame, Jacob,
Loth, Iſaac, yong Joſeph and Job.
Theſe nowe rehearſed, and all the patriarkes,
Have not diſdayned poore ſhepe nor heardes warke;
Them hath our Lorde called from humible thinges,
And made them princes, dukes, or els kinges.
So have they chaunged their clothing paſtorall,
With golden garment, purpure and gay pall;
And then have after, by magnanimitie,
Brought noble realmes in their captivitie;
And have in battayle bene mightie conqueroure,
Won fame immortall and excellent honoure.
Paris was paſtour the ſonne of Priamus,
Pan, Silene, Orpheus, and joly Tyterus.
Saule was ſhepheard, ſo was he in like wiſe
Which would have offred his ſonne in ſacrifice.
Moyſes was ſhepheard, and was his flocke keping,
When he came bare foote unto the buſhe flaming.
Commaunded by God to leave his flocke and go
On Gods meſſage to ſturdy Pharao.
Alſo Apollo was herde ſometime in Grece,
Nothing diſdayning to handle ewe and fleece;
As write poetes, he left divine honour,
Glad among wethers to be a governour.
The bleſſed angels brought to ſuch men as we,
Meſſage of concorde, of peace and unitie;
And ſong that Gloria, flying in the ſkye,
Which our Syr Sampſon doth ſing ſo meryly.
Firſt had ſhepherdes ſure tiding by meſſage,
That God was made man to bye humane linage;

And

And herdes inſtruct by voyce angelicall;—
Sawe God incarnate, and borne firſt of all.
And this was pleaſure of Gods Majeſtie,
That ſimple herdes him firſt of all ſhould ſee;
And in their maner make unto him offringes
Before eſtates, as riche and mightie kinges.
The joly Harper, which after was a kinge,
And ſlewe the giant ſo ſtoutly with his ſlinge,
Was firſt a ſhepherde or he had dignitie,
Right ſo were many, as ſtoute and bolde as he;
And our Lorde Jeſu, our God and Saviour,
Named himſelfe a ſhepherde or paſtour.
Right ſo he named men meeke and pacient,
His flocke and his ſhepe for maners innocent;
Thinke not theſe wordes gloſed nor in vayne,
They are the goſpell, ſo ſaith ſyr Peter playne.
I ſawe them my ſelfe well paynted on the wall,
Late gaſing upon our Churche Cathedrall:
I ſawe great wethers in picture, and ſmall lambes,
Daunſing, ſome ſkipping, ſome ſucking of their dames;
And ſome on the grounde me ſemed lying ſtill.
Then ſawe I horſemen at pendant of an hill,
And the three kinges with all their cumpany,
Their crownes gliſtering bright and oriently;
With their preſentes and giftes miſticall,
All this behelde I in picture on the wall.
But the poore paſtours, as people innocent,
Firſt ſawe the Crib of our Lorde omnipotent.
Thus it appereth God loveth poore paſtours.
Sith he them graunted to have ſo great honours.
Our Lorde hath favour both to ſhepe and folde,
As it appereth by theſe hiſtoryes olde.
Our Lorde is ready to ſuccour the village,
Deſpiſing townes for malice and outrage.
For God is content with ſimple pouertie,
Pride he deſpiſeth, and wrongfull dignitie.

AMINTAS,

AMINTAS.

In good fayth, Fauſtus, thy tale is heritable,
Grounded on learning, and greatly commendable:
Lately my ſelfe to ſee that picture was,
I ſawe the maunger, I ſawe the oxe and aſſe.
I well remember the people in my minde,
Me thinke yet I ſee the blacke faces of Inde:
Me thinke yet I ſee the herdes and the kinges.
And in what maner were ordred their offeringes.
As long as I live, the better ſhall I love
The name of herdes, and citizens reprove.
Wherfore mate Fauſtus, I pray God geve thee care,
If thou the faultes of any citie ſpare.
Speake on and ſpare not, and touche their errour,
Yet may we common more then a large hour.

FAUSTUS.

Then turne we to talke a while of citizens,
To touche their foly, and parcell of their ſinnes.
Think not, Amintas, that they of the citie
Live better life, or wiſelyer then we.
All if their cloathing be doubled for the colde,
And though they gliſter ſo gayly in bright golde,
Shining in ſilkes, in purpure or veluet,
In furred robes, or clokes of ſcarlet,
And we poore herdes in ruſſet cloke and hood,
It is not clothing can make a man be good.
Better is in ragges pure living innocent,
Then a ſoule defiled in ſumptuous garment.
Truſt me, Amintas, my ſelfe with theſe ſame eyne
Have in the citie ſuch often times ſeene
Jet in their ſilkes, and brag in the market,
As they were lordes, I oft have ſeene them jet,
Which are ſtarke beggers, and live in neede at home,
And oft go to bed for neede with empty wombe.
Nought is more fooliſh then ſuch wretches be,
Thus with proude port to cloke their povertie.

What

What is nede cloked or fayned aboundaunce,
Povertie, ſlouth, and wretched governaunce;
What is fayre ſemblaunce with thought and heavynes,
Forſooth, nought els but cloked fooliſhnes.
And ſome have I ſeene (which is a thing damnable)
That while they would haue a living delectable,
Reſt at their pleaſure, and fare deliciouſly,
Have ſuffered their wives defiled wetingly,
Haue ſolde their daughters flowre of virginitie;
O dede unworthy, O blinde iniquitie.
Fame, honour, the ſoule, and chaſtitie be ſolde
For wretched living, O curſed thirſt of golde.
O damnable deede, ſo many for to ſpill,
One wretched carkaſſe and belly for to fill.
What thing is viler? what more abhominable?
What thing more fooliſh, more falſe and deteſtable?

AMINTAS.

What if they can not to other craft them geve?
Nor finde other way or meanes for to leve?
Nede hath no lawe, of two evils perdie,
To choſe the leaſt ill is none iniquitie.

FAUSTUS.

Sith they have as many ſoules as have we,
As much of reaſon, and handes like plentie,
Why may they not to honeſt worke them give,
And finde other way and maner for to live.
No lawe permitteth nor willeth man perdie
To commit murther for harde neceſſitie;
No more ſhould any his ſoule defile or kill
For luſt tranſitory, or pleaſure to fulfill.
Yet be in cities mo ſuing fooliſhnes,
Wening by craft for to have great riches:
By which craftes no man hath riches founde,
Sith time that our Lord firſt fourmed man & grounde.
As Alkemiſtes wening by pollicy
Nature to alter, and coyne to multiply.

Some

Some waſh rude metall with licours manifolde
Of herbes, wening to turne it into golde.
All pale and ſmoky be ſuch continuall,
And after labour they loſe their life and all.
Another ſorte is to this not much unlike,
Which ſpende their times in wretched art magike,
Thereby ſuppoſing ſome treaſure to have founde,
Which many yeres is hid within the grounde.
What is more fooliſh, more full of vanitie,
Or more repugning to fayth and prohitie?
Becauſe they would flye good buſynes and payne,
They uſe ſuch trifles and wretched thinges vayne.
They prove all thinges becauſe they would do nought,
Still ſeeking newes, ſtill troubled in their thought:
Becauſe they woulde flee the labour of the lande,
All ydle trifles ſuch taketh on their hande:
Still be they buſy, and never come to ende,
To thing profitable do fewe of them intende.
Some live by rapine, gile, fraude and pollicy,
Penury, opreſſion, and ſome on uſury.
Some gladly borowe, and never pay agayne,
Some keepe from ſervauntes the ſtipend of their payne:
Some reſt men giltleſſe, and caſt them in priſon,
Some bye ſtronge thieves out of the dungeon.
Some faune, ſome flatter, man truſt not when they ſmile,
Then frame they fraudes men ſlyly to begile.
Some in one houre more promiſe to thee will,
Then all his dayes he thinketh to fulfill:
By thouſande meanes of fraude and craftynes
Lye they in wayte for honour and riches.
They feede the riche, and often let the poore
Dye for pure colde and hunger at their doore.
We feede fat oxen, they marmoſets keepe,
We feede fat kiddes, lambes, and good ſheepe:
And they feede hawkes, apes, horſe and hounde,
And ſmall is their joy ſave here within our bounde.

We

We bring them butter, egges, cheeſe and wooll,
Tankerdes of milke and creame fleeting full:
All maner fleſhe, and all their whole living,
Without our labour truely they have nothing.
We are the feeders of wethers and fat hogges,
And they of the Citie feede birles and great dogges.
Nowe judge Amintas, which of theſe ſeemeth thee
Of moſte advauntage, and moſte nobilitie.

AMINTAS.

If by our labour proceedeth more riches,
And moſte advauntage, as ſeemeth truth doubtles,
Then this I mervayle, that they of the Citie
Have ſo great plentie, and we neceſſitie:
The cauſe can not I call to my remembraunce,
Wherof proceedeth their ſtore and aboundaunce.

FAUSTUS.

The cauſe I tolde thee, what wouldeſt thou have more,
By fraude and falſhood have they ſo mikle ſtore.
Seeſt thou not playnly howe they of the Citie
Dayly deceyve our poore ſimplicitie?
With what crueltie againſt us they rage,
By falſe oppreſſion or fayre fayned language?
They thinke it pleaſure (that ſorowe on them hap,)
By gloſed wordes to take us in a trap:
The moſte of them all count it an almes deede
Us heardes to fraude, this is a gentle meede:
For them we labour in heate, colde, winde and rayne,
And fraude and diſceyte they pay us for our payne.
With mindes and tonge they ſtudy and they muſe
Both day and night us heardes to abuſe:
Their wit and body all whole do they apply,
For us poore wretches to ſtudy pollicy:
And after their fraude, gile and deception,
Then do they laugh us into deriſion.

AMINTAS.

Howe came thou to knowledge of this enormitie,
And of theſe maners of them of the Citie?
My ſelfe there wonned, and there was converſant,
Of ſome of theſe thinges yet am I ignorant.

FAUSTUS.

Thou could not perceyve well their enormitie,
Perchaunce thy maners did with their life agree:
Their ſeldome is ſeene great contradiction,
Where men accordeth in diſpoſition.
No fault with Moriens is blacke difformitie,
Becauſe all the ſort like of that favour be.
So could thou not ſee their vices nor them blame,
Becauſe thine owne life was filed with the ſame.
But howe I knewe them nowe ſhall I tell to thee:
While I brought butter to ſell to the Citie,
And other vitayle, I uſed milke to crye,
Then had I knowledge with an appotecry:
Of him I learned much falſhood and practiſe,
Not to the purpoſe the ſame to exerciſe:
He could make plaſters and newe commixtions,
In valour ſcant worth a couple of onions;
Yet ſolde he the ſame as it were golde ſo dere,
Namely if happened any infectife yere.
I was acquainted with many an huckſter,
With a coſtardmonger, and with an hoſtler.
This thiefe was crafty poore people to begile,
None like I ſuppoſe within a doſen mile:
Among all his other fraudes and his crimes,
He ſolde one bottell of hey a doſen times.
And in the Otes could he well drop a candle,
Well knewe he howe his geſtes for to handle.
And in the ſame Inne there dwelled a prety prim,
She could well flatter and gloſe with him and him.
And necke a meaſure, her ſmirking gat her ſale,
She made ten ſhillinges of one barell of ale.

Whom

Whom ſhe begiled in pottes, ſhe was fayne
To win them with freſh and paynted looke agayne.
And as I remember, her name was wanton Beſſe,
Who leaſt with her dealt he thrived not the leſſe.
What needeth more proceſſe, no craft of the Citie
Is, but is mingled with fraude and ſubtiltie:
Save onely the craft of an Apoticry,
That is all fraude and gilefull pollicy;
But all theſe would ſweare that they were innocent,
Or they to the Citie did firſt of all frequent.
There learned they theft and fraude to exerciſe,
And man, of nature, is moved ſoone to vice.
Some be alſo which ſpend their patrimony
Which was to them lefte by their olde anceſtry,
On queanes, baudes, in riot and dronkennes,
Their name defiling, deſpiſing all goodnes.
With coſt and paynes ſuch buſyly labour,
Seeking for ſhame and death before their hour.
Say where is cuſtome of fornication,
Inceſt, advoutry and defloration;
Forcing of women, murther and rapine,
Diſcorde and brauling, and living like to ſwine:
Malice, envy, and all iniquitie,
Do theſe not reygne in middes of the Citie:
All newe abuſion provoking men to ſins
Had firſt beginning among the Citezins.
Where dwell great princes and mightie governours,
Their life deſpiſing for to have vayne honours.
Capitaynes, ſouldiers, and all like company,
Which put for money their life in jeopardy.
Theſe dwell not uplande, but haunt the Citie,
Poore herdes fight not but for neceſſitie,
For libertie, life, and juſtice to upholde,
Towne dwellers fight for vayne honour and golde.
We fight our frendes and houſholde to defende,
They fight for malice to riches to aſcende.

Our

Our cauſe and quarell is to maynteyne the right,
But all on ſelfe-will without reaſon they fight.
They ſeeke by woundes for honour and riches,
And drive the weakeſt to hardeſt buſynes.
O blinde ſouldier, why ſetteſt thou thy hart,
For a vayne ſtipende, againſt a mortall dart.
By thouſand perils thou takeſt thy paſſage,
For ſmall lucre renning to great domage.
Their ſweete life they geve for a poore ſtipende,
And oft loſe they both, and heaven at the ende.
While ſome contendeth and fighteth for his wage,
His life he ſpendeth, then farewell advauntage.
What is more fooliſh, or liker to madnes,
Then to ſpende the life for glory and riches?
What thing is glory, laude, prayſing or fame,
What honour, reporte, or what is noble name?
Forſooth nought but voyce of witleſſe commontie,
And vayne opinion ſubject to vanitie.
Proceſſe of yeres, revolving of reaſon,
Bringeth all theſe ſoone in oblivion.
When life is faded, all theſe be out of ſight,
Like as with the Sun departeth the day light;
They all be fooles which meddle with the ſea,
And otherwiſe might live in their owne country.
He is but a foole which runneth to tempeſt,
And might live on lande in ſuertie and in reſt.
He is but a foole which hath of good plentie,
And it diſdayneth to uſe and occupy.
And he which liveth in care and wretchednes
His heyre to promote to landes and riches,
Is moſte foole of all, to ſpare in mifery,
With goodes and landes his heyre to magnify.
And he which leaveth that thing for to be done
Unto his daughter, executour or ſonne,
Which he himſelf might in his life fulfill,
He is but a foole, and hath but little ſkill.

But all theſe ſortes within the citie be,
They want of wiſedome, and ſue enormitie.
And alſo the youth in dayes feſtivall
Do nought but folowe their luſtes beſtiall.
The weeke they uſe them in worldly buſynes,
The Sunday ſerveth to folowe viciouſnes.
What time the ſhoppes be cloſed all and ſhit,
Then is the market with Thais, veole and kit;
On hyeſt dayes ſuch ware is namely ſolde,
For nought it waxeth, if it be once olde.
Upon the Sunday, when man ſhould God honour,
Left is good labour, enſued is errour.
Oft time the olde freer that wonned in Grene witch,
Againſt ſuch folyes was boldly wont to preache:
He ſaide: where baudes and their abuſion
Were wont to abide in one vile place alone,
Nowe are they ſprinkled and ſparkled abrode,
Likewiſe as ſhippes be docked in a rode;
That harde is to knowe good women from the ill.
By ill example good are in doubt to ſpill.
Baudes be ſuffered ſo where them luſt to bide,
That the ſtrete fadeth upon the water ſide.
Cate, Gilt, Mably, Phillis and feate Jeny,
Becauſe of the citie nowe can not get one peny.
Vile Thais was wont in angles for to be,
Nowe hath ſhe power in all the whole citie.

AMINTAS.

Thou paſſeſt meaſure, Fauſtus, by God anowe,
Thou ſayeſt of malice, right well perceyve I nowe:
Mitigate thy minde and tonge, for it is ſhame
Men of the citie thus largely to blame.
What man is faultleſſe? Remember the village,
Howe men uplondiſh on holy dayes rage.
Nought can them tame, they be a beaſtly ſort,
In ſweate and labour having moſt chiefe comfort.

On

On the holy day aſſoone as morne is paſt,
When all men reſteth while all the day doth laſt;
They drinke, they banket, they revell and they jeſt,
They leape, they daunce, deſpiſing eaſe and reſt.
If they once heare a bagpipe or a drone,
Anone to the Elme or Oke they be gone.
There uſe they to daunce, to gambolde and to rage,
Such is the cuſtome and uſe of the village.
When the ground reſteth from rake, plough and wheles,
Then moſte they it trouble with burthen of their heles.
To Bacchus they banket, no feaſt is feſtivall,
They chide and they chat, they vary and they brall;
They rayle and they route, they revell and they crye,
Laughing and leaping, and making cuppes drye.

FAUSTUS.

What! Stint thou thy chat, theſe wordes I defye.
It is to a vilayne rebuke and vilany,
Such rurall ſolace ſo plainly for to blame.
Thy wordes ſound to thy rebuke and ſhame.

AMINTAS.

Not ſo, frend Fauſtus! I ſpake it but in game;
Agayne to the citie returne in God's name.

FAUSTUS.

Yet of the citie mo fooles tell can I,
Which wene to number the ſterres in the ſky;
By them ſuppoſing eche deſteny to tell,
But all be fooles that with this matter mell.
Yet be they madder which fixe their intent
To ſearche the nature of God omnipotent.
And dare be ſo bolde to ſet their mortall ſight
On incomprehenſible and pure immortall light.
Our fayth is better, for they of the citie
Beleve by reaſon with great difficultie:
Or they will beleve, they braule with argument,
Playne ſpeeche ſuffiſeth us people innocent.

Againſt

Againſt Sir Sampſon their quarell they defende;
We aſke no queſtion, and uſe not to contende.
We light the aultars, and many candels offer,
When they of the towne ſcantly make a proffer:
Their fayth is feble, our fayth is ſure and ſtable,
They dare be bolde with doctours for to bable:
A worldly merchaunt nought knowing of doctrine,
Becauſe of his coyne counteth his reaſon fine.
Truſt me, Amintas, no force who heareth me,
The coyne and cunning doth not alway agree:
For ſome be that have plentie of that one,
Which of that other have little part or none.
What ſhould the fooles that dwell in the citie,
Or we ſeeke to knowe of God's privitie.
If it were nedefull the Godhead for to knowe
To ſimple wretches here on the grounde alowe:
It is in the power of God omnipotent
His very preſence to us to repreſent.
But ſith his knowledge is incomprehenſible,
Why ſeeke fooles for thinges impoſſible?
And ſith God will be unknowen unto us,
Why ſhould thing mortall of endleſſe thing diſcuſſe?
And rurall people in almes do excell,
Above all the ſort which in the citie dwell.
We geve wooll and cheeſe, our wives coyne and egges,
When freers flatter and prayſe their proper legges.
For a ſcore of pinnes, and needles two or three,
A gentle Cluner two cheeſes had of me.
Phillis gave coyne becauſe he did her charme,
Ever ſith that time leſſe hath ſhe felt of harme.
Yet is in the citie a number incurable,
Pleaders and brokers, a foule and ſhamefull rable;
Merchauntes of Juſtice, hunters of riches,
Cratchers of coyne, delayers of proceſſe;
Prolonging cauſes, and making wrong of right,
And right of playn wrong, oppreſſing law with might;

Jaylers

Jaylers of Juſtice, their curſed covetice
Watreth the plantes of crueltie and vice.

AMINTAS.

This have I proved by playne experience.
But tell me, Fauſtus, what cauſeth this offence.

FAUSTUS.

The roote and the grounde of this miſgovernaunce
Is favour, rewarde, and wilfull ignoraunce:
When coyne or favour once dimmed hath the ſight,
Adue all Juſtice, in priſon layde is Right.
Yet be in townes a rable fraudulent,
Murtherers of people, and free of puniſhment:
Vaunting and boaſting them ſelfe of medicine,
And naught perceyving of ſcience and doctrine:
If they be fetred with ringes and with cheynes,
Then may they handle and touche privy veynes:
Name all diſeaſes and ſores at their will,
Avoyde of cunning, of reaſon eyther ſkill:
Such ride on mules, and pages by their ſide,
But if they had right, on aſſes ſhould they ride.
As touching rulers of all the commontie,
The more that they have of hye auctoritie,
Of libertie, will, and ſinguler pleaſure,
So much the more poore people they devour.
The houndes ſome time wont foldes for to keepe,
Be nowe wilde wolves, devouring all the ſheepe:
Rulers be robbers, and pillers be paſtours;
None is the giding of godly governours.
O where be rulers maynteyners of Juſtice?
Where be ſubduers and ſlakers of all vice?
Where be the frendes of mercy and pitie,
Sometime well ruling, not ſpoyling the Citie?
Where be chaſte rulers, juſt, meke, and liberall?
Chaunged is fortune, death hath devoured all.
The worſt remayneth, gone be the meke and juſt;
Inſtede of vertue ruleth free will and luſt.

Where

Where be the fathers right worthy an empire,
Of whom men coumpted gay tales by the fire;
Sometime with tales, and other while with ſonge,
So driving away the winter nightes longe.
Alas, Amintas, nought bideth that is good;
No not my cokers, my taberte nor my hood.
All is conſumed, all ſpent and worne be,
So is all goodnes and wealth of the citee.
The temples pilled do bitterly complayne,
Poore people wayle, and call for helpe in vayne:
Poore widowes ſorowe, and children fatherleſſe
In vayne bewayle, when wolves them oppreſſe.
Sinne hath no ſcourge, and vertue no rewarde;
Who loveth wiſedome, his fortune is but harde.
Counſell and cunning nowe tumble in the duſt,
But what is the cauſe? Lawe turned is to luſt:
Luſt ſtandeth inſtede of lawe and of Juſtice,
Whereby good living ſubdued is by vice.

AMINTAS.

I tell thee, Fauſtus, this haſtynes of thee
Paſſeth the boundes of right and honeſtie.
All men thou blameſt by wrath and haſtynes,
As all Citizens were full of vicioufnes.
What, man! Remember, ſome live in innocence,
Some in the citie be partleſſe of offence.

FAUSTUS.

I am not angry, I ſay but veritie;
Heare me, Amintas, one clauſe with brevitie:
As many todes as breede in Irelande,
And as many Gripes as breede in Englande,
As many Cuckowes as ſing in January,
And Nightingales as ſing in February,
And as many whales as ſwimmeth in the fen,
So many be there in Cities of good men.

AMINTAS.

A good man is geaſon, not eaſy to be founde
On lande or in Citie, or over all the grounde;
Many thinges longe unto a perfect man,
Aſke that of Codrus, declare the truth he can:
Badnes encreaſeth, and ouer faſt doth growe,
Goodnes and vertue in comming up be ſlowe.

FAUSTUS.

Thou art mad I trowe, ſo many foes have we,
As dwell Citizens in all the whole Citie.
They clip us, they poule us, they pill us to the ſkin,
And what they may get that thinke they well to win.
To theft they conſtrayn us, I tell thee by All-halowes,
And after by and by they ſende us to the galowes.
Therefore it is reaſon, if ought of theirs hap
Or come to our clawes, it privily to trap.
They us oft diſceyve, diſceyve we them agayne,
Deviſe we ſlily, gile, ſubtiltie and trayne.
But this Amintas to me is greateſt griefe
And doubt, for it is ill ſtealing from a thiefe.
If it be ſecrete, we may it well denye;
If it be knowen, excuſe it craftyly.
Privy felony, though it be uſed longe,
Is not called theft, but injury or wrong.
All that they have within theſe townes playne,
Is our hard labour, ſore travayle and great payne.

AMINTAS.

Nowe thou exceedeſt the marke of equitie,
Thou paſſeſt reaſon Fauſtus, I tell to thee.

FAUSTUS.

What then Amintas, have pacience a while:
Towne dwellers vices doth all the earth defile.
The ayre is corrupt by their enormitie,
Theſe ſummer ſtormes whence come they, tel thou me;
Lightning, great windes, fluds, hayle and thunder.
I well remember, oft time the ground here under

Right

Right ſore hath quaked, and cauſed houſes fall;
Vice of the Citie is roote and cauſe of all.
The Sunne in mid day oft time hath loſt his light,
In like wiſe the Moone in ſeaſon of the night.
Both hath bene blacke, or els red as bloud,
This ſigne Amintas pretendeth us no good.
Why growe the weedes and cockle in the corne?
Why is hey and graſſe oft times all forlorne?
Why loſe we our ſeede, our labour and expence?
Whence commeth murrayne and grievous peſtilence?
All theſe proceedeth by mad enormitie,
And corrupt maners of them of the Citie:
And worſe is like yet afterwarde to fall,
If they not refourme their living beſtiall.
Whence came the furour of hardnes and battayle,
Which cauſeth widowes their ſpouſes to bewayle;
Which bringeth with it all kinde of miſery,
As theft and murther, great death and penury?
Forſooth in Cities this furour firſt began,
To the confuſion of many a doubty man.
The Citie is well and ground originall,
Both firſt and laſt of deadly evils all:
Bred in the Citie was cruell Licaon,
Bred among herdes was good Dewcalion.
Among ſhepherdes nouriſhed was Rhemus,
And alſo his brother the mightie Romulus.
The cauſe of the flud in Citie firſt began,
Whereby was waſted nere every beaſt and man.
Our Lorde deſtroyed fine Cities for outrage,
Reade where for ſinnes he waſted one village.
I trowe when the world with fire waſted ſhall be,
The cauſe ſhall proceede and come of ſome Citie.
What ſhall I touche the ſavour and the ſtinke
Which is in cities, of gutter and of ſinke:
There men be choked with vile and deadly ſent,
Here have we odour of floures redolent:

I coumpt

I coumpt me happy which won in the village,
As undefiled with citizens outrage.

AMINTAS.

Have done nowe Fauſtus, lay here a-ſtraw and reſt,
Fill we our bely with cruddes that is beſt.
Leave we the Citie and all civill outrage,
Nowe is it ſeaſon to turne to the potage.
After our diner is beſt in my minde
The reſt to declare, if ought remayne behinde.

To enable the reader, in ſome meaſure, to decide for himſelf whether BARCLAY was a native of North or of South Britain, the encomium on James IV. mentioned in the introduction, is here ſubjoined. One of the ſtanzas, being an Acroſtic on the name of JACOBUS, will not eſcape obſervation. The paſſage is extracted from a chapter in the Ship of Fools, entituled "Of the ruine and decay of the Holy Faith Catholike, and diminution of the (Chriſtian) Empire."

If peace be with us, concorde and amitie,
We may from our coſtes the cruell Turke expell,
And ſo kepe our fayth in ſtedfaſt libertie.
One hope we have our enemies to quell.
Which hope is ſtedfaſt, if we our ſelfe do well;
For Henry the eyght replete with hye wiſedome,
By juſt title gideth our ſcepter of kingdome.
This noble prince beginneth vertuouſly,
By juſtice and pitie his realme to maynteyne;
So that he and his without mo company,
May ſuccour our fores by his manhode ſoveraygne,
And get with his owne hande Jeruſalem agayne.
He paſſeth Hercules in manhode and courage,
Having a reſpect unto his tender age. . . . . .
And ye Chriſten Princes whoſoeuer ye be,
If ye be deſtitute of a noble captayne,
Take James of Scotlande, for his audacitie,
And proved manhode, if ye will laude attayne.
Let him have the forwarde, have ye no diſdayne
Nor indignation, for never king was borne,
That of ought of warre can ſhewe the Unicorne.

For

For if that he take once his ſpeare in hande
Agaynſt theſe Turkes ſtrongly with it to ride,
None ſhall be able his ſtroke for to withſtande,
Nor before his face ſo hardy to abide.
Yet this his manhode increaſeth not his pride,
But ever ſheweth he mekenes and humilitie
In worde or dede, to hye and lowe degree.

I n prudence pereles is this moſte comely kinge;
A nd as for his ſtrength and magnanimitie
C oncerning his noble dedes in every thing,
O ne founde on grounde like to him can not be.
B y byrth borne to boldenes and audacitie,
U nder the bolde planet of Mars the champion,
S urely to ſubdue his enemies eche one.

Mars hath him choſen, all other ſet aſide,
To be in practiſe of battayle without pere,
Save riches lacketh his manfull might to gide,
He hath not plentie of all thing *as is here.*
The cauſe is, that ſtormes in ſeaſon of the yere
Deſtroyeth the corne, engendring ſo ſcarcenes,
Which thing ſore hurteth this princes worthines.

Let him be formoſt, then doubt ye nought at all;
For onely his looke, ſo bolde is his courage,
The Turkes pride ſhall make decay and fall,
Like to a Lion in dedes he ſhall rage.
Thus he being gyde, the fury ſhall aſſwage
Of the falſe Turkes, ſo that they ſhall be fayne
Our Chriſten landes to us to yelde agayne.

If the Engliſhe Lion his wiſedome and riches,
Conjoyne with true love, peace and fidelitie,
With the Scotriſhe Unicornes might and hardines,
Then is no doubt but all whole Chriſtentie
Shall live in peace, wealth, and tranquilitie;
And the Holy lande come into chriſten handes,
And many a region out of the fendes bandes.

In the other Eclogues of Barclay, we find various traits of the common cuſtoms and manners of the times. A ſhepherd, after mentioning his ſkill in ſhooting birds with a bow, ſays, EGL. i.

No ſhephearde throweth the *axletree* ſo farre.

A gallant is thus deſcribed, EGL. ii.

For women uſe to love them moſt of all,
Which boldly boſteth, or that can ſing and jet;
Whiche hath the maiſtry oft times in tournament,
Or that can gambauld, or dance feat and gent.

The following ſorts of wine are recited, EGL. ii.

As muſcadell. caprike, romney, and malmeſy,
From Genoe brought, from Greece, or Hungary.

As are the dainties of the table, ibid. A ſhepherd at court muſt not think to eat,

——— Swanne, nor heron,
Curlew, nor crane.— ——

Again, ibid.

What fiſhe is of favour ſwete and delicious,—
Roſted or ſodden in ſwete herbes or wine;
Or fried in oyle, moſt ſaporous and fine.—
—— —— The paſties of a hart.——
The crane, the feſaunt, the pecocke, and curlewe,
The partriche, plover, bittorn, and heronſewe:——
Seaſoned ſo well in licour redolent,
That the hall is full of pleaſaunt ſmell and ſent.

At a feaſt at court, ibid.

Slowe be the ſewers in ſerving in alway,
But ſwift be they after, taking the meate away:
A ſpeciall cuſtom is uſed them amonge;
No good diſhe to ſuffer on borde to be longe:
If the diſhe be pleaſaunt, eyther fleſhe or fiſhe,
Ten handes at once ſwarme in the diſhe.
And if it be fleſhe, ten knives ſhall thou ſee
Mangling the fleſhe, and in the platter flee.
To put there thy handes, is perill without fayle,
Without a gauntlet, or els a glove of mayle.

The two laſt lines remind us of a ſaying of Quin, who declared it was not ſafe to ſit down to a turtle-feaſt in one of the city-halls, without a baſket-hilted knife and fork. Not that I ſuppoſe Quin borrowed his bon mots from black letter books.

The following lines point out ſome of the feſtive tales of our anceſtors. EGL. iv

Yet would I gladly heare now ſome mery FIT
Of Mayde Marion, or els of Robin Hood;
Or Bentley's ale which chaſeth well the blood;
Of Perte of Norwich, or ſauce of Wilberton,
Or buckiſh Joly well-ſtuffed as a ton.

He mentions Bentley's Ale, which "maketh me to winke," EGL. ii.

Some of our ancient domeſtic paſtimes and amuſements are recorded, EGL. iv.

Then is it pleaſure the yonge maydens amonge
To watche by the fire the winter nightes longe.——
And in the aſhes ſome playes for to marke,
To cover wardens for faulte of other warke.

To

To toſte white ſhevers, and to make prophitroles;
And, aftir talking, oftimes to fill the bowles.
We other ſhepherds be greatly different
Of common ſortes, leane, ragged, and rent.
Fed with rude frowiſe, with *quachum*, or with crud;
Or ſlimy kempes, ill-ſmelling of the mud.

He mentions ſome mufical inſtruments, EGL. ii.

— — — Methinkes no mirth is ſcant,
Where no rejoyſing of minſtrelſie doth want.
The bagpipe or fiddle to us is delectable, &c.

And the mercantile commodities of different countries and cities, EGL. iv.

England hath cloth, Bordeus hath ſtore of wine,
Cornwalle hath tinne, and Lymſter wooles fine.
London hath ſcarlet, and Briſtowe pleaſaunt red, &c.

Of ſongs at feaſts, EGL. iv.

When your fat diſhes ſmoke hot upon your table,
Then laude ye ſonges and balades magnifie,
If they be merry, or written craftely,
Ye clappe your handes and to the makinge harke,
And one ſay to another, lo here a proper warke.

He ſays that minſtrels and ſingers are highly favoured at court, eſpecially thoſe of the French giſe, EGL. ii. Alſo jugglers and pipers, EGL. iv.

Such men with Princes be ſene more acceptable
Then men of wiſdome, and clerkes venerable.
When thou ſain wald hear ſuch folkes play or ſing,
Nothing ſhall be done of them to thy liking;
But when it pleiſeth thy Prince them to call,
Their ſound aſcendeth to chamber and to hall;
When thou wouldeſt ſleep, or do ſome beſyneſs,
Then is their muſike to thee unquietneſs.

In the following lines he alludes to Skelton, the poet laureate.

Of raſcolde poets yet is a ſhameful rable,
Which voyde of wiſdome preſumeth to indite,
Though they have ſcantly the cunning of a ſnite.
And to what vices that princes moſt intende,
Thoſe dare theſe fooles ſolemnize and commende:
Then is he decked as Poet laureate,
When ſtinking Thais made him her graduate.

OF FOOLES THAT ARE OVER WORLDLY; OR, THE DANGER OF AMBITION. BY THE SAME.

DE FATUIS MUNDANIS.

Dum me cura tenet ſublimia fortè petendi,
Et vigil expecto det mihi digna labor.
Deſtituit fortuna pedem, nixumque fefellit,
Nec potuit lapſus pes retinere gradum.
Et qui prenſus erat non parvo robore ramus:
Præcipitem effractus retulit ecce ſolo.
Cura, fides, probitas (fueris niſi præditus aſtu
Et vafro ingenio) parvi putata iacent.

SEB. BRANDT.

OFT while man labours to aſcende
By fortune frayle alway forwarde,
And while alway he doth intende
For his ſore labour to have rewarde,
Then is his fortune ſo ſharpe and harde
To leave his foote at his moſte neede,
And let him ſlip in mortall feare and drede.
Who that leaneth on braunches frayle,
Or taketh his holde by leaves light,
Can finde thereby but ſmall avayle,
But to the grounde deſcends downe right:
And though the braunch be ſtrong and wight,
When thou beginneſt to ſlip or ſlide,
In thy degree harde is to abide.

And

And though the braunch be whole and ſound,
But be to weake thee to ſuſtayne,
Then ſhalt thou downe come to the ground:
So if a man take care and payne
To live in vertue (the good ſoveraine,)
Yet all this ſhall be nought ſet by,
But if they gyde them wittely.
The ſtrongeſt braunch or bough ſhall fayle
Without good wiſedome, if man aſcende;
But to the top if thou prevayle,
Yet ought thou to thy fete intende.
Eche thing is proved at the ende;
Therefore man ought him even to beare:
In hyeſt rowmes is greateſt feare.
In climbing up man hath great payne,
But when he at the hyeſt is,
Having great hope there to remayne
In wealth and pleaſure, joy and blis,
Yet of the fruite ſmall part is his;
For by one blaſt of winde ſodayne,
In one inſtant he falles agayne.
If one be in a rowme a-hye,
Men that are lowe ſeme to him ſmall;
But to ſay truth and veritie,
Yet may their ſtature be egall.
In like wiſe though a man royall
Deſpiſe them living in povertie,
Of one metall yet both they be.
This worlde all whole goeth up and downe,
It ebbes and flowes like to the ſea,
Waxing and waning like the mone,
Nowe in wealth and in proſperitie,
Eft in advers and frowarde povertie;
But that man folowes hye wiſedome,
Which take all thinges like as they come.

Though ſome in treaſour and welth abounde,
Thinking themſelves wiſe men alone,
Yet when that they are brought to grounde,
They and the poore is all but one.
And though thou ſurely marke the bone
Of begger and him that king hath bene,
Small difference ſhalt thou find them betweene.
After the day commeth the night,
So after pleaſure ofte commeth payne;
He is in prudence but porely pight
That can not both in like ſuſtayne.
But if I ſhall be true and playne,
No earthly thing makes more debate,
Then a vile churle to become a ſtate.
When ſuche a vilayne rude of his minde
A hye is ſet on a mightie tree,
To gentle bloud can he not be kinde,
Yet he forgettes his owne degree.
But though the thicke leaves let none ſee
Howe muche miſchiefe ſuche go about,
Yet at the laſt it will come out.
If deathes axe the tree downe throwe,
And if their riches, as leaves light,
Away fro them on grounde do flowe,
Then all their falſhode is out in ſight.
But while the tree may ſtande upright,
The leaves of riches hanging about,
To lorels often the lorde muſte lout.
The noble faucons are ofte oppreſt,
The Egle blinded and birdes ſmall
Are ſpoyled and driven from their neſt,
When the greedy kite will rule all;
But if the kite then after fall
By advers fortune or his iniquitie,
The faucons may well have joy to ſee.

Thu

Thus well is him that can attende
To take his holde by braunches ſtrong,
When he purpoſeth up to aſcende,
And in the top to bide there long
Without wiſedome, it ſhall be wrong;
For who that climbes by ſtately pride,
For greevous windes can not abide.

Therefore man whoſoeuer thou be,
That haſte minde and concupiſcence
To bring thee into hye degree,
Or in the ſervice of king or prince,
If thou be brought to excellence,
Kepe pitie ſtill before thine eyne,
Uſe juſtice, mekenes, and prudence,
Remembring ever what thou haſt bene.

To get love do thy diligence,
And if thou wilt have amitie,
To auncient bloud do reverence,
Though it be but of lowe degree.
Provide thee in proſperitie
For misfortune; for it is ſene
That fortune hath no certayntie,
So thinke thou ever what thou haſt bene.

Serve God thy maker above all thing,
And next that with thy heart and minde;
Be true and loyall unto thy kinge,
And to his ſubjectes juſt and kinde;
Let avarice by no way thee blinde,
Then might thou fall or thou would wene,
So that no fault in thee men finde,
Care not to be as thou haſt bene.

The Latin verſes are prefixed, that the reader may judge how much is BARCLAY'S OWN.

LUST

BRANDT, *in his* Stultifera Navis, *introduces the celebrated apologue of the* Choice of Hercules, *originally compoſed by* PRODICUS, *the preceptor of* SOCRATES. *The ſpeech of* Pleaſure *is thus tranſlated by* BARCLAY, *in a rhythmical arrangement, varied with conſiderable addreſs and elegance.*

LO gorgious galantes! lo galantes here am I!
Lo here fayre LUSTE, full enemy to VERTUE!
Clothed in laurer, in ſigne of victorie.
The large worlde I whole to me ſubdue,
My ſtreaming ſtandardes alaide with ſundry hewe,
In triumphe ſhineth brighter then the ſunne,
I all the worlde to my empire have wonne.
All fragraunt floures moſt pleaſaunt, gay and ſwete,
Whoſe ſundry ſortes no living man can tell,
Unto my pleaſour are ſpred under my fete,
That all the ayre enjoyeth of the ſmell;
The violet that in odour doth excell,
About in boſome by me alway I beare,
The ſame ofte time inlaſed with my heare.
All my veſture is of golde pure,
My gay Chaplet with ſtonés ſet
With coverture of fine aſure,
In ſilver net my heare up knet;
Softe ſilke betwene, leaſt it might fret;
My purple pall ouercovereth all,
Cleare as chriſtall, no thing egall.
My wanton face, lovers to embrace, my wanton eye
In ſuch a caſe, ſhewe them ſolace, that none are free;

So

So lovers be ſubject to me in every place,
My hye beautie, voyde of bountie, doth them inlace.
To hunt, to chaſe, to daunce, to trace, what one is he
That beareth face, or hath that grace, on lande or ſea
In like degree him ſelfe to ſee: my pleaſaunt pace
Is light as flee, thus none that he can me compace.
I caſt my pleaſures and hony ſwete
Over all the worlde, none can beware
Nor loke ſo ſurely unto his fete,
But that I tangle him in my ſnare,
When I with youth can mete,
With reaſon not well replete,
In luſte I cauſe him flete,
Of grace barayne and bare.
What man is he that can beware,
When I my nettes abrode diſplay?
Namely to youth I me repayre,
I blinde their heartes foreſt alway,
I take no thought nor care
Howe euer the worlde fare,
No ſeaſon free I ſpare,
From pleaſour night nor day.
With harpe in hande alway I ſtande,
Paſſing eche houre in ſwete pleaſour,
A wanton bande of every lande
Ar in my towre me to honour;
Some of valour, ſome bare and poore,
Kinges in their pride ſit by my ſide,
Every freſhe floure of ſwete odoure
To them I provide that with me bide.
When the ſtature of my figure,
With golde ſhining is hye ſtanding,
They that inure in my pleaſure
With hart wandring muche ſwetely ſing;
Garlandes of golde to me offring,
And me beholde with countenaunce

Smiling

Smiling, laughing, eche wanton thing,
On mirth muſing, learning to daunce.
Mo men me honour for my pleaſaunce,
Then worſhip the ſonne of the hye king;
I ſhewe them mirth, he harde penaunce;
I pleaſaunt luſte, he chaſte living.
Who euer they be that folowe me,
And gladly flee to my ſtandarde,
They ſhall be free, not ſicke nor ſee
Adverſitie, nor paynés harde.
No poynt of payne ſhall he ſuſtayne,
But joy ſoverayne while he is here;
No froſt nor rayne there ſhall diſtayne
His face by payne, nor hurt his chere.
He ſhall his head caſt to no drede
To get the mede and lawde of warre;
Nor yet have nede for to take hede
Howe battayles ſpede, but ſtande a farre.
Nor yet be bounde to care the ſounde
Of man on grounde, or trompet ſhill;
Strokes that redounde ſhall not confounde,
Nor his minde wounde, but if he will.
Who will ſubdue him to enſue
My pleaſures newe, that I demayne,
I ſhall him ſhewe way to eſchue
Where hardnes grewe, and to flye payne.
The ſwetenes of love he ſhall aſſay,
But ſuche as my pleaſures hate and deſpiſe,
In hardnes live and bitter payne alway,
In dolour drowned, and that in greevous wiſe,
Ending their life after a wretched giſe;
By covetiſe abſtayning their pleaſour,
Chaunging ſwetenes for bitter payne and ſoure.
By *name* Pleaſaunt Luſt I called am ou'r all,
Princeſs pereles, and glorious Goddès.
Of me procedeth pleaſour, as is egall

To

To come of a hye and noble empres;
In me is mirth and ſonges of gladnes,
And under my dayes and houres fortunate,
Age hath firſt roote to holde up his eſtate.
The luſtie Paris by whom the riche Troy
Gave place to Grece, as ſubject to the ſame,
In my ſervice had pleaſour and great joy,
So that by me he ſpred abrode his fame;
Thoſe pleaſures folowing of whom I have the name,
And that remayneth in my auctoritie,
And proud Cleopatra was ſervitour to me.
There is no lande encloſed with the ſea,
But that they all have folowed my counſell;
As Afrike, Numide, the others I let be,
I will not tary their names for to tell.
But fewe or none are betwene heaven and hell,
In Hethenes, nor yet in Chriſtentie,
But yong or olde they all obey to me.
My deynteous dartes about full brode I caſt
Among all nations unto the worldes ende;
The philoſophers that were in times paſt
As Epicurians to me did condiſcende.
All their whole ſect my quarell doth defende,
For all their ſect to this clauſe did aſſent,
That luſt and pleaſure was good moſt excellent.
Without corporall labour my goodes ſhall profite,
Of meate and drinke I have welth and exceſſe;
I have my pleaſour, my joy, and my delite
In dayntie diſhes and ſwete deliciouſnes;
I leade not life in perill and hardnes
Under heavy helme in fielde from any towne,
Not on harde ſtrawe, but ſoft and coſtly downe.
If joy and pleaſure did me not ay enſue,
And luſtie myrth with corporall pleaſaunce,
So mighty kinges would not them ſubdue
Unto my tentes, whoſe might ſhall me advaunce,

That

That all the worlde under my governaunce
Shall it ſubmit, and dwellers of the ſame
Shall beare about the badges of my name.
It is longe paſt ſince that men firſt did thus
Subdue their mindes and bodies unto me;
The mightie kinge called Sardanapalus
Left dedes that longed unto his royaltie,
Folowing my pleaſure and voluptuoſitie;
And Rome victorious at laſte by hye courage,
Yelded it ſelfe mekely to my bondage.
Eaſe, welth and reſt to me alway is beſt,
Unto my ſervauntes I give the ſame;
And where as nature appeareth goodlieſt,
I am moſt buſy the heart for to inflame
With fierie brandes to Venus pleaſaunt game;
No colde nor hunger to yonge men ſhall I give,
But pleaſaunt reſt while they with me do live.
My life I leade in joyfull idlenes,
Not let nor troubled by any adverſitie;
Therfore, O Youth! that art in luſtines,
And Age alſo! that of yonge maners be,
Tourne hither your faces beholding my beautie,
And you endevour your eares to incline
To my preceptes, folowing my doctrine.
The time paſſeth dayly fro mankinde,
Our dayes of life longe while can not endure;
Therfore on pleaſure eſtabliſhe we our minde,
For in my minde no earthly creature
After this life of pleaſour ſhall be ſure.
Therfore be we mery the time that we are here,
And paſſe we our time alway in luſtie chere.

THE INDECENT MANNER OF BEHAVING IN CHURCH IS THUS DESCRIBED:

Yet of mo fooles find I a great number,
Which think that it is no ſhame nor vilany
Within the church the ſervice to encumber
With their lewd barking, rounding, din and cry;
And while good people are praying ſtedfaſtly
Their heart to good, with meke mind and devout,
Such fooles them let with their mad noyſe and ſhout.

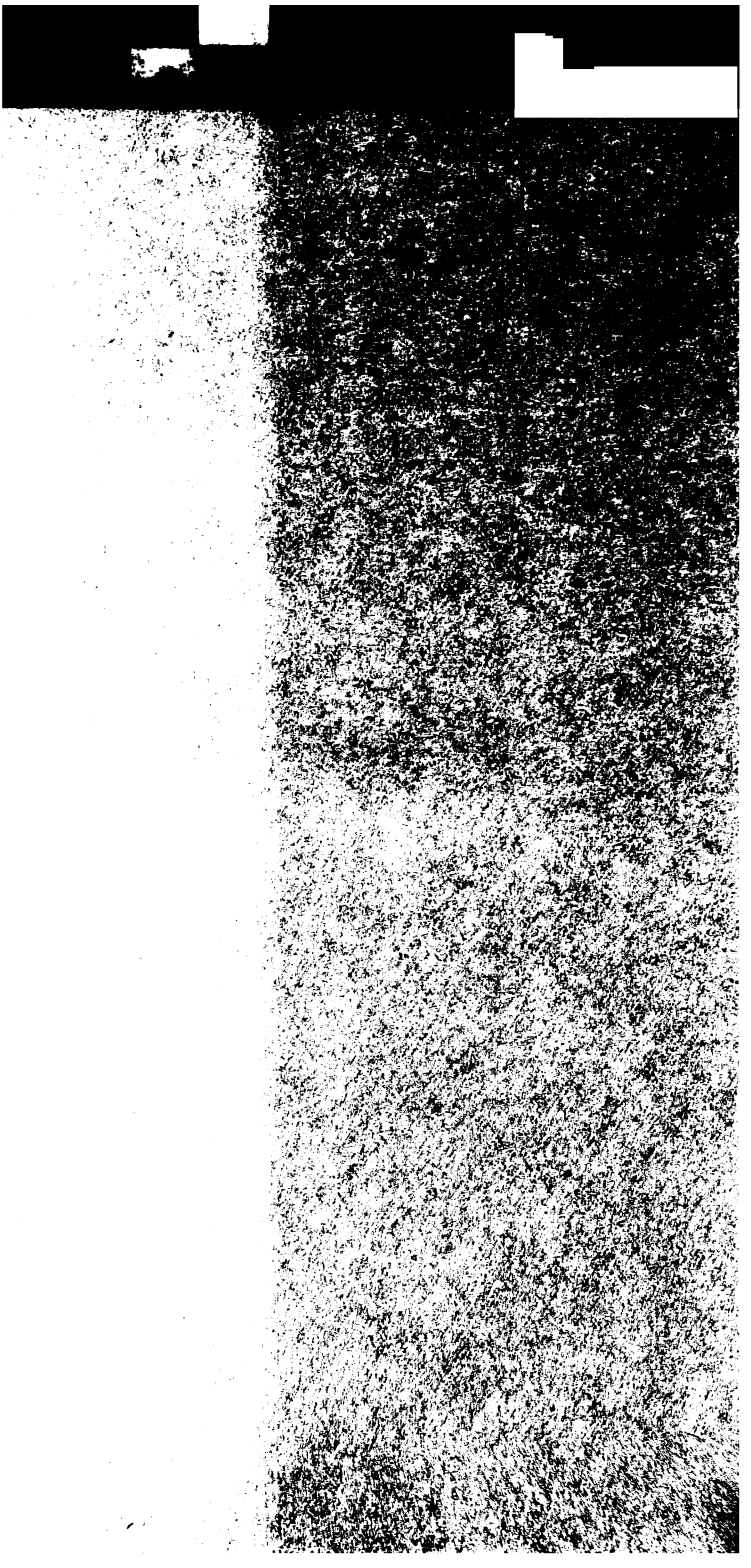
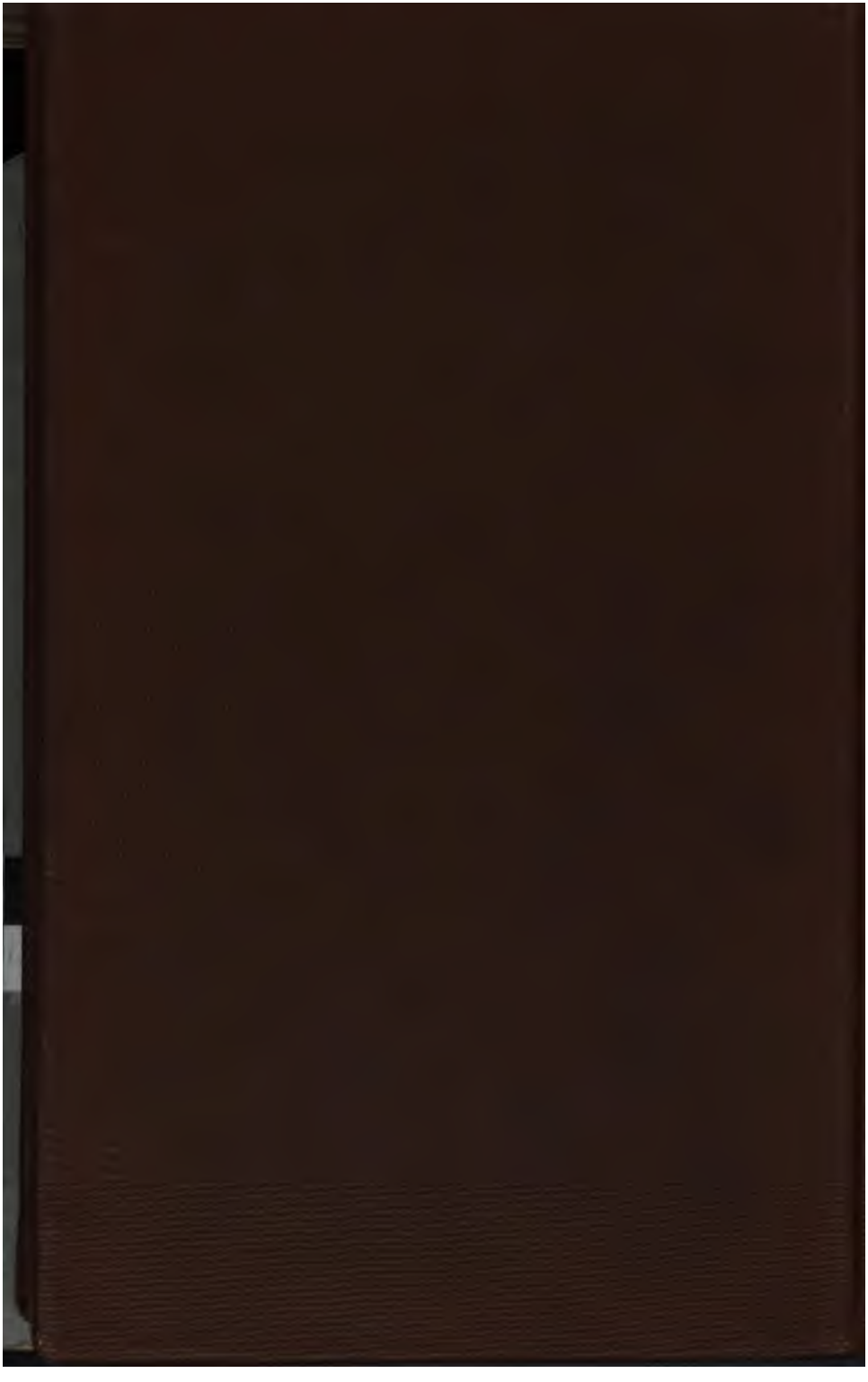
Into the church then comes another ſotte,
Without devotion, jetting up and downe,
Or to be ſeene, and to ſhowe his garded cote:
Another on his fiſte a ſparhawke or fawcone,
Or els a cokow, and ſo waſting his ſhone,
Before the aulters he to and fro doth wander,
With even as great devotion as a gander.

In comes another, his houndes at his tayle,
With lynes and leaſes, and other like baggage,
His dogges barke, ſo that withoutten fayle,
The whole church is troubled by their outrage:
So innocent youth learneth the ſame of age,
And their lewde ſound doth the church fill,
But in this noyſe the good people kepe them ſtill.

One time the hawkes bells jangleth hye,
Another time they flutter with their winges;
And nowe the houndes barking ſtrikes the ſkye,
Now founde their feete, and now the chaynes ringes,
They clap with their handes: by ſuche maner thinges
They make of the church for their hawkes a mewe,
And canel for their doges, which they ſhall efter rewe.

There

There are handled pleadings and cauſes of the lawe,
There are made bargaynes of divers maner thinges,
Byinges and and ſellinges ſcant worth a hawe,
And there are for lucres contrived falſe leaſinges:
And whi'e the prieſt his maſſe or matins ſinges,
Theſe fooles which to the church do repayre,
Are chatting and bobling as it were in a fayre.

Some gigle and laugh, and ſome on maydens ſtair,
And ſome on wives with wanton countenance,
As for the ſervice they have ſmall force or care,
And full delite them in their miſgovernance:
Some with their ſlippers to and fro doth praunce,
Clapping with their heeles in chnrch and queare,
So that good people cannot the ſervice heare.

What ſhall I write of maydens and of wives,
Of their roundings and ungodly communing,
Howe on a ſlaunder craftily contrives,
And in the church therof hath her talking,
The other have therto their eares leaning,
And when they all have heard forth hir tale,
With great devotion they get them to the ale.